Nov. 29, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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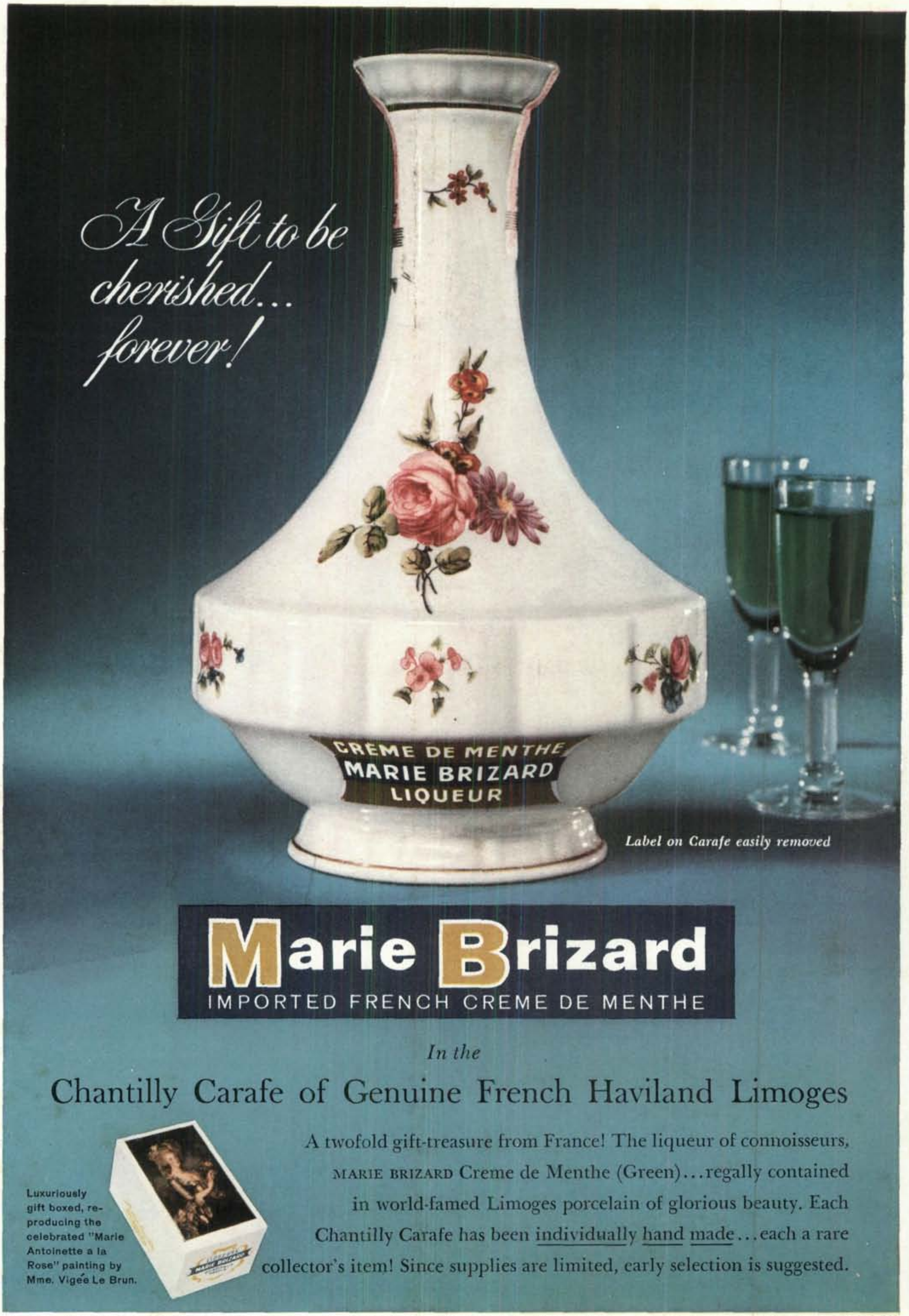

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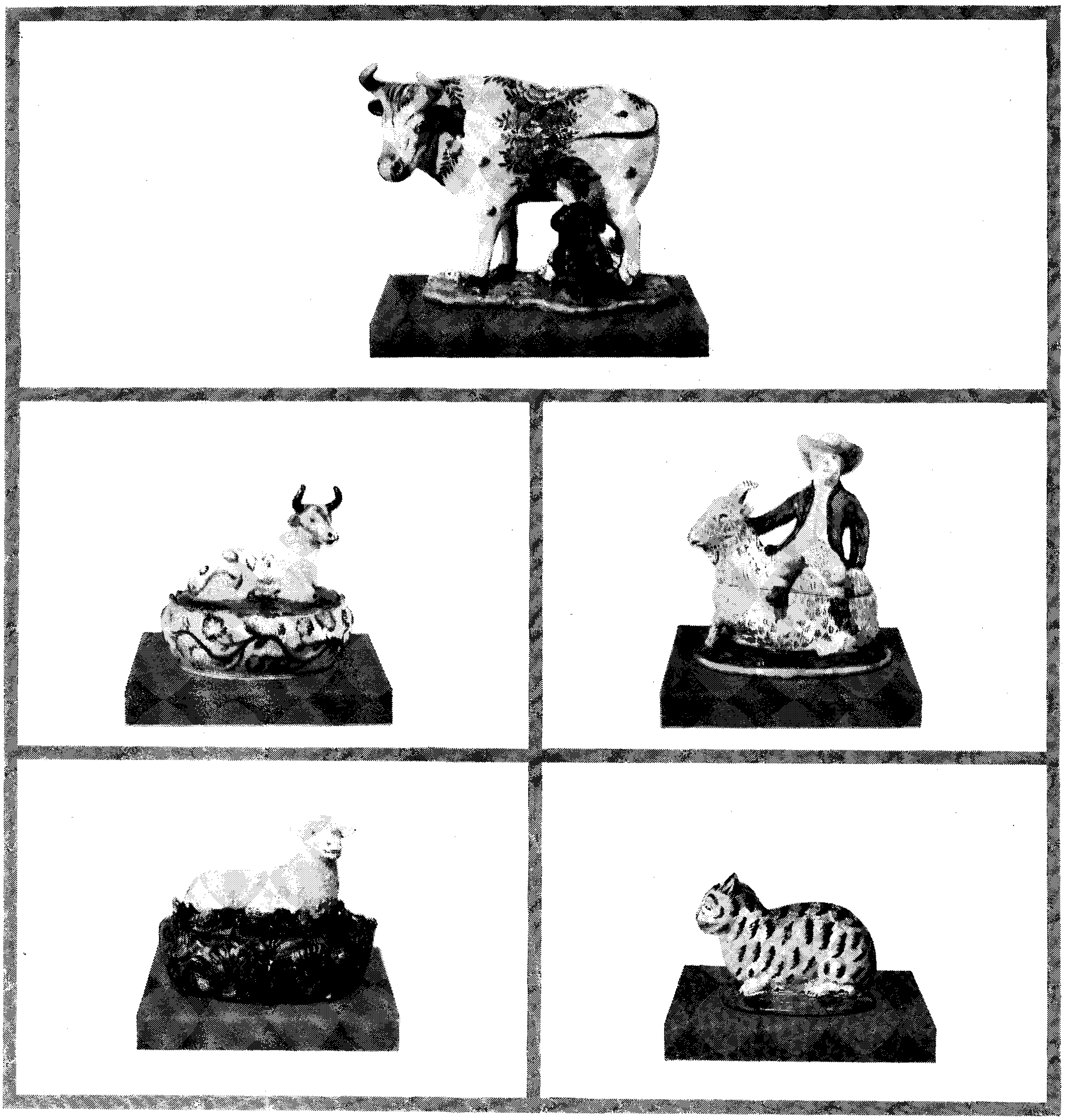

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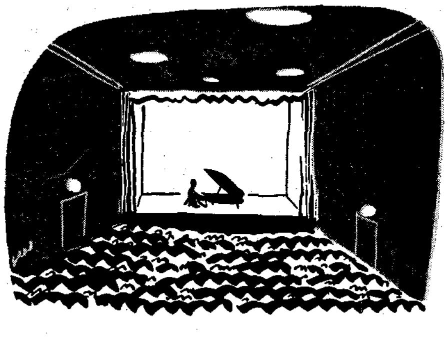
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before *making* plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Comes a Day—The Deep South, with most of the familiar neuroses in plain view. Judith Anderson plays an unstrung mother, George C. Scott plays a sadist, and other unsettling chores are handled by Arthur O'Connell, Diana van der Vlis, and Brandon de Wilde. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Girls in 509—Howard Teichmann's play about the foolishness of politics is only intermittently amusing, but Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are diverting in the principal roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—An unconvincing study of a downtrodden bank teller who is stimulated to revolution by a fancy-dress costume. Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy are the leading players. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, with staunch support from Julie Newmar, illustrate the problems of monogamy, in an academic setting. Leslie Stevens' comedy is a glossy, if sometimes banal, piece of work. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Once More, with Feeling—Some aspects of the world of serious musicianship, discussed in a farcical way in a play that requires a lot of good will on your side to make a visit worth while. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten head the cast. The best performance is Walter Matthau's. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family matters. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, lead the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, Dolores Hart, and others. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and Eddie Albert (substituting for David Wayne), Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—Susan Strasberg, William Smithers, and Gerald O'Loughlin in a revival of Sean O'Casey's play, directed by Jack Garfein. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes and Eric Portman, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is having its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Visit—How a village is corrupted by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

The World of Suzie Wong—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart. Audrey Christie will replace Miss Heckart starting Monday, Dec. 1. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) ... **look homeward, angel:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **sunrise at campobello:** Ralph Bellamy plays the central role in Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **two for the seesaw:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Cue for Passion—Elmer Rice's new play, starring Diana Wynyard and John Kerr. Directed by the author and produced by the Playwrights' Company and Franchot Productions. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Edwin Booth—José Ferrer, Lois Smith, and Lorne Greene in a play by Milton Geiger. Staged by Mr. Ferrer and produced by him and the Playwrights' Company. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—This is an anthology of the madcap revue numbers with which Robert Dhéry, author, director, and star, has been delighting Europe for the past ten years. His attendant zanies, who all speak English when they speak at all, include Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **jamaica:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at

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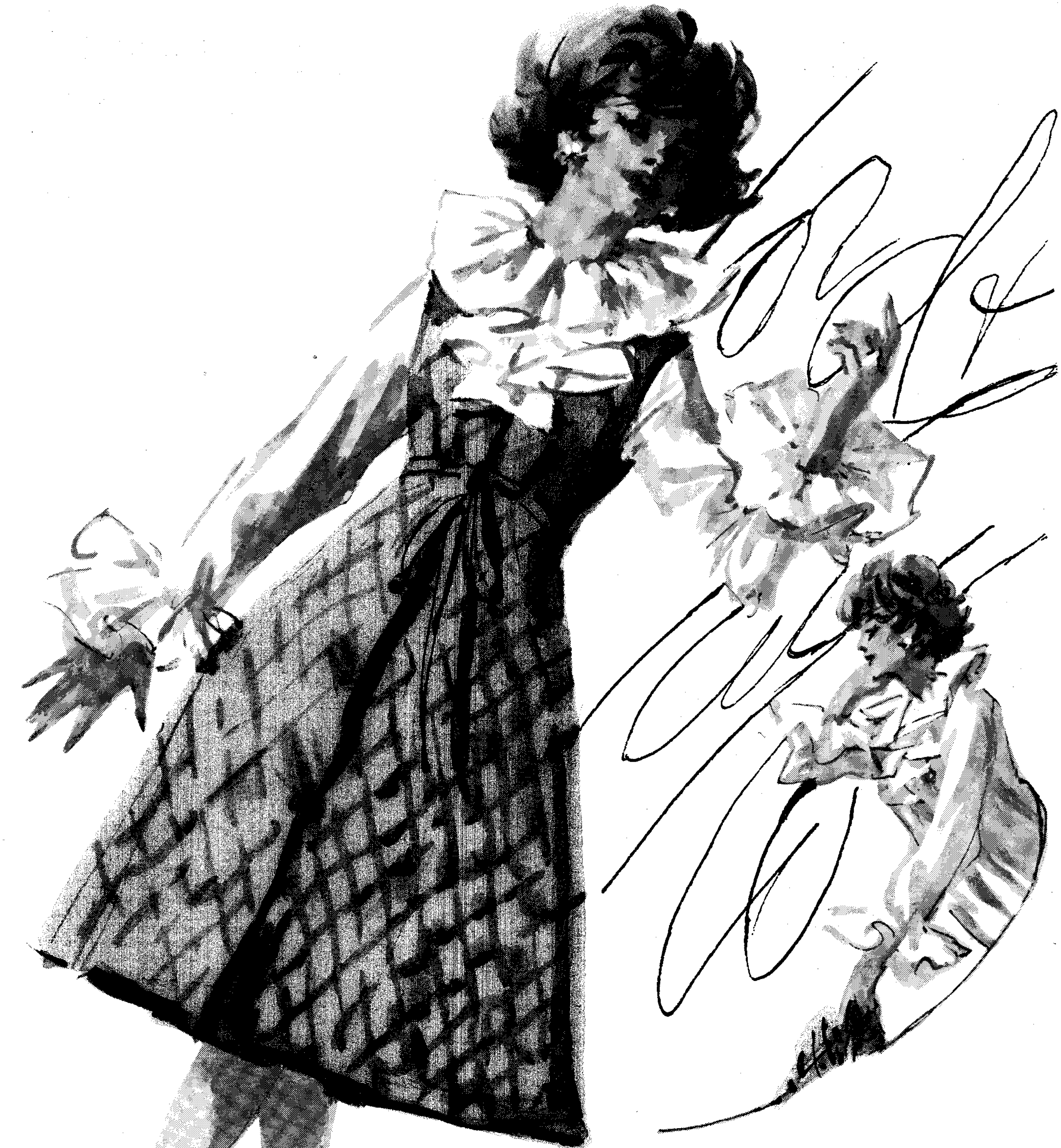

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Flower Drum Song—A musical based on the novel by C. Y. Lee, with music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, and a book by Mr. Hammerstein and Joseph Fields. The cast includes Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki, Larry Blyden, Juanita Hall, and Ed Kenney. Directed by Gene Kelly and produced by the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, in association with Mr. Fields. Opens Monday, Dec. 1. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Disenchanted—A play by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, taken from Mr. Schulberg's novel of the same name, with Jason Robards, Jr., and Rosemary Harris. David Pressman is the director, and the producers are William Darrid and Eleanore Saidenberg. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Night Circus—Michael V. Gazzo's play, starring Ben Gazzara and Janice Rule. The producer is Jay Julien, the director Frank Corsaro. Opens Thursday, Dec. 4. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Britannicus—Racine's play, presented for four performances by the Vieux-Colombier de Paris, headed by Marguerite Jamois, Jacques François, and Raymond Gérôme. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:40; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:40.)

Cock-a-Doodle-Dandy—The presence, onstage, of a six-foot rooster who can change into a top hat does little to support Sean O'Casey's argument for the supremacy of reason over the powers of darkness and superstition. Besides the rooster, Will Geer, Gaby Rodgers, and Ian Martin figure prominently in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 2:30 and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Athan Karras, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of a play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 5:30 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Diversions—A lively, fresh, and amusing revue by Steven Vinaver, whose peculiar slant on life is made manifest by a talented cast; namely, Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet of Stepney Green—The mantle of the Melancholy Dane descends upon the son of a Jewish herring merchant in this pleasant and extremely promising first play by England's Bernard Kops. The cast, which is excellent, includes Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Héloïse—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to good account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role, and he is deftly supported by, among others, Jacqueline Brookes, Anne Fielding, Jack Bittner, and Sada Thompson. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The Man Who Never Died—A play about Joe Hill by Barrie Stavis, with Mark Gordon in the leading role. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Quare Fellow—An Irish comedy-drama by Brendan Behan, with an all-male cast directed by José Quintero. Opens Thursday, Nov. 27. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Salad Days—A simple-minded musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a very long run in London. Richard Easton and Barbara Franklin are featured in the cast. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Triad—Three one-act musicals by Mark Bucci: "Sweet Betsy from Pike," "Tale for a Deaf Ear," and "The Dress." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—A dramatization of a portion of James Joyce's novel. The evening stands as a lurid personal triumph for Zero Mostel, who, as Leopold Bloom, does not so much interpret Joyce as supplant him. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Friday matinée, Nov. 28: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Interplay," "Orpheus," "Still Point," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Fanfare," "Firebird," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 30: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Still Point," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 30: "Divertimento," "Medea," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 2: "Square Dance," "Octet" (première), "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Swan Lake," "Medea," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Fanfare," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Octet," "Orpheus," "Agon," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "Swan Lake," "Divertimento," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Interplay," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Beryozka Russian Dance Company—A troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow, in their first appearance here. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Dance Recital—Mary Anthony and her company, plus Jean Cébron and Murray Louis and his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

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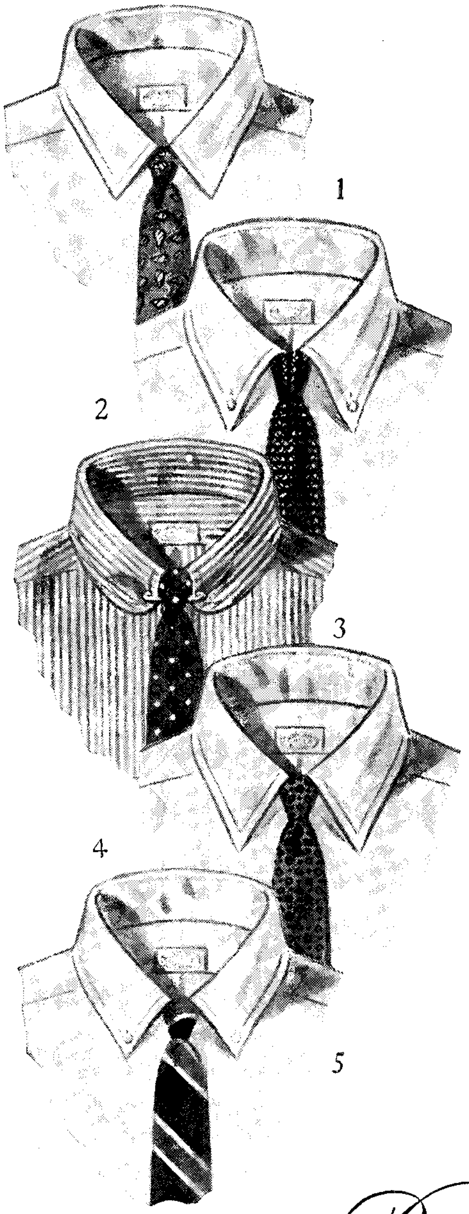

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at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Dec. 1, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—There are times when it looks like Academy Award night; there are times when it looks like the opening of the Met. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the handsome Cotillion Room, a lot of old Sigmund Romberg set pieces go up in smoke (and sometimes flame) as a posse in which Earl Wrightson is sheriff gets to work on them. This happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, again at twelve-thirty. Sunday, Nov. 30, is the end of this festival. The songbag of Richard Rodgers opens up on Tuesday, Dec. 2, sung by Mimi Benzell, Bill Tabbert, and Wilbur Evans. Dance music by an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jacqueline François, a Parisian songbird who comes to these shores equipped not with dirges but with a band of such American jazz virtuosos as Jack Elliot and Don Elliott, makes dinner and supper in the Persian Room a real gala. Ted Straeter's dance band, the cynosure of all ears, and Mark Monte's merry minstrels keep up a steady rain of grace notes the evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up watercress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's band stops making the dance music in the Grill on Thursday, Nov. 27. Guy Lombardo's band, dulcet and docile as Mary's little lamb, will arrive the next evening, wagging its tail behind it. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy of the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Fernanda Montel serves as fashion plate and oriole. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop, to the happy little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the piano man, presides over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, an affair of state, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music at nine. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The beatification of Harry Belafonté takes place in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. It involves a lot of *bel canto,* plenty of guitar, a dash of mysticism, and a drop of homespun philosophy. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them outspoken, play for dancing. Sundays are silent nights. . . . ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, the Norman Paris trio makes chamber music for up-to-the-minute moderns in the green pasture called Peacock Alley, while Jozsi Ribari's men maintain a watch on the blue Danube. Both teams mingle Fridays and Saturdays in the production of dance tunes. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai group makes the dance music.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which is high enough up in 30 Rockefeller Plaza to miss most of our mean average rainfall, has listening and imbibing music by Joseph Sudy's trio.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

The bar opens at four-thirty; time's up at nine. Closed Sundays. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan has returned to the chair of softly applied jazz piano in this luxurious conservatory. He's around from nine to one. Addison Bailey, an early settler here, is at the keyboard from five until eight-thirty. The Sunday handyman for the whole circuit is Joel Forbes. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads spend as much time on the campus as the boy and girl undergraduates. The piano starts sounding off at 5 P.M., before classes are out. Bob Printz runs the instrument until seven-thirty, when he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing two-hand and four-hand exercises. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times sounds like the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recitation of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry Room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of musical comedy at dinnertime, of hot nights of passion in the gardens of Granada later on. He holds forth from six-thirty to one. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Weylin,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso.* Theo Fanidi's corps of bowmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The days when every man's home was his castle. The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been equipped with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a de-luxe but pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars, the Cecil Young duo waxes warm, and a song-and-piano Frenchman, Jacques Kayal, waxes poetic. The Three Bars (voices and instruments) chime in, too, every so often. The whole business starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, which runs still but not deep. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Nino's Ten East,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The firm piano of Steve Weltner improves the scenery, as sylvan as anything indoors can be, of the Casino-on-the-Park between six and nine-thirty and between ten-thirty and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **Carlton House,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Hunting-lodge architecture, inhabited by the most unruffled grouse in town. Al Mello, a pianist who gets along without the customary Muzak repertory and manner of execution, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Casanova,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and the rhapsodic violins down front. Closed Sundays. . . . **Stanhope Gate,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): While the night mail coach to Boston is changing horses, it is possible to duck into this chastely modern bar of the Stanhope Hotel for a cup that cheers and a roundelay by Fernando Sirvent, a guitarist who goes flamenco at the slightest urging. He's on point duty from nine till twelve-thirty. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A giant never-never land, where the girls (who outnumber the boys three to one and, luckily, the humorists twenty to one) play the livelong day and where seldom is heard an intelligent word. The fairest girl of them all is Anna Maria Alberghetti, who trills Porter and Puccini with equal verve. She departs on Thursday, Dec. 4, but every-one else stays put. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A high-octane pressure group—Martha Davis and Spouse, who are dedicated to the belief that all songs are created foolish; Martha Wright, an All-American girl into whose ballads the spirit of mischief has insinuated itself; George Matson, a parodist whose tilts at some easily recognizable windmills, male and female, hit the bull's-eye. Amid the turmoil, a sleight-of-hand artist named Reneaux quietly snatches doves by the handful out of thin air. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by

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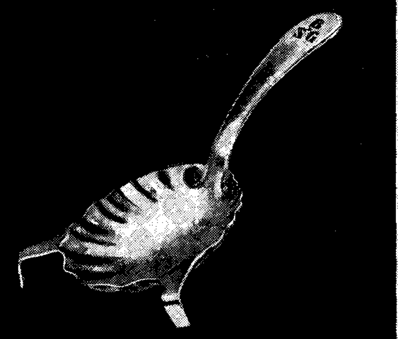
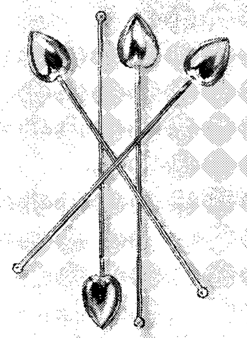

Fluted brandy burning spoon for coffee, 4". *Pair* **$10.00**


Sip and stir spoons with hollow centers, 8¼". *Each* **$2.00**

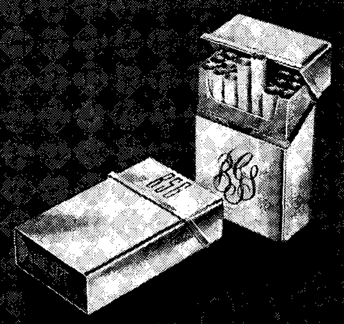
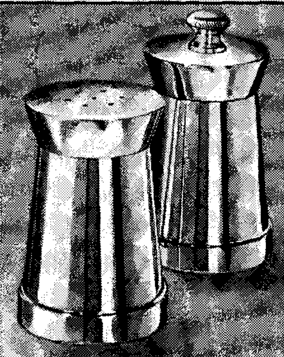

Flip-top cases fit your pack, hard or soft. *Each* **$16.50**

Table lighter has steel parts, stands 3½". **$22.50**


Salt shaker and pepper grinder, 2¾" ht. *Pair* **$12.75**

"Only A Thimble Full" jigger holds 1½ ozs. **$8.50**

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Jam pot has a crystal bowl with cut motif. 4⅜" ht. *Set* **$10.00**

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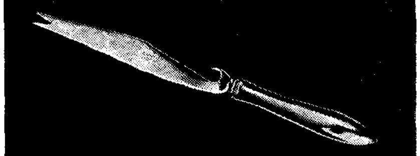
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Lyonses. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's current vest-pocket revue puts very wise heads on the young shoulders of Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who play to the hilt his don't-spare-the-rod commentaries on what now passes for civilization. The pit band is the twin pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A picturesque gazebo, also erected by Julius Monk. Its most picturesque inhabitant is Tammy Grimes, a dryad to quicken the pulse, who begins her recital along around ten-thirty. Her lyrics are set to the jewelled music of Stan Keen and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists. The bar opens at five, the music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The fine Florentine hand of the resident chef is supplemented by other diversions: calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson, and (after the theatre) let's-go piano by the old virtuoso Herman Chittison, merrily Grand Guignol balladry by the owlish Dean Sheldon, and heartfelt arias by Nancy Kenyon. Mr. Sheldon and Miss Kenyon depart on Sunday, Nov. 30; Judy Magee, a humorist long absent from the trade, and a new singer named Greta Rae arrive on Tuesday, Dec. 2. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): At eleven, the placid Café Lounge becomes, at least by osmosis, the sort of faintly smoky room in which Hugh Shannon's husky voice and blues piano can do justice to the classic airs of the days when America was a barefoot boy. Sundays are his vacation time. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar is Phyllis Diller, a compulsive talker on a vast variety of foolish topics, and Stewart Rose, who sings. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no Rose; Mondays, amateur performers and no Diller. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Some of the doings—Mae Barnes' chanteys, which all come out like battle hymns of the Republic, and the sound track of Tony and Eddie, America's least restrained mimes—may leave you more deaf than alive. Alice Ghostley's quatrains, awash in malice and menace, have quite a different talent to amuse, and a third talent is implicit in the mild cacophony of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is bland and *dégagé* in his singing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Bobo Lewis is the principal romper. Performances at nine-thirty and at midnight. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Some of the wit is less than elementary, my dear Watson, but Milt Kamen, a commentator with his eye on the news of the day and his tongue in his cheek, makes up for that. For lagniappe, there's the jonquil called Isobel Robins, casting a fond and a sardonic eye over her bright potpourri of ballads. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Top-of-the-evening song and piano by Bobby Short, an irresistible force and a milkman's-matinée idol. Russ Haddock's trio, which helps Mr. Short along, goes it alone, too, from time to time. Mr. Short and Mr. Haddock are away Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The new Johnny Griffin quartet, with Mose Allison, is getting its table of organization set, and Ernestine Anderson sails with enthusiasm into a bunch of live-for-the-moment chansons, done to a very modern beat. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The sort of ranch house King Arthur might have built. It contains the quartet of Tyree Glenn (breezy, outgoing) and the quintet of George Shearing (tense, analytical). Sundays, when they're away, other seneschals take over the castle. Ving Merlin's trio supplies the caramel custard at the dinner hour. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, no stranger here, huffs and puffs in a manner more than likely to blow the walls down. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, the principal evening occupant of the oval bar, plays piano suggesting (1) that he may become the most brilliant of the modern technicians and (2) that he is just gathering rosebuds while he may. He and his trio are on duty after ten-fifteen every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered every day. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, Mary Lou Williams, a cornerstone of today's pianism and yet a throwback to the blues, has at the Steinway when Bernard Peiffer isn't overpowering it with glittering, gone-with-the-wind arpeggios. Both performers are worth the price of admission even without their trios. The Peiffers lie low Sunday, the Williamses lie low Monday. The Williamses, by the way, will sign off on Wednesday, Dec. 3; Muriel Roberts, now the cocktail-hour pianist, will bring her trio to bear as of the ensuing evening. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz for old times' sake; i.e., jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, old-liners like Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis will make the fur fly. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Silence in the auditorium is not part of the golden rule here, so sit well forward if you wish to hear the Jonah Jones quartet and Eugene Smith's trio in their native

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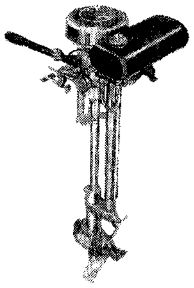

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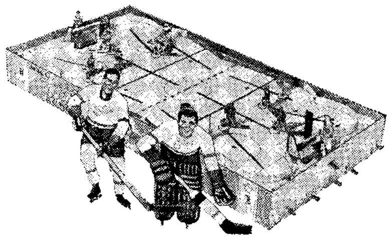

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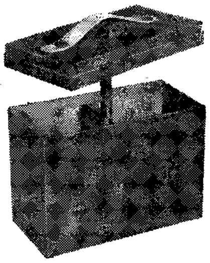

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

state. They set to at eight-thirty. Their tour of duty ends on Saturday, Nov. 29, and Teddy Wilson's trio and Bobby Hackett's quartet, both of which rank as national heroes, arrive on Monday, Dec. 1. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, whose firepower is now a quintet, is offering his unique forecast of what the future holds in store for us. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The Commuters, an amiable bunch of children, play for dancing, from nine to one, on a minute stretch of parquet. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28 and 29, there'll be four hours of jazz concert in the Ivy Room by an amalgam of blowhards from Eli's Chosen Six, the Yale Bull Pups, the Finger Lake Five, Lehigh's Christmas City Six, Pennsylvania's Six Pence, and Cornell's Stumplifters, as well as graduates of the Colgate, Fordham, and New York University bands. Zero hour is eight-thirty Friday, nine Saturday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Milton Avery—Semiabstract oils, mostly centering on the sea; through Dec. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Blanch—Delicately colorful abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Arbit Blatas—Expressionist oils in black and white; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

John Bratby—The first American showing of oils by a rising young British artist, who, by the way, dubbed in those paintings for Alec Guinness in the movie "The Horse's Mouth;" through Dec. 13. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Syd Browne—Cityscapes painted in France and Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

Antonio Corpora—Oils by an Italian abstractionist; through Dec. 24. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Virginia Cuthbert—Street scenes with figures; through Dec. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Degas and Renoir—Pastels, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

John Ferren—Abstract oils, very solid in design; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Chaim Fleischman—Paintings, mainly Abstract Expressionist in style; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Fleischman, 227 E. 10th St. Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Sam Francis—New Abstract Expressionist paintings by an American associated with the Paris school; through Dec. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Paintings of people in the setting of the city; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Philippe Hosiasson—Abstract Expressionist oils by a contemporary Paris painter; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Jeswald—Sensitively colorful figure studies and other subjects. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 13. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Dec. 15. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Little—Large, florid, but generally powerful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse—Twenty bronze sculptures; through Dec. 20. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—"Peintures Sauvages," from 1934 to 1953; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Water colors and a few drawings, including marines and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

I. Rice Pereira—A new set of her abstract oils; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Picasso—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Dec. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Jackson Pollock—A selection of his smaller oils (1934-54); through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Odilon Redon—The first New York exhibition in many years of oils and other works by this nineteenth-century French painter; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Sample—Paintings of Spain and Labrador; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Gently thoughtful paintings, many of them figure studies; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Max Weber—"The Figure in Retrospect, 1906-58;" through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Paintings from the City Art Museum of St. Louis—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—An exhibition of works by the four nominees for the Institute's Gold Medal for Graphic Art for 1959, plus eighty-two paintings by contemporary American artists, from which the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund purchases will be selected; through Dec. 7. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Sculptures—By Herbert Ferber, David Hare, and Ibram Lassaw; starting Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **JAMES GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings (eighteenth-century to modern) by, among others, Benjamin West, George Inness, and Marsden Hartley; through Dec. 24. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The November offering consists of paintings selected by I. Rice Pereira, Walter Murch, and Sidney Laufman; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Andre Racz, Lawrence Kupferman, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through Dec. 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings by such artists as Boucher, Tintoretto, and Toulouse-Lautrec, together with a selection by the present-day English primitive Scottie Wilson; through Dec. 20. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Braque, Gris, and Léger are among the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century French paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Dec. 10.

Japanese; Group Show—A small, lively exhibition of paintings and other works by members of the Modern Art Association of Japan; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary American and

European artists, among them Ben Shahn, Lyonel Feininger, Alexander Calder, and Afro, at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, 106 Central Park S., Sunday, Nov. 30, from 8 to 10:30, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 1-6, from 1 to 10:30, for the benefit of the Grand Street Settlement.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, and principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Sunday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Photographs from the Museum's collection, from here and abroad and dating back to the eighteen-thirties; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—About a hundred and fifty Dutch master drawings, from Bosch to van Gogh, principally assembled from museum and private collections in the Netherlands; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, as well as an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various sources. After Sunday, Nov. 30, the Museum will be closed for ten days. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Eleven terra cottas and bronzes recently found at Ife, also in Nigeria, and on loan to the Museum; through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

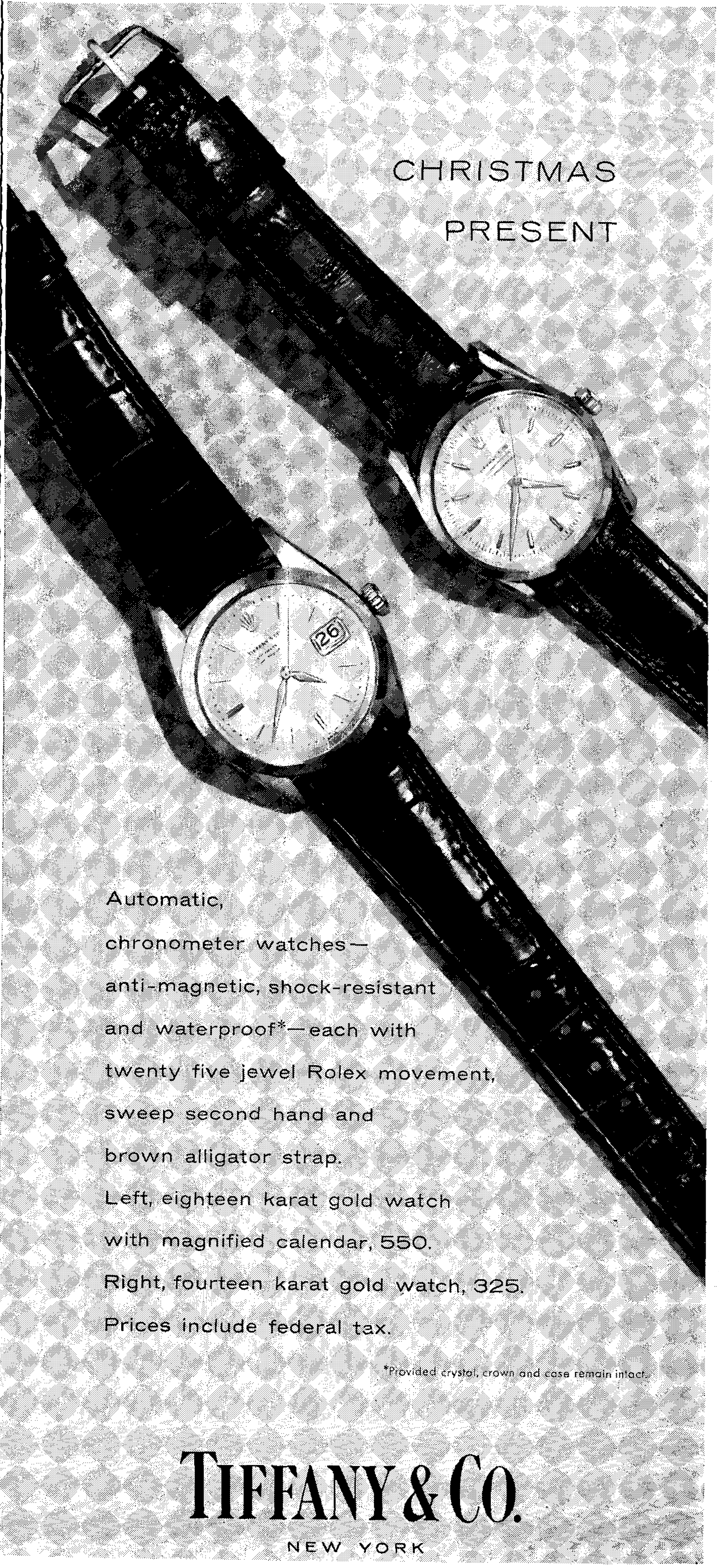
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, and Cesare Valletti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Daniele Barioni, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Ezio Flagello. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Carmen," with Blanche Thebom, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Boris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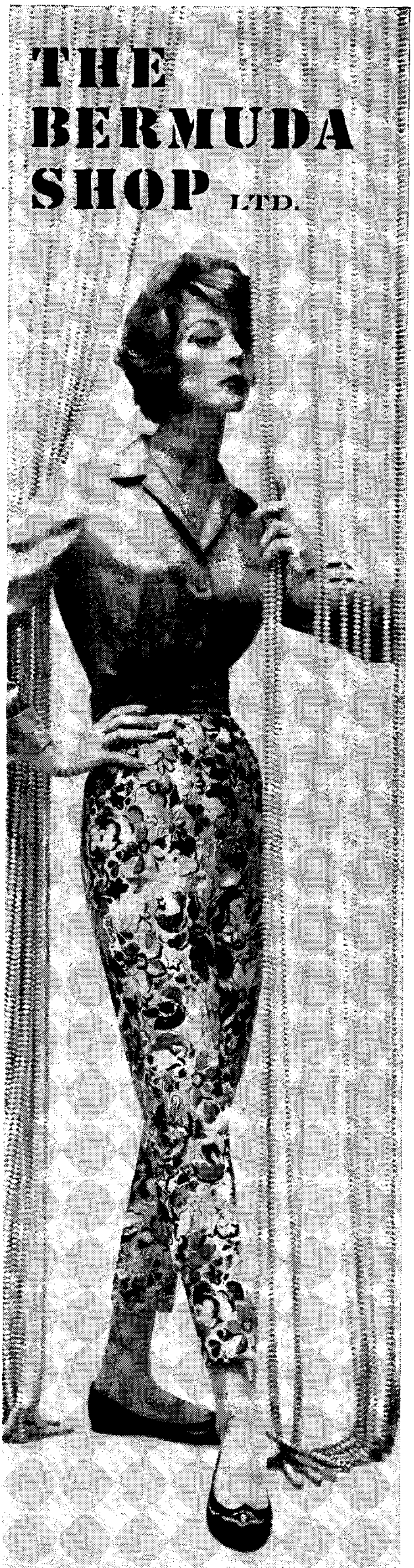
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Godunov" (in English), with Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, George London, Giulio Gari, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gloria Davy, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Eugenio Fernandi, and Tito Gobbi. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Leopold Stokowski conducting a chamber orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Rossini's "Mosé," in concert form, with Gloria Davy, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Boris Christoff, bass; Jon Crain, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:45.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Little Singers of Paris—Msgr. Fernand Maillet directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 28, and Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30, both with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Piero Weiss—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Moura Lympany—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Gabriel Banat—Violin, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Margaret Hillis conducting, with Adele Addison, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 5:30.)

Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 1, in the order in which written applications are received. Applications must be received on Monday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards—The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers and Highland Dancers of the Scots Guards. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

Jazz Concert—Miles Davis's sextet, Thelonious Monk's band, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, and Jimmy Giuffre's trio. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Mike DeJohn vs. Willi Besmanoff, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**THANKSGIVING DAY:** Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 29:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 6:** Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:05.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 29, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7: Cincinnati vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 9: Knicks vs. *Detroit.*

Racing—At Jamaica: Through Saturday, Nov. 29. Thanksgiving Day at 12:30 and Friday and Saturday at 12:45. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thanksgiving Day between 10:30 and 1, Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Rod Strong, dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Treasure Island." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 2:30.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hans Brinker." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 11.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 1, 2, and 4.)

Marionettes—"Dick Whittington's Cat," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, *plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions.* (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Suzari Marionettes presenting "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Exhibits—Six electric trains running simultaneously through miniature towns and countryside, over a trestle crossing a cascading river, and through tunnels to an underground passenger station. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ More trains, traversing two thousand feet of track, plus Erector constructions and scientific displays that young visitors can operate by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 2, there will be a new show called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 28, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Friday, Nov. 28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Lizzies in the Field," with Mack Sennett, and "His Bitter Pill," with Mack Swain. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 28, from 10 to 12.

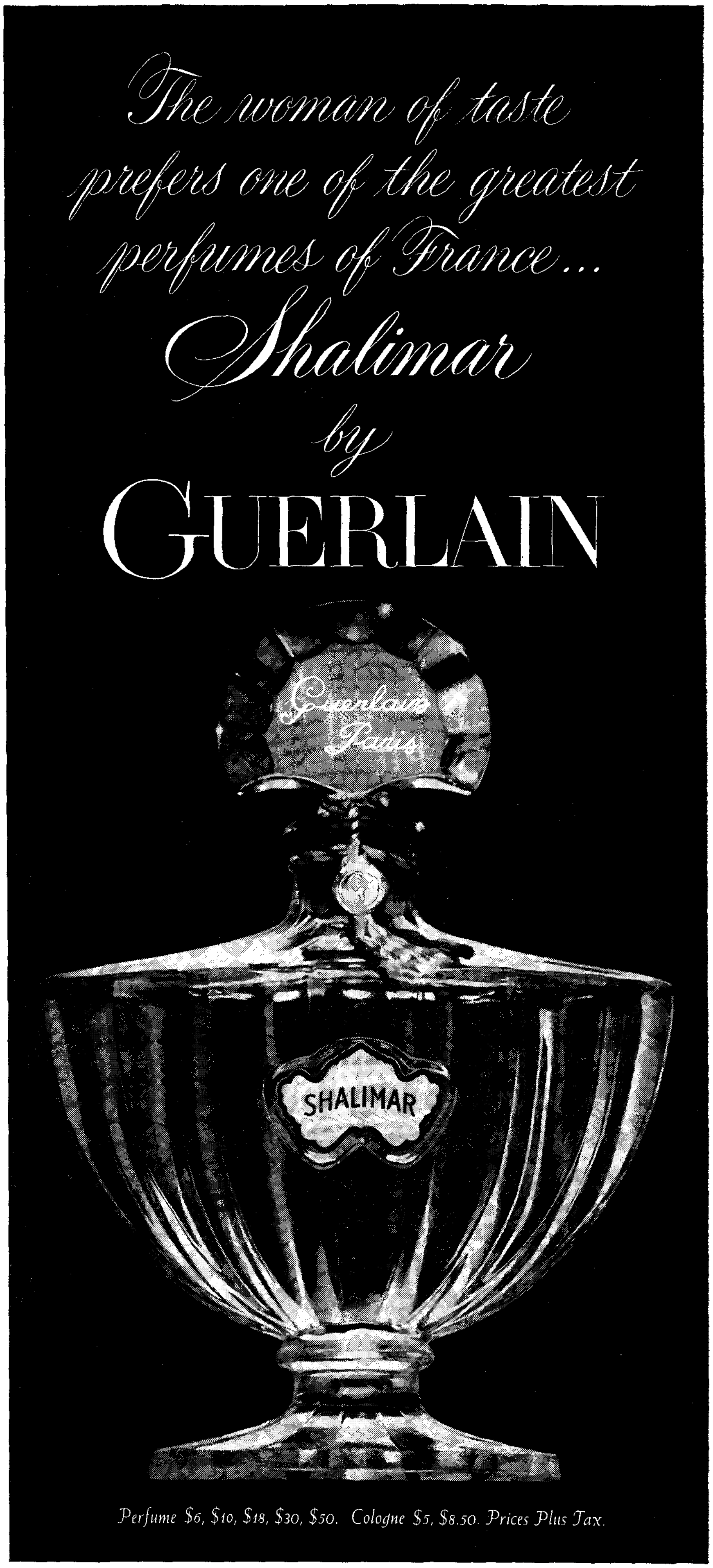
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Richard Wilbur and John Malcolm Brinnin reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Dec 4, at 8:30.)

The Roaring Twenties—Costumes, photographs, cartoons, and other relics of the flapper-and-hip-flask era; through March 8. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 1:45: English eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian and other old silver and Sheffield plate, table porcelains and glassware, linens, lithographs and aquatints, paintings, and Oriental and Aubusson carpets; from the estate of Frederick P. King and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 2-3, at 1:45: Western Americana and other literary material, from the library of Dr. Lester E. Bauer. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 1:45: Chinese furniture; early-dynastic pottery and porcelains; jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; Chinese, Siamese, and Tibetan sculptures; paintings; Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings; and lamps and other decorative objects. The property of several collectors, among them Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kullgren. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 29.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3			

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny review of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are first-rate, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which depicts the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 2, tentative.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 3.)

Damn Yankees—A jolly musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon, who play the Devil and his undulant assistant, are most diverting, and the show, which benefits from the brisk direction of George Abbott, is accompanied by many spirited tunes. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Dec. 2.)

The Defiant Ones—At the outset of this picture, a pair of convicts, one white and one black, escape from a Southern prison farm chained together, and from there on, what with the prisoners despising each other's color and a posse hot on their heels, quite a head of melodramatic steam is built up. Admirably directed by Stanley Kramer, the movie also has the advantage of a pair of strong performances by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in the central roles. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Dec. 2.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious version of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a good cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness giving a fine, comic performance as the raffish hero of an adaptation of Joyce Cary's novel. Mr. Guinness, who did the adaptation himself, is perhaps more successful as an actor than as an adapter, but his portrait of a free-wheeling artistic nonconformist in a world he never made makes up for any small handicaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Matchmaker—Shirley Booth brings all her acting stratagems to bear on this filming of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is what you like. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Dec. 3.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye (as an ingenious Jewish refugee from Poland), Curt Jurgens (as a stiff-necked Polish colonel), and Nicole Maurey (as a French girl who sees a lot of good in both of them) are all splendid in a sprightly comedy that describes how this trio keeps a step ahead of the Nazis after the invasion of France. Akim Tamiroff, Françoise Rosay, Martita Hunt, and Alexander Scourby give sturdy assistance to the principals. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Nov. 28, tentative. The last showing on Tuesday, Dec. 2, will be at 4:45.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 2, tentative.)

Pather Panchali—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A breezy affair in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison figure amiably as the parents of a young lady who, instead of paying attention to the proper young gentleman they favor as her suitor, takes up with a jazz drummer of murky ancestry. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Dec. 2.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

Rooney—The perils of a bachelor—in this case employed as a dustman—in Dublin, where unmarried ladies, according to this film, are really formidable when they go about trying to snare a male who is single. John Gregson is delightful as the prey of assorted females, and Barry Fitzgerald is ingratiating as a crotchety old man related to some of the ladies who are after Mr. Gregson's hand. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 30.)

The Roots of Heaven—Trevor Howard, playing a man dedicated to saving elephants, gets quite an odd assortment of characters to assist him in combatting ivory hunters in Africa. Directed by John Huston, the film is lengthy, but it does have its lively moments, and the actors supporting the capable Mr. Howard—among them Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles—are all sound performers. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626.)

White Wilderness—Life among the ice floes, as interpreted by Walt Disney. The photography is altogether fascinating, which makes up for some of the coyness on the sound track as all sorts of fauna, from lemmings to walruses, go through their paces. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 2.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 2, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 27.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 3.)

Sayonara (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 1-2.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Nov. 29: "The Life of an American Fireman" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Last Card" (1915), with William S. Hart; and "The Coward" (1915), directed by Thomas H. Ince, with Charles Ray.... ¶ Starting Nov. 30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thanksgiving Day, when the only showing will be at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, and Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 2:30. Extra performances Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE MOON IS BLUE, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 3: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders, Debra Paget.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, and Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 2:30. Extra performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 2: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.
From Dec. 3: "China Doll," Victor Mature, Ward Bond.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Extra performance Thanksgiving Day at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and (evenings only) "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.
From Dec. 3 (tentative): "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and (evenings only) "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.
From Dec. 3 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 2: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
From Dec. 3: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"What Price Murder" (in French), Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Orders to Kill," Eddie Albert, Paul Massie.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Nov. 27 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
From Nov. 28 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Dec. 3 (tentative): "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS.**
From Dec. 3 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 2: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
From Dec. 3: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 30: **ROONEY**; and "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
Dec. 1-2: **SAYONARA**, revival; and "An Inspector Calls," revival, Alastair Sim, Eileen Moore.
From Dec. 3: **THE ROSE TATTOO**, revival; and "Young at Heart," revival, Doris Day, Frank Sinatra.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 1 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
From Dec. 2 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 2: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
From Dec. 3: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 29: "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.
Nov. 30-Dec. 2: "O. Henry's Full House," revival, Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain; and "Prince of Players," revival, Richard Barton, Maggie McNamara.
From Dec. 3: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Flesh and Desire" (in French), Rossano Brazzi, Viviane Romance.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, and Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE DEFIANT ONES; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 2: **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.
From Dec. 3: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

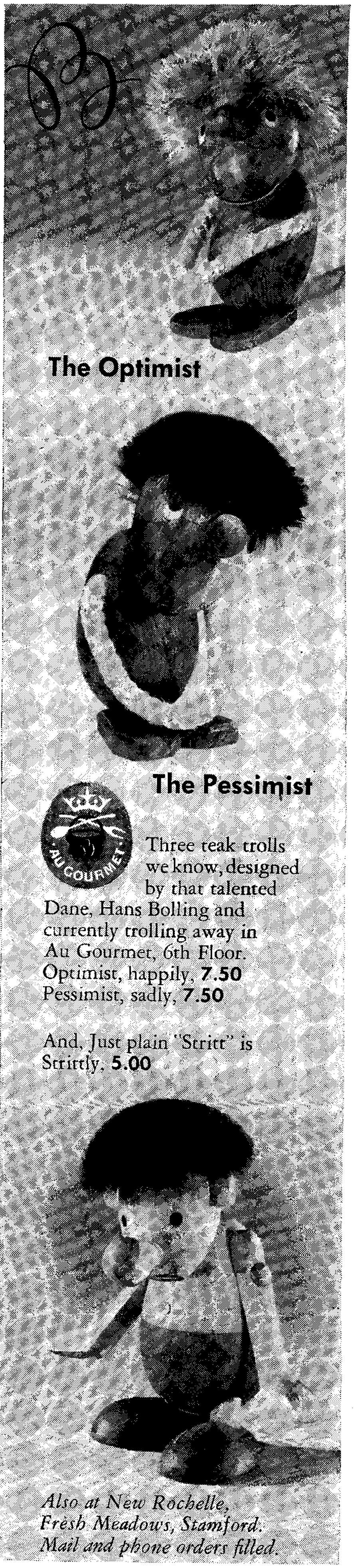
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 27: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
From Nov. 28: "Merlusse" (in French), revival; and "Janosik" (a Czechoslovakian picture), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Dec. 2: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Dec 3: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
THE DEFIANT ONES; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 2: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jock Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.
From Dec. 3: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.



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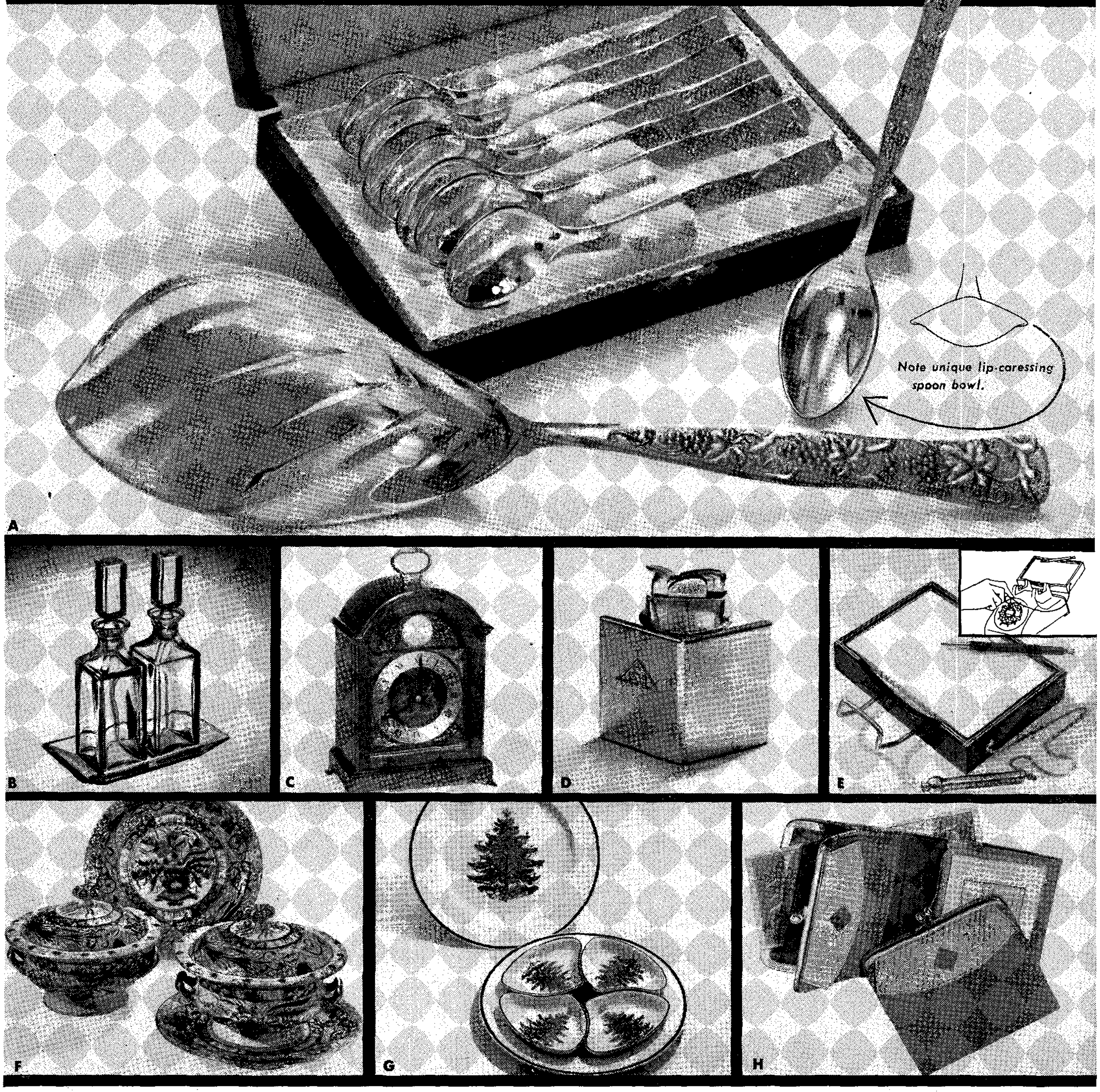

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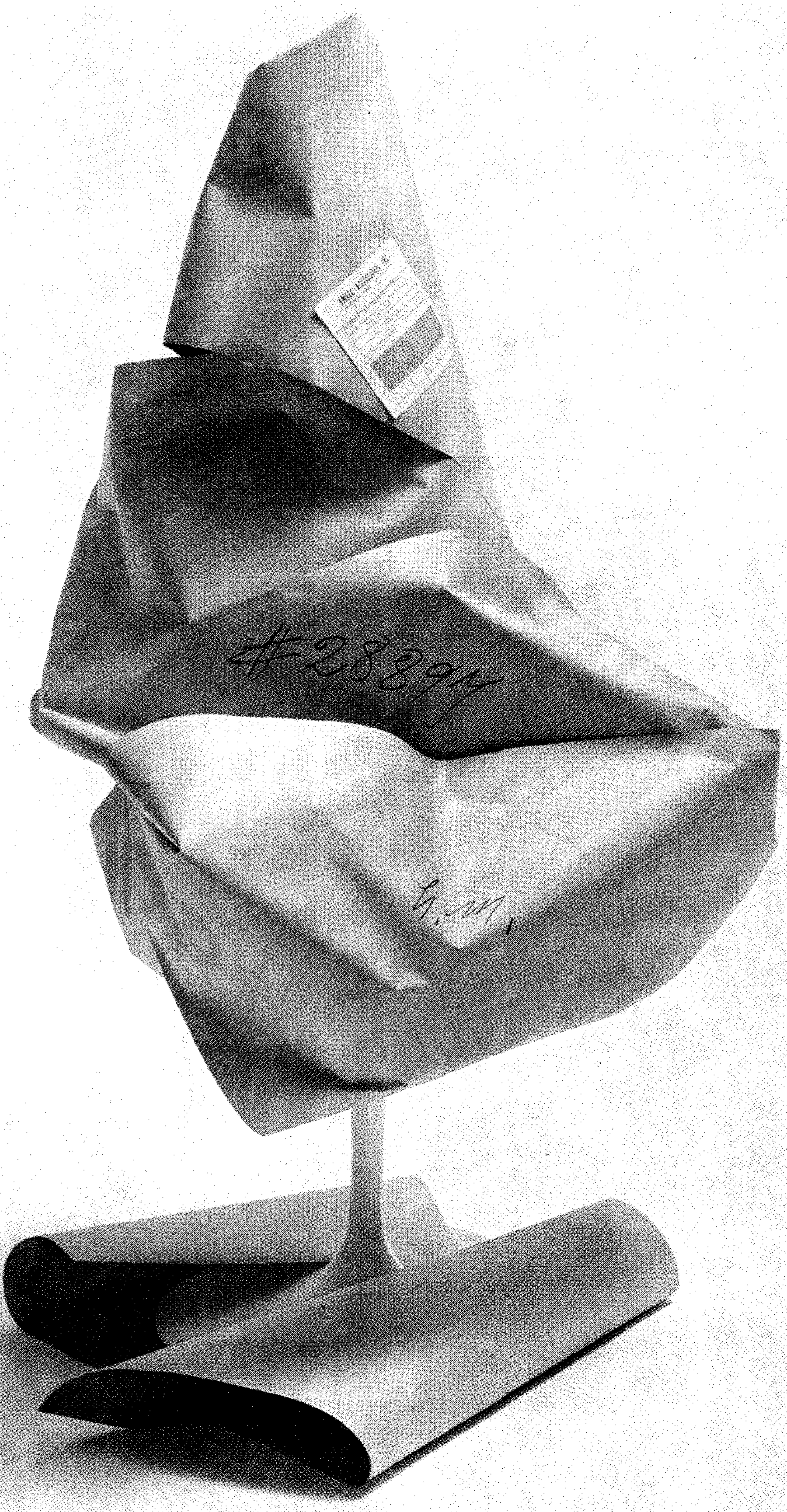

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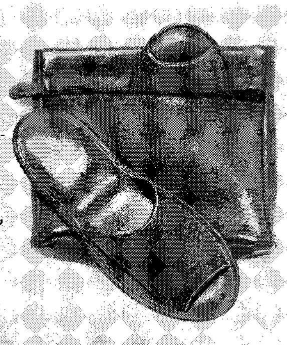

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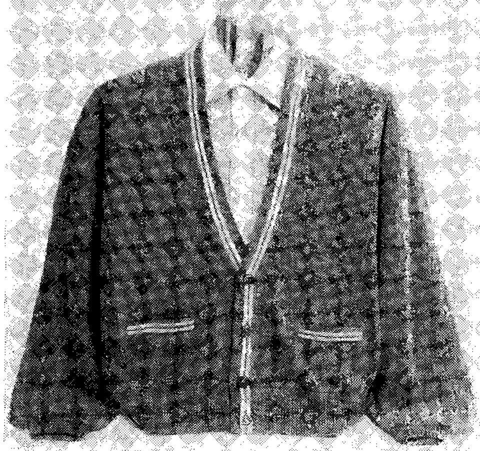

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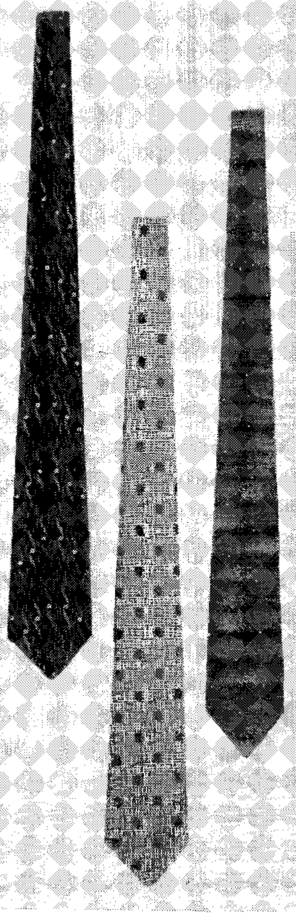

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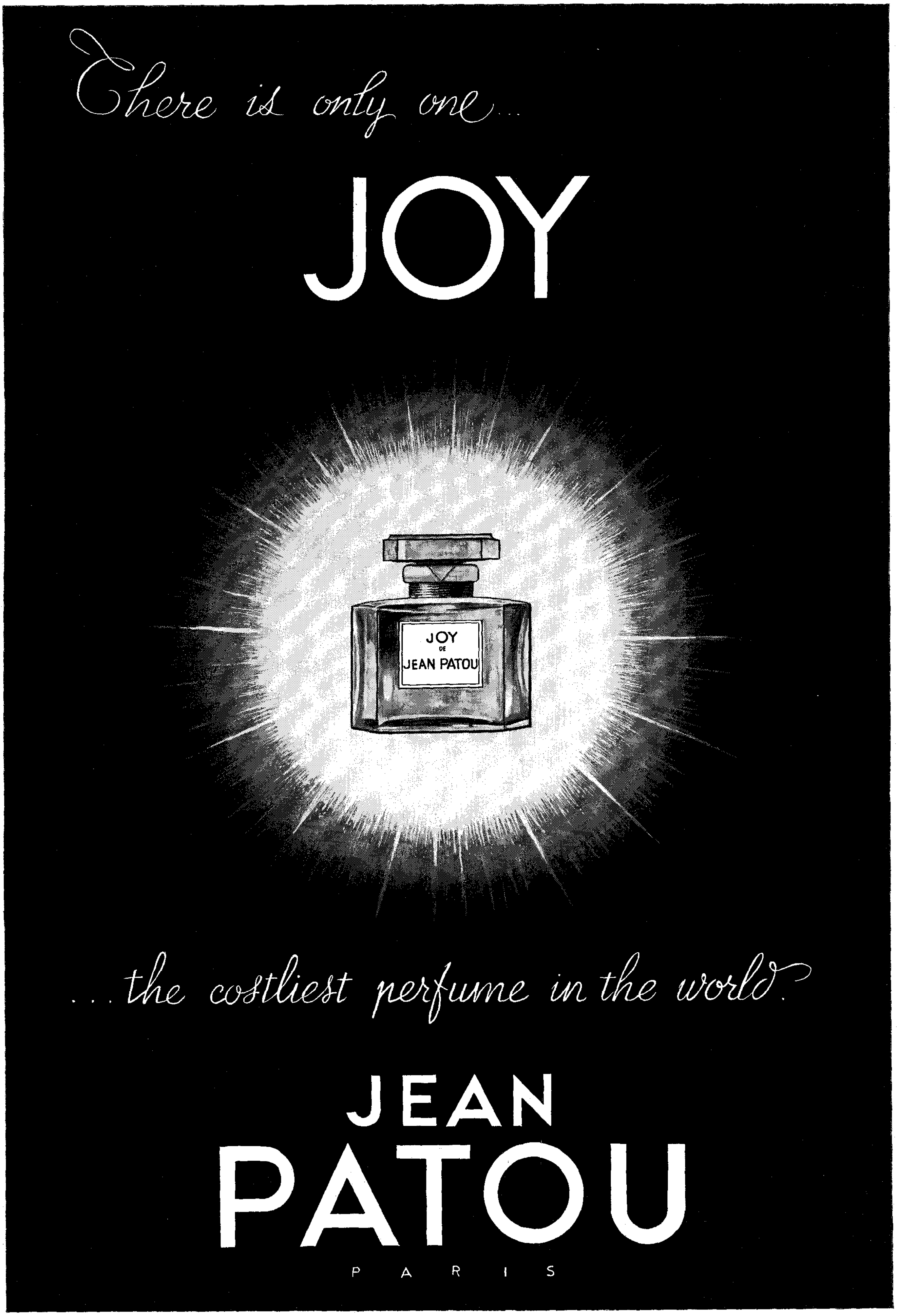

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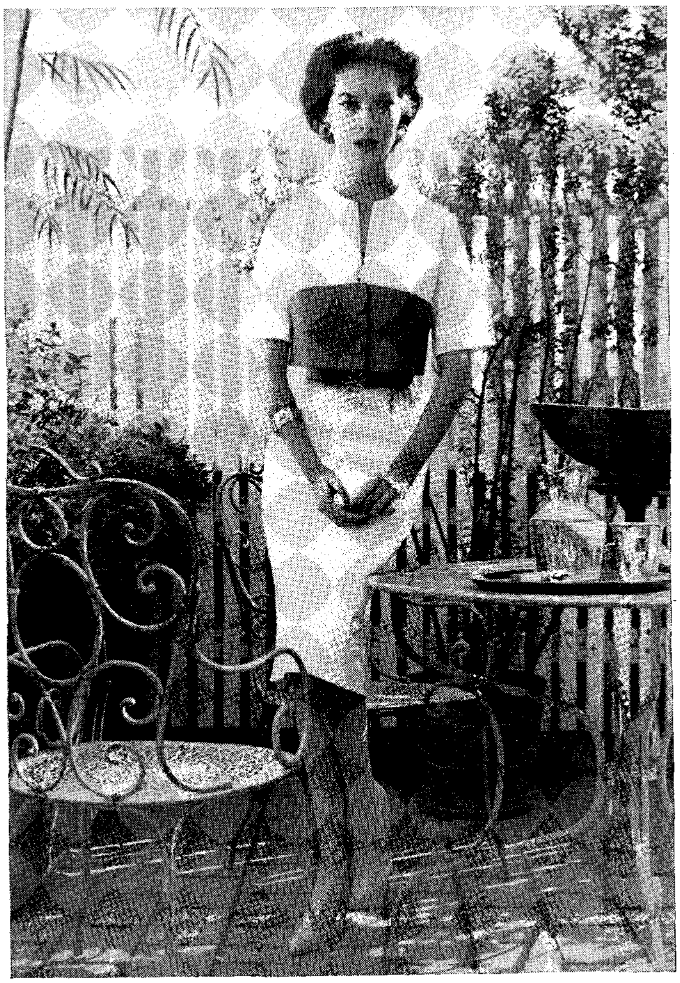

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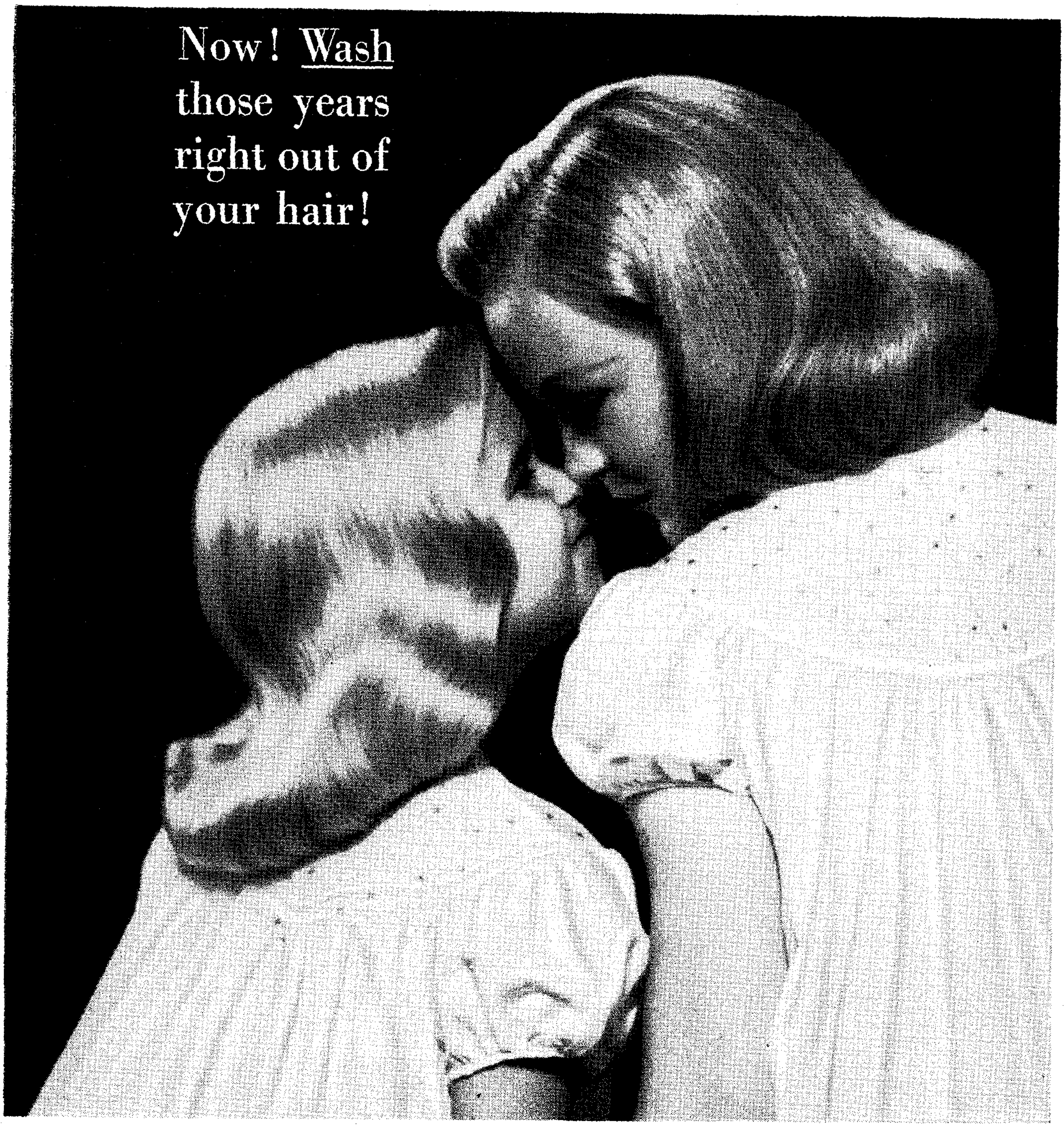
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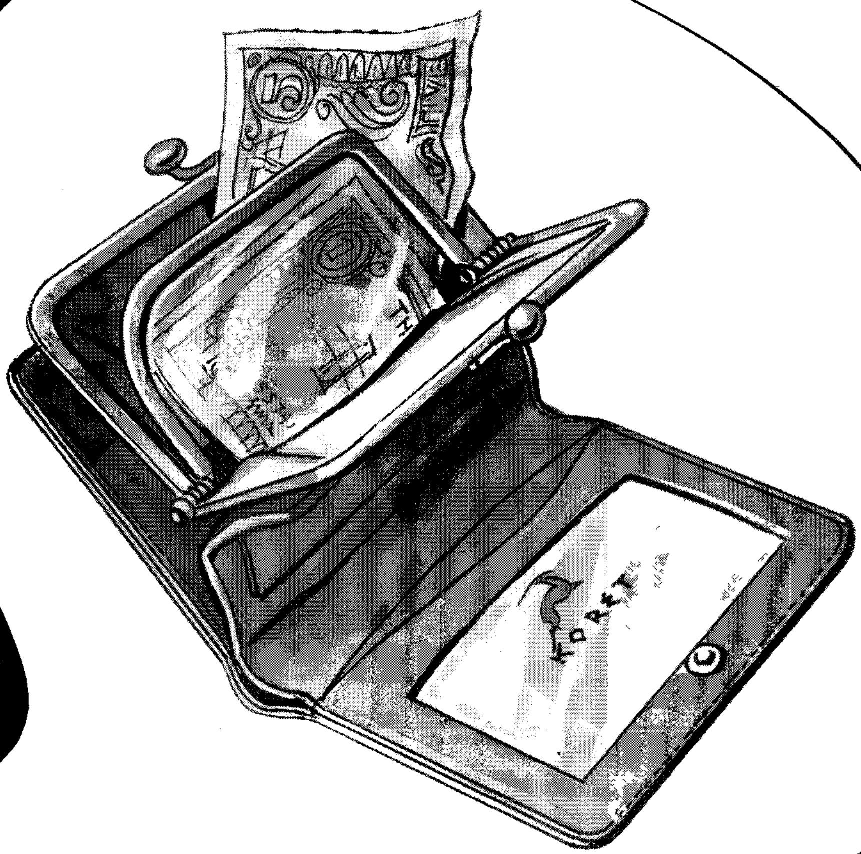

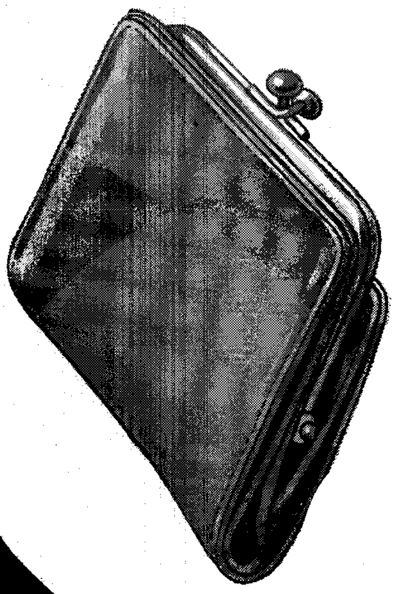

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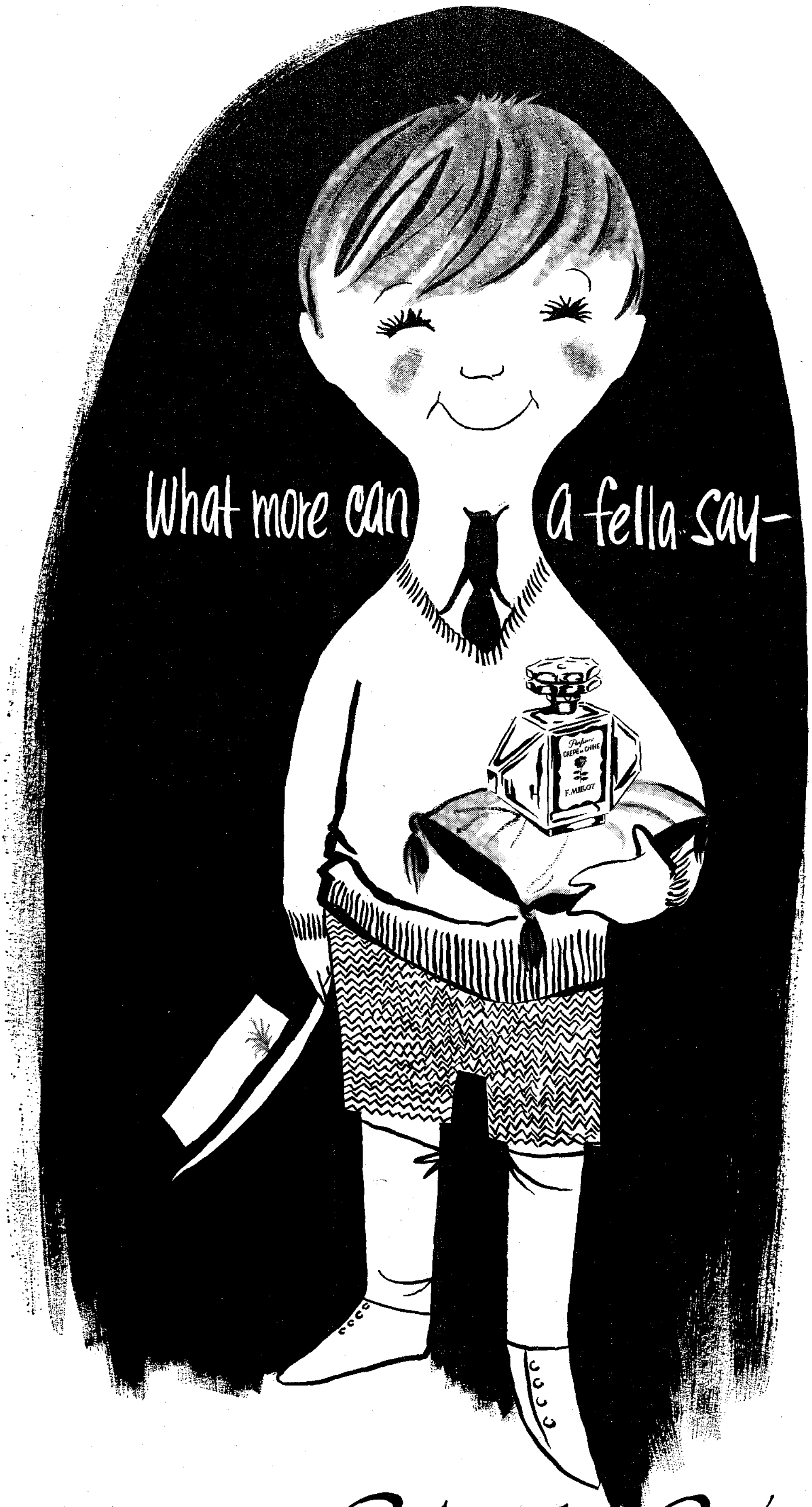
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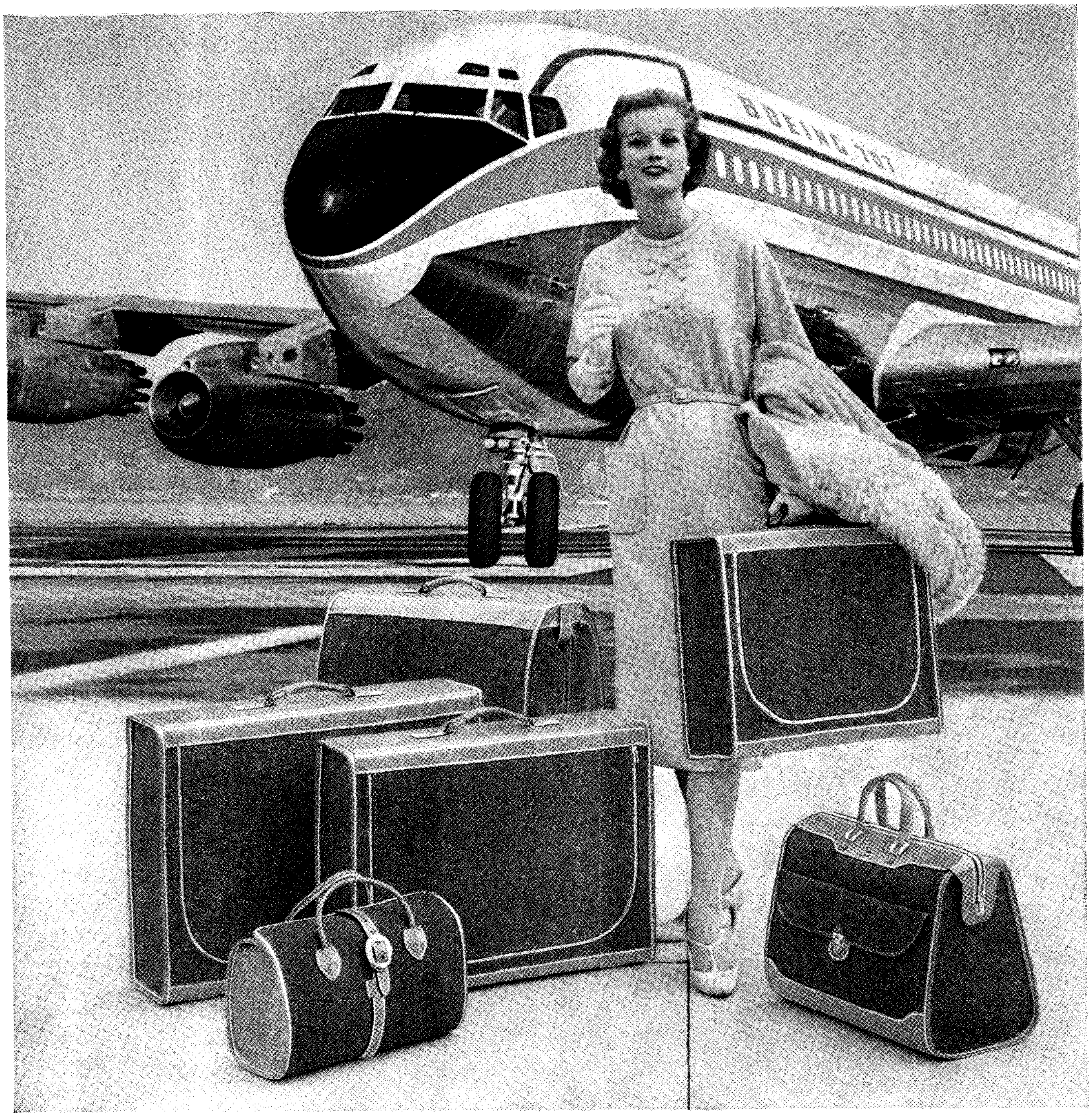

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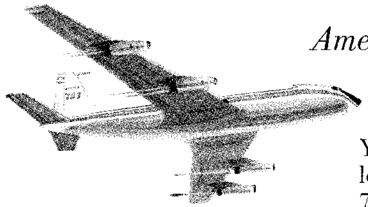

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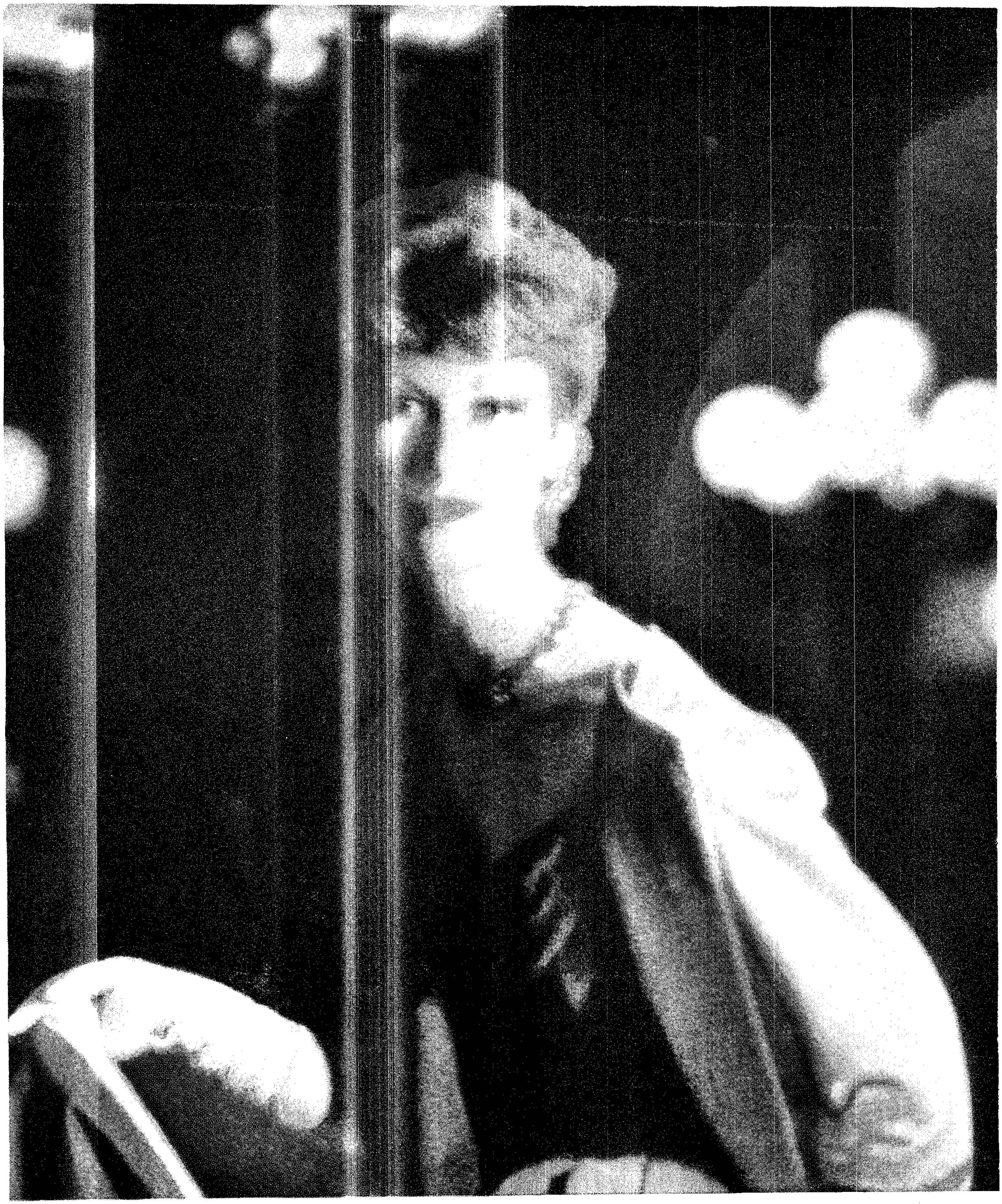

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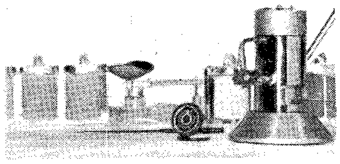

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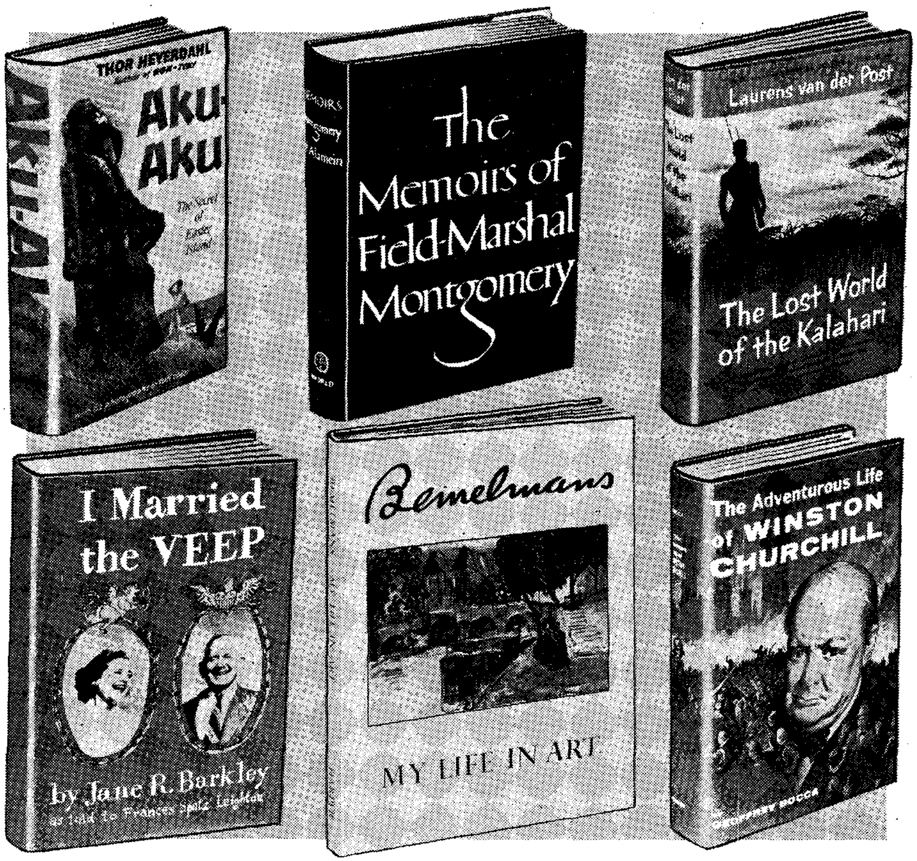

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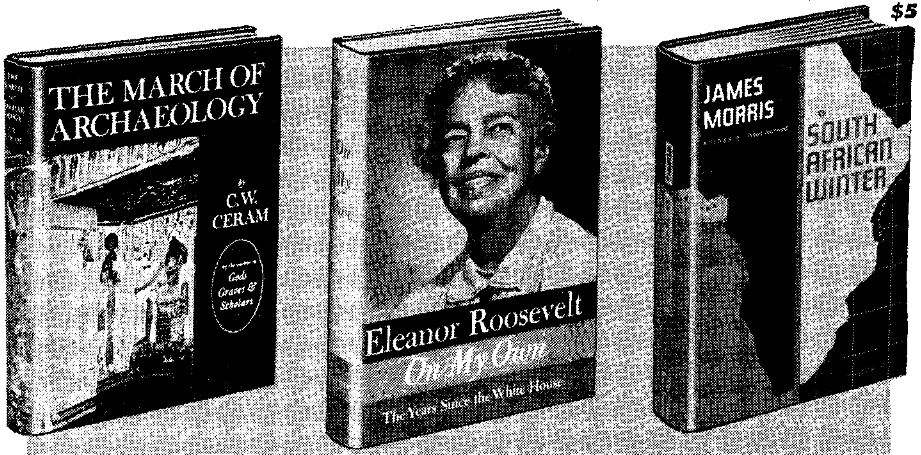
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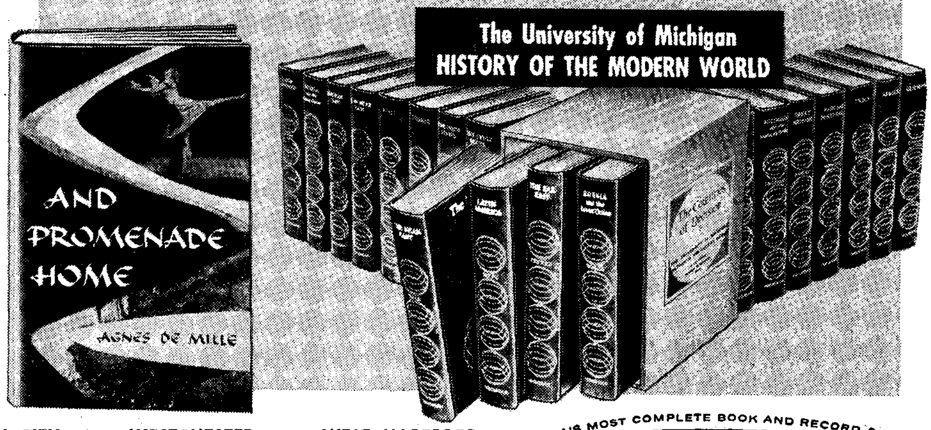
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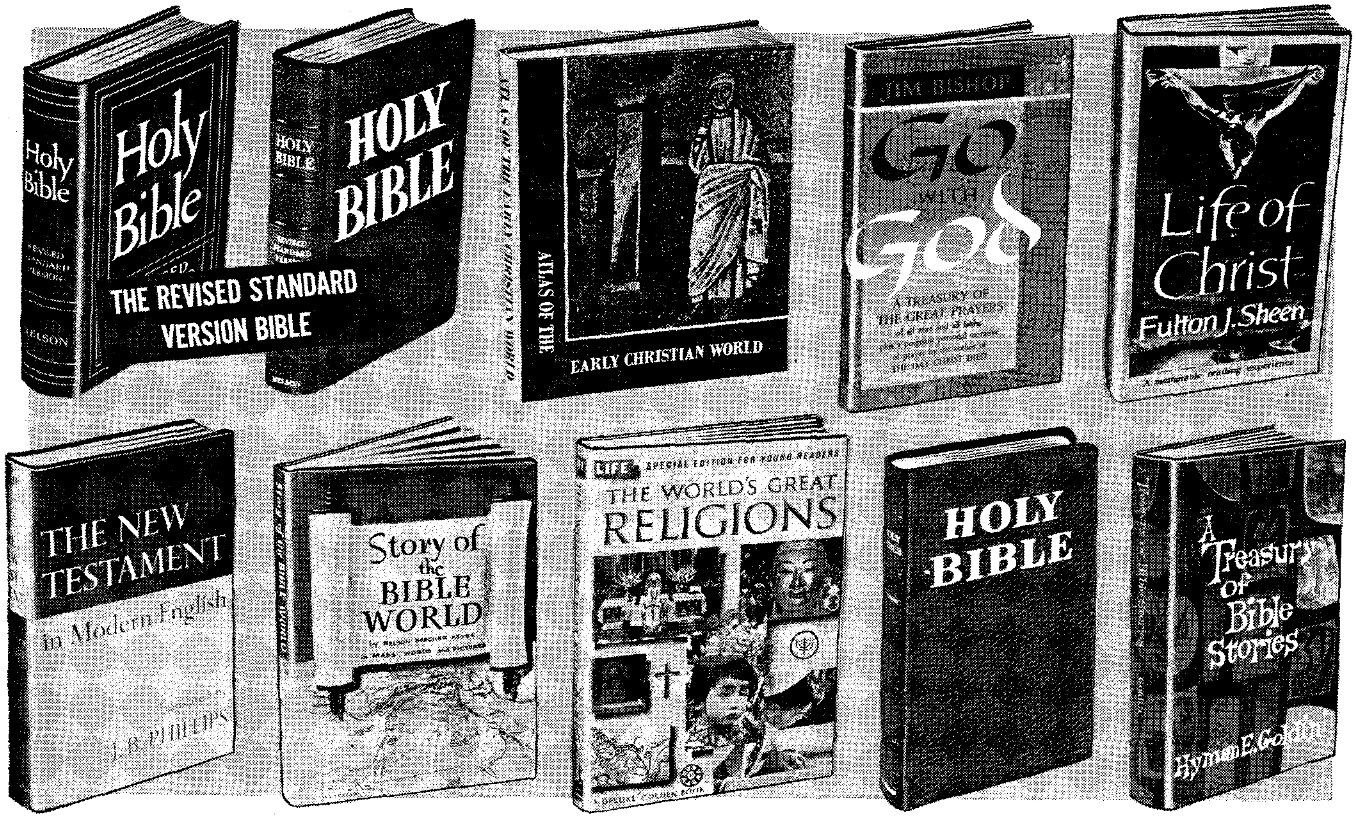
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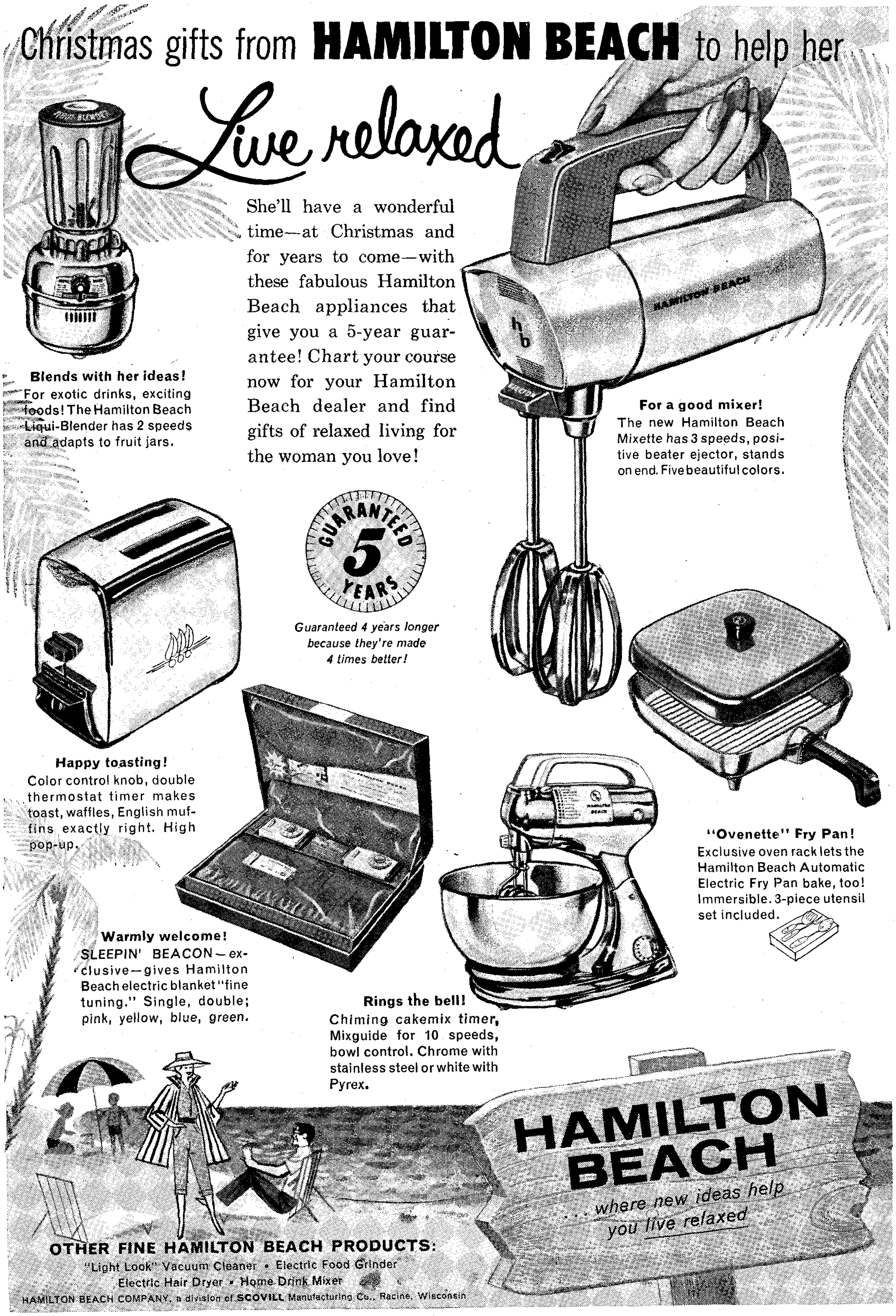

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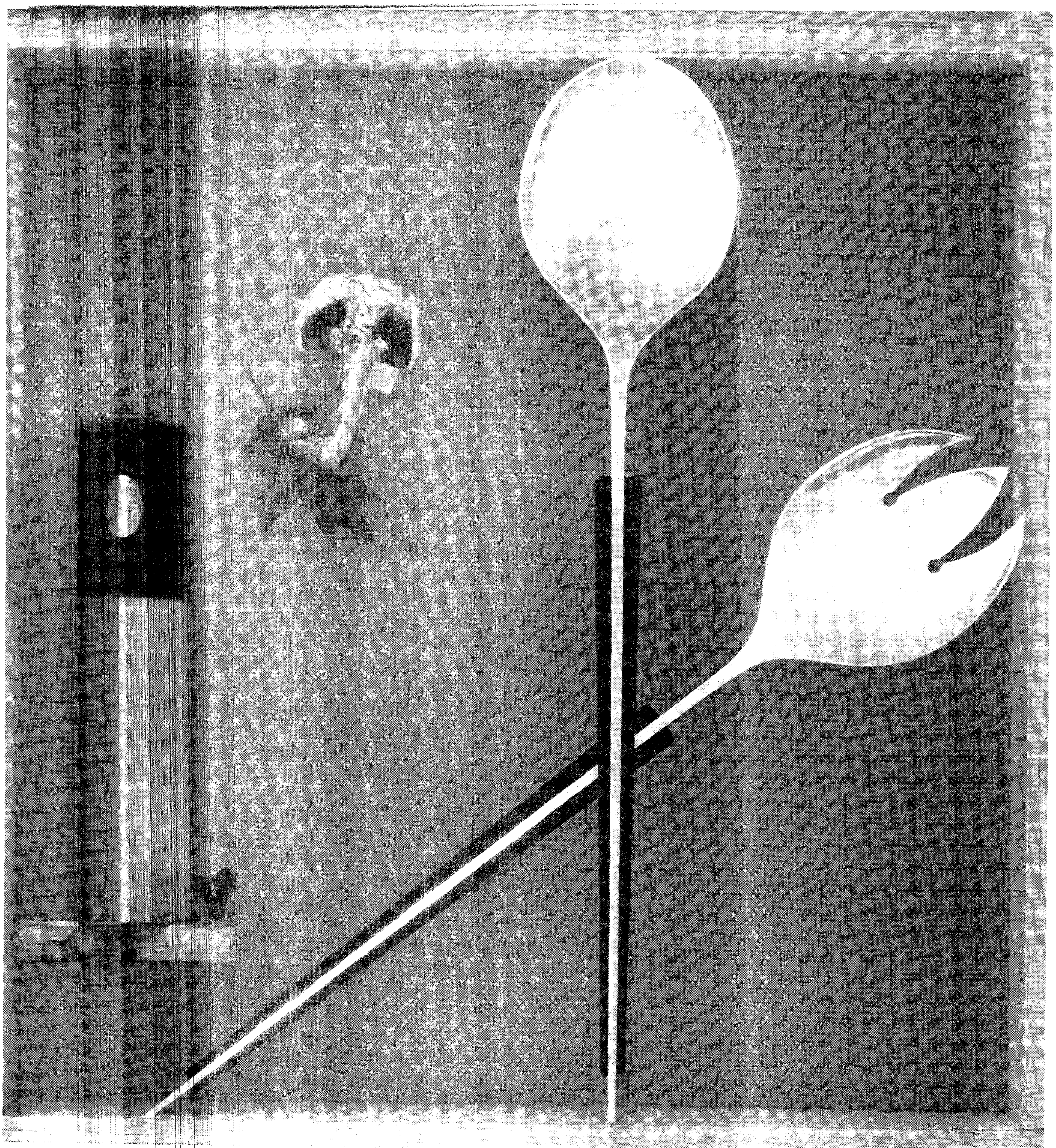

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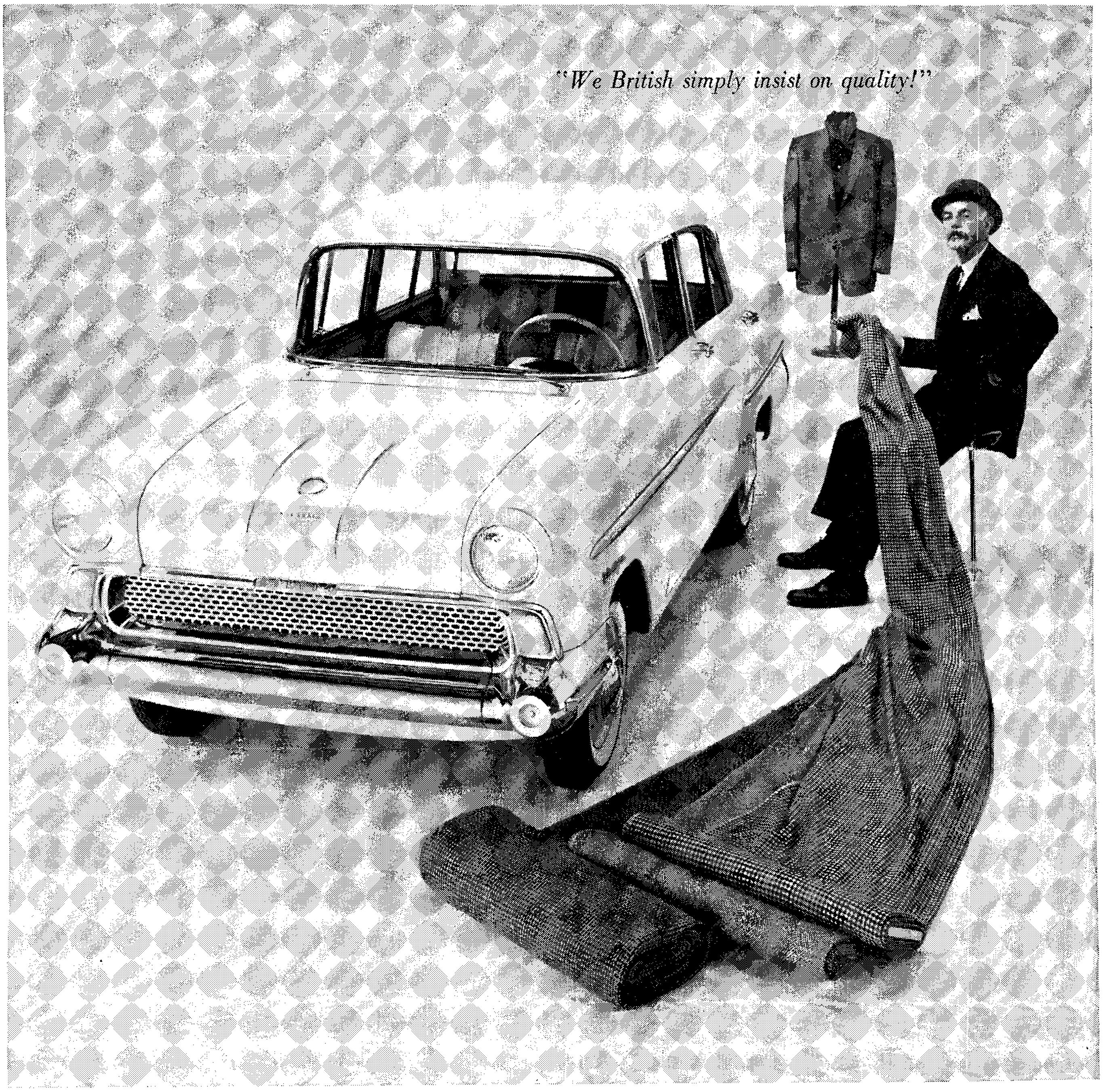

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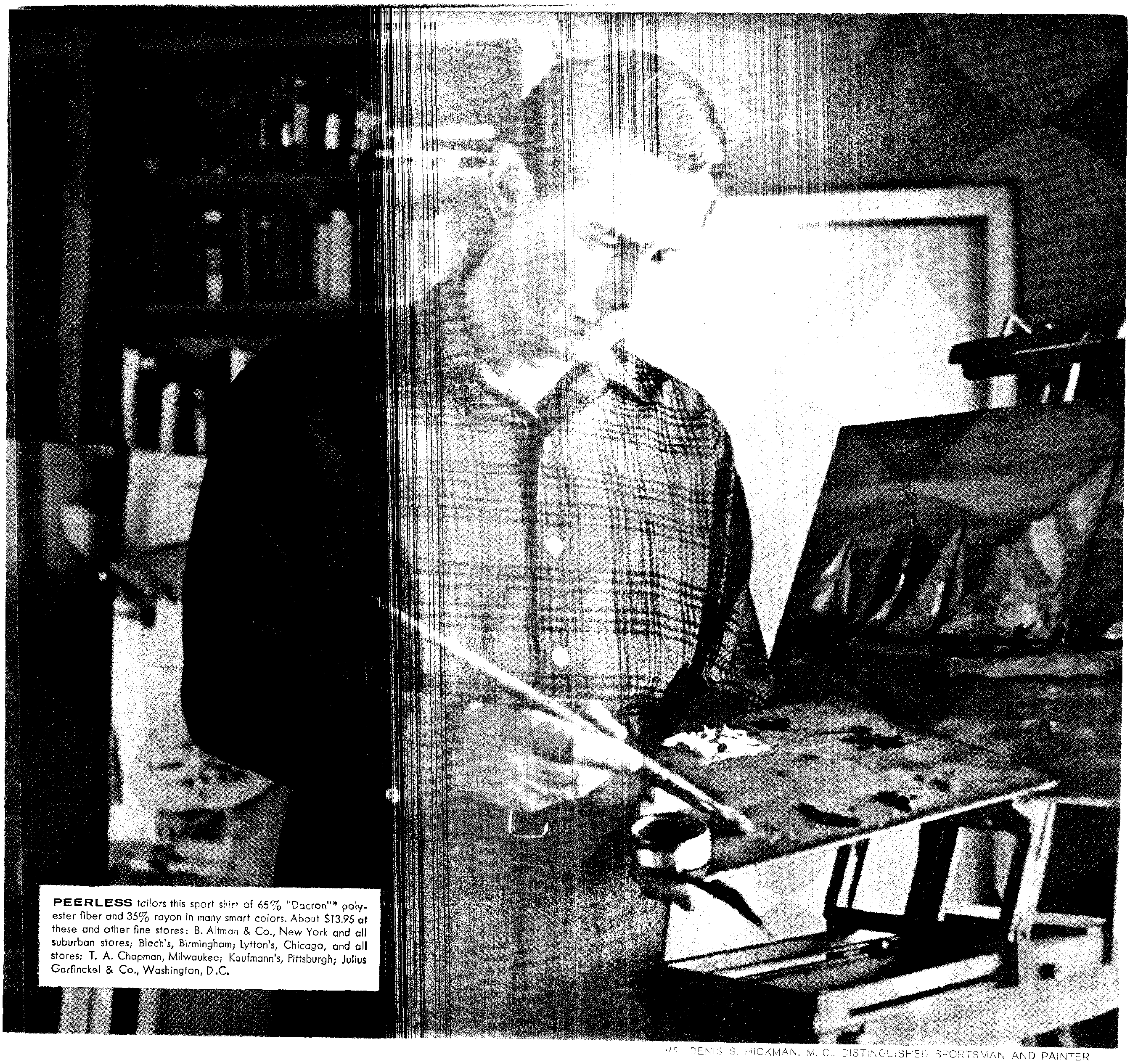

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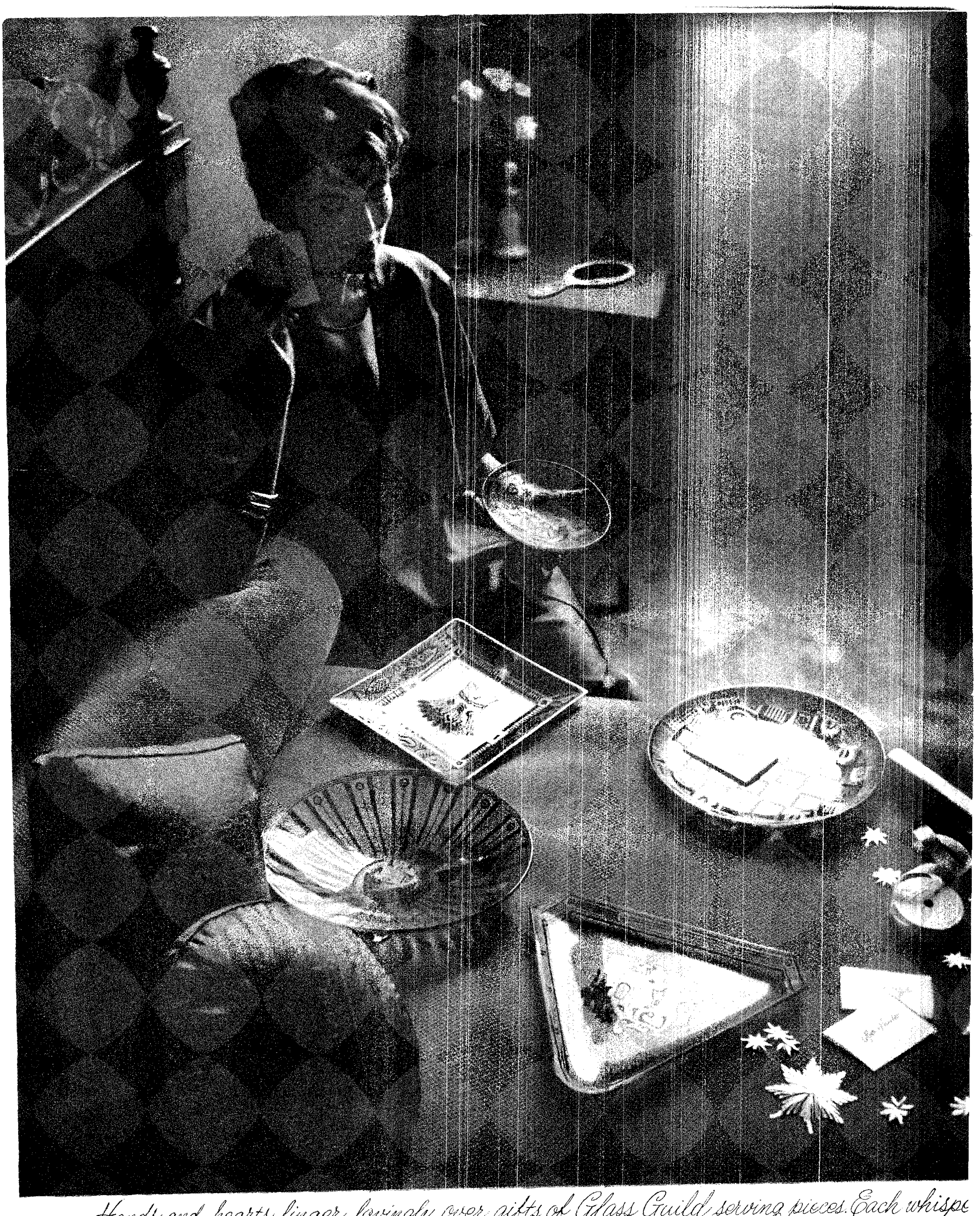

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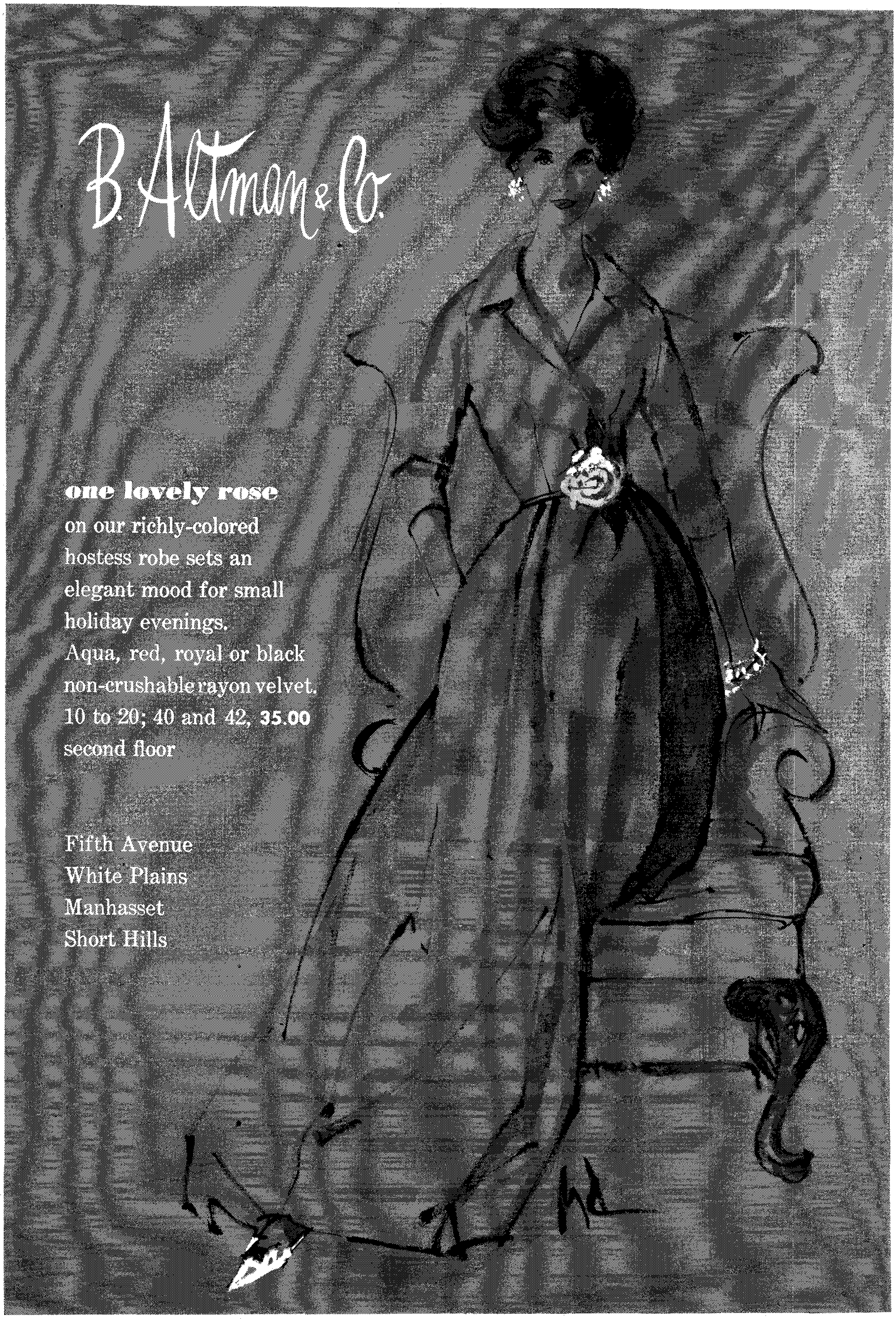

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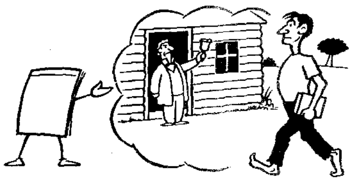
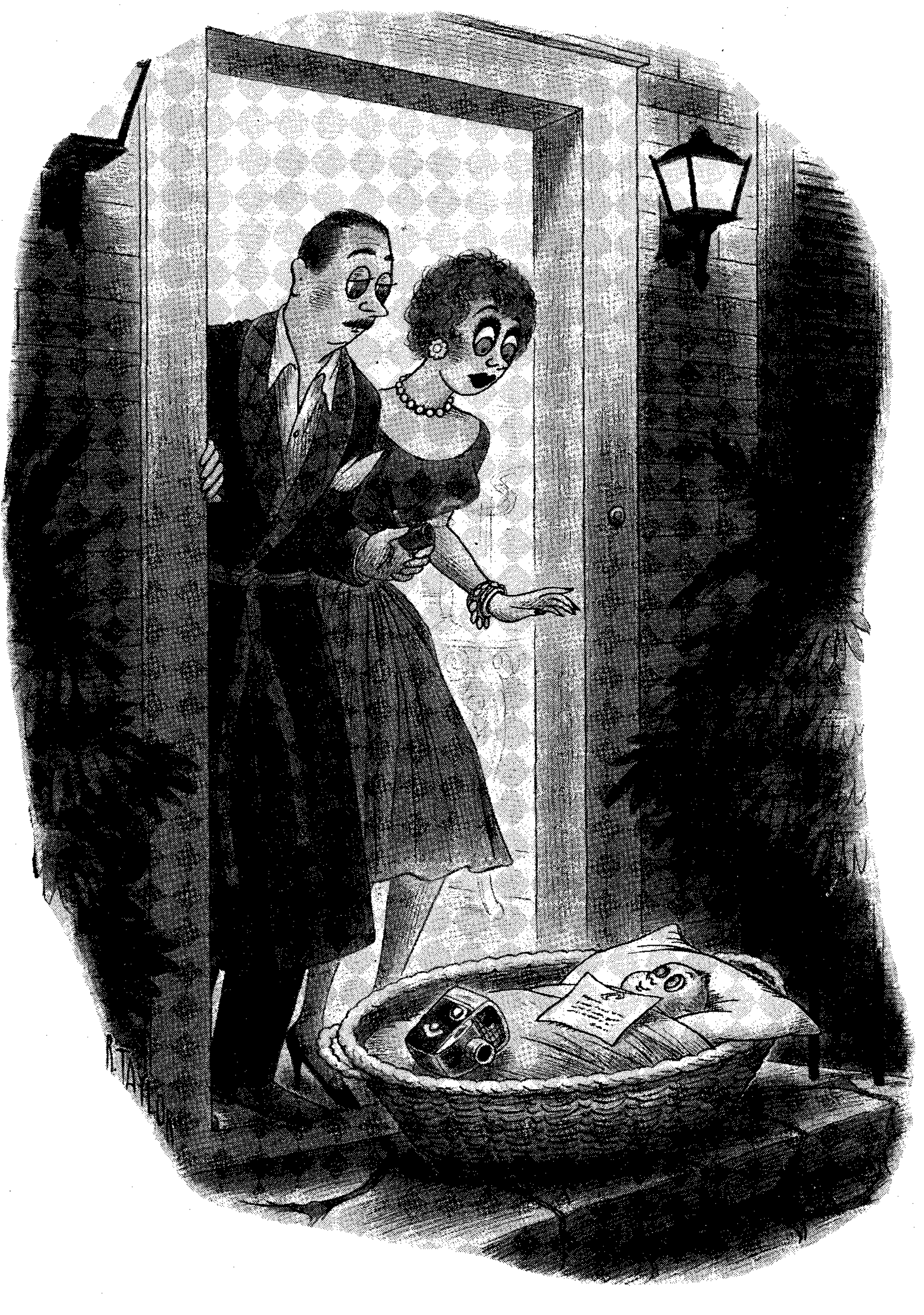
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, the *Daily News,* an exponent of visual humor, headed its lead editorial "$CHOOL DI$CU$$ION." Mayor Wagner and the New York City Board of Education want an amendment to the state constitution that will let the city borrow five hundred million dollars more than the legally fixed debt limit, to catch up with a great lag in school construction, and the *News* is fighting the amendment—possibly because it fears that a general rise in the level of education would constitute a threat to its circulation, now the largest in the country. "George Washington, Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln and various other noteworthy Americans got pretty well educated in surroundings that couldn't be called palatial," the *News* said. Well, Samson grew up to be a big, strong boy in a day when there were no hospitals, but that is scarcely a reason to stop building them. The hero of the editorial was City Comptroller Lawrence E. Gerosa. (Washington, Henry, and Lincoln were just rung in to set him off, like seed pearls around a genuine zircon.) Mr. Gerosa had issued a report that, according to a story in the *Times,* "was considered at City Hall an effort to deliver a body blow—perhaps a knockout punch" to any new bond issue for school construction. In the report, the Comptroller said he was against it because the Board of Education had been extravagant in planning the schools it had recently built; it had, for example, retained professional architects to design buildings for specific sites, instead of using a standard set of plans for all. As another example, he noted that "it has become the practice" to put "a sink cabinet approximately six feet long and a drinking fountain in each classroom," at a cost of about a thousand dollars a classroom. It seems to us, remembering our public-school days long ago, one of the best ideas we've ever heard of. We recall the quarter hours of squirming, obsessed by a thirst that was not for knowledge, before we worked up nerve to ask the teacher's permission to go to the drinking fountain in the hall. After that, it required minutes to get recognition from the chair, who was not as sympathetic as in more clearly recognized emergencies, and who had to deal with a dozen petitions per class period. We also remember the modelling clay that gummed our hands in the lower grades; the crayon and water color, farther along; the ink the whole way through—all now susceptible to treatment without a meandering journey to the troughs in the basement. "Some seven hundred or more existing [older] schools will struggle along without such conveniences," said the Spartan Mr. Gerosa, who we bet has plumbing on the floor where *he* works. A thousand dollars divided by thirty or forty children and by thirty years, which is how long any sink or drinking fountain ought to last, works out to a nickel or so per beneficiary, and to one ten-billionth of a cent for every squirm averted. What really nobbed us, though, was the Comptroller's recommendation that "architectural embellishments and unusual and costly designs" be "eliminated." Let a man put up the most embellished office building that ever gleamed on Park Avenue and nobody, least of all the income-tax authorities, will deny that the embellishment helps him to sell soap. But learning, according to Mr. Gerosa, must be put across in a plain wrapper, like some disgraceful kind of patent medicine; the child must be repelled from the start. One of the man's wildest bleats was occasioned by the use of colored brick, instead, we suppose, of oatmeal gray, which is a couple of dollars a ton cheaper. In an age when people fall limply into molds, there must be nothing "unusual" about the design of the school the child attends, because that sort of thing might discourage him from becoming a uniform-quality, boneless, cellophane-wrapped, tabloid-reading party-machine voter. As for "costliness," the third of the sins the Comptroller cited, it is hard to define. If we could get a new building so good that pupils would run to look at it, it would be cheap at the price of four office buildings and a pickle factory.



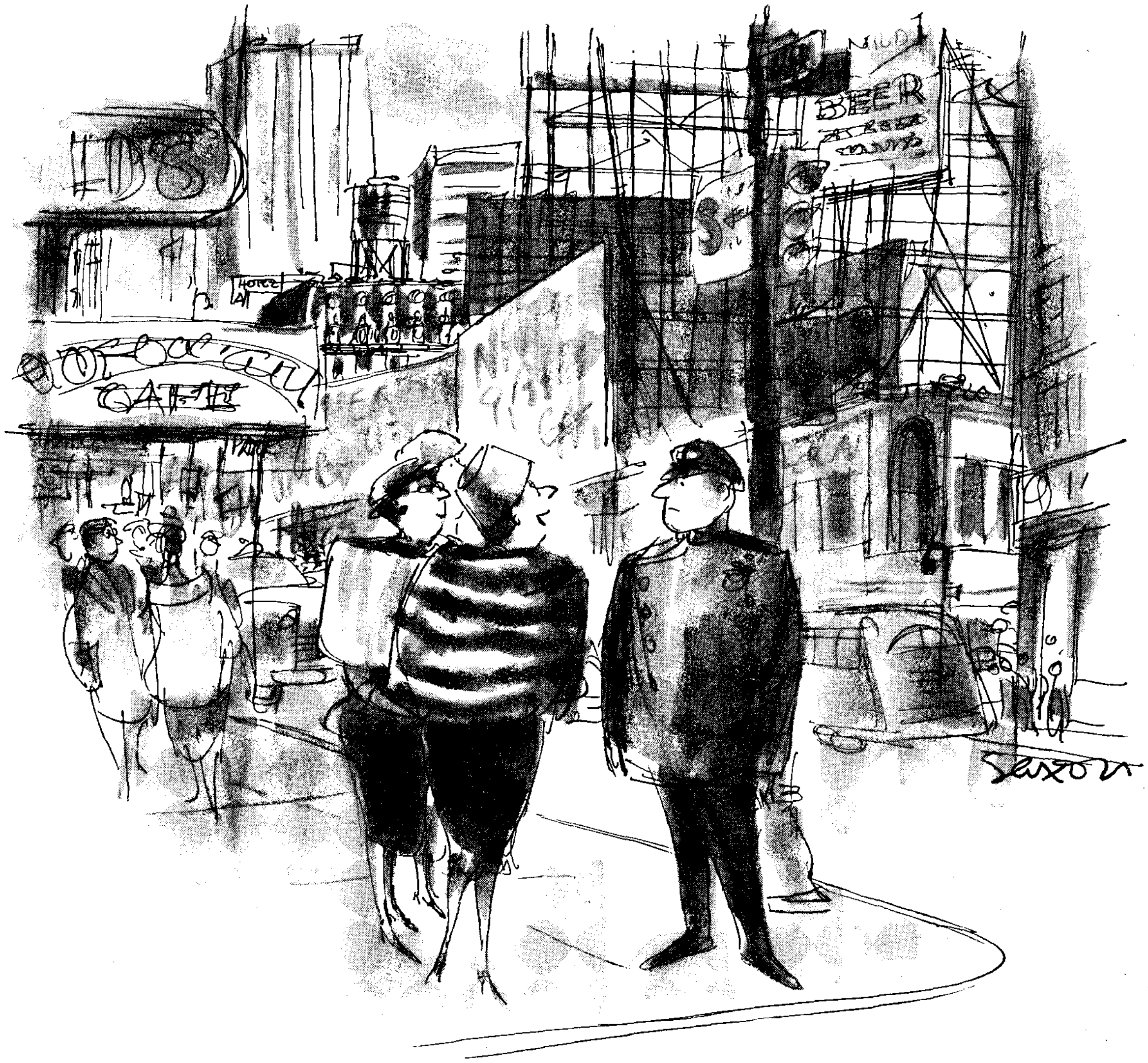
THE *Times* recently let it be known that eighteen Russian motion-picture personalities—producers, directors, writers, and actresses—are over here on a visit, and quoted one of them, a producer named Yuri Raizman, as saying that they had not come to see museums or monuments but were "more interested in people and the air they breathe." On the same page of that day's *Times,* the visitors were able to read, or have translated for them, a story that described exactly the air our city people breathe. "Cancers can be produced with urban smog," Surgeon General Leroy T. Burney was quoted as having said at the First National Conference on Air Pollution, held at the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, the day before. He explained that he was speaking of experiments with animals but he noted that deaths among human beings from cancer of the lungs "were twice as high [in the largest cities] as in non-urban areas." The same story quoted Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, Assistant Dean of the Ohio State College of Medicine, who was representing the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the conference, as saying that smog, which was first identified with Los Angeles, can now be seen *"hanging over cities everywhere"* by anybody riding in a plane. "In Seattle," he said, "autos and trucks dump a hundred tons of hydrocarbons, twenty to eighty tons of nitrogen dioxide, and four tons of sulphur dioxide into the city's air every day." After several years of close observation, Dr. Burney said, investigators are finding "a definite association between community air pollution and high mortality rates due to cancer of the respiratory tract, including the lung, cancer of the stomach and esophagus, and arteriosclerotic head disease." And if the Russian visitors did not limit their interest in air to urban areas, they could have found something about the whole earth's atmosphere in the *Times*, too; Dr. Leake said that nuclear-weapons testing is "a potentially very dangerous sort of air pollution involving all living things, now and to come." The visiting Russians know, of course, that the Soviet government is doing everything it can to create a standard of living for its people that will equal or better the standard of living we have over here, and they must realize that if this goal is to be achieved, more autos and trucks will be required, and that, accordingly, more hydrocarbons, more nitrogen dioxide, and more sulphur dioxide will be dumped into the air of Moscow and other Russian cities. They also know, of course, that Russia's own atomic testing is a potential threat to both its urban and its non-urban areas. The entire air situation is enough to confound anybody, especially people with artistic temperaments who are in a strange land for the first time. Our friendly advice to the Russian visitors is that they cross air off their program, see some of our movies and plays, go through some of our museums, and, when they get to our nation's capital, take a gander at the Washington Monument. They should just look at it from the ground, though. If they ascend to the top, they'll see the smog that hangs over Georgetown.



Money Music

THE other Friday, we were strolling past the good gray Bank for Savings, down on Fourth Avenue at Twenty-second Street, and, to our astonishment, heard issuing from within organ strains of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Our duty was clear, and a moment later we were standing in appreciative silence before a Hammond electric organ, at one end of the main banking floor, where an organist was pouring out Bach in undismayed competition with tellers telling, a tableload of fast-moving electric trains, and a throng of children noisily examining a couple of puppets named Drip Drop and The Royal Poodle. "All part of a toy fair we're having," the organist told us, ducking his head toward trains and puppets, and never missing a note. "It'll pass, it'll pass. I've outlasted toys, travel shows, boat shows—everything." With that, he trilled a final chord, switched off the organ, and, introducing himself as Rodger Vaughan (we'd already noticed his name on a typical banker's nameplate on top of the organ), put himself at our disposal for a few minutes.

We were aware, we said, that almost anything was likely to turn up in a bank these days. Had it become a commonplace for banks to employ house organists? Mr. Vaughan, a plump, bespectacled man in his early forties, assured us that it hadn't; as far as he knows, he's the only permanent bank organist in the country. He came to the bank to play at Easter three years ago, and has been there ever since. He plays more or less steadily from twelve to three, goes home, naps from five to six-thirty, takes a cold shower, and proceeds to the Asti Restaurant, on East Twelfth Street, where he plays a piano with an organum attachment from seven to two. A graduate of the Yale School of Music, class of '37, Mr. Vaughan has worked



"Could you direct us to Off Broadway?"

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up a remarkably wide repertory over the years. "Monday and Friday are always my big classical days at the bank," he told us. "I'll play two acts of 'La Bohème' on Friday and the rest the following week. Or sometimes I'll kill off 'Butterfly' in a single day. People call up and say they'll be coming in to make a deposit at a quarter to one and ask me to play a certain number at that time. The only thing I don't play at the bank is rock 'n' roll. The officers wouldn't consider it fitting."

Among Mr. Vaughan's favorite composers are Bach, Chopin, and Wagner, and he gives all three a whirl on the Hammond as often as possible. "You'd be surprised at how many people like good music," he said. "I aim for a mixed bag—Puccini, Victor Herbert, Verdi—in order to keep everyone happy, but you don't have to play down to people just because they're depositors in a bank. Or even workers in a bank, for a lot of my requests come from them. Here's a request somebody handed me from our D-to-K unit; they're the kids who handle the accounts of people whose last names begin with those letters. They want"—he held up a scribbled-over deposit slip—" 'Brazil,' 'St. Louis Blues,' and 'My Melancholy Baby.' " Mr. Vaughan looked slightly crestfallen. "Well, then, that's what I'll give them," he said. "Of course, some music is simply too much to work to. Take the march from 'Aïda.' It might cause the tellers to get their accounts all balled up, so I lay off it. At closing time, though, I really let myself go. First, I'll play 'A Perfect Day' or 'When Day Is Done,' then light out into the 'Dresden Amen.' Boy! It sounds like a cathedral in here!"

Mr. Vaughan hopped gracefully back onto the organ bench and asked us if there was anything we'd especially like to have him play. At once, out of heaven knows what obscure corner of our unconscious came the title of a song we hadn't thought of in years. As we made our way onto Fourth Avenue, we heard behind us, *molto con brio*, the not very classical strains of "Casey Jones."

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OVERHEARD on Fifth Avenue, in the mid-Forties: "Have we got time to take a taxi, or shall we walk?"

Runner-Up

BACK around the beginning of the century, one of the most popular attractions at the old Eden Musée, on Twenty-third Street, was a ten-foot-high mechanical monster of wax and papier-mâché named Ajeeb, who took on all comers at checkers (ten cents a game) and chess (twenty-five cents a game), and was seldom bested. Ajeeb's innards contained a cavity just big enough for a smallish chess-and-checkers expert to crouch in and work the levers by means of which the monster made his moves and, if an opponent attempted to shift a piece illegally, assumed an expression of horror. The notion that a machine capable of playing brainy games could be rigged up has long fascinated scientists as well as sideshow entrepreneurs; Ajeeb was a fraud, but within the past few years the development of giant electronic digital computers has made possible an honest Ajeeb. Such a creature is the I.B.M. 704, which dwells on the ground floor of the Service Bureau Corporation Building, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and has learned to play chess in its spare time.

The Service Bureau Corporation is a subsidiary of I.B.M., and 704, the fastest I.B.M. computer on the commercial market, spends most of its twenty-four-hour day—it works three shifts and takes a holiday only if its human colleagues do—solving problems sent in to S.B.C. by various business or research organizations. Occupying about an eighth of an acre of brightly lighted floor space, 704 consists of eighteen glass-fronted cabinets; an immense console studded with rows of push buttons and red, green, and yellow lights; and a printing machine. In order to provide the right answer to a problem, 704 must, of course, be given the right information, which a computer specialist feeds into it with the help of push buttons and punched cards. This information races about the room, in and out of the faintly blinking and purring cabinets, and the answer eventually pops out at the specialist from the printing machine. The computer specialist who, along with three assistants, taught chess to 704 is a cheerful, soft-spoken young man named Alex Bernstein. "It took us almost two years to do the job, working during the slack third shift, from after midnight on," Mr. Bernstein told us. "Sometimes, along about four in the morning, I'd be bent over my chessboard, making encouraging noises at 704, and, glancing up, I'd see somebody staring in at me through the Madison Avenue windows. From the look on his face, I'd know he thought I was absolutely balmy."

How do 704 and Bernstein play chess? In a friendly, civilized fashion, like any chess players. "I get out my board, sit down at the console, and flip a switch or not, according to whether I wish to use white pieces or black," Mr. Bernstein said. "Suppose I choose black. The machine then studies its opening move. After eight minutes of steadily flashing lights on the console, it prints out its move, then prints the whole chessboard as well, forming the borders of the squares with asterisks and identifying the men with 'M' for 'machine' and 'O' for 'opponent.' 'MBS,' for example, stands for 704's bishop. I punch out my move on an I.B.M. card and place it in the machine, which reads it, prints out the new board positions, and spends another eight minutes figuring out its next move. And so on to the end of the game, when the machine announces the winner and, minding its manners, adds, 'Thank you for a very interesting game.' "

We asked Mr. Bernstein if he'd ever lost to 704, and, with some reluctance, he admitted he hadn't. "But then I've been playing since I was nine, and I'm fairly good," he said. "While 704 makes excellent individual moves, it isn't able to think far enough ahead. Anyone who can plot a three-move trap can beat it, and here's why. Before each move, the machine scans the board and takes note of what's in each square. Then it asks itself eight questions—'Am I in check?,' 'Can I develop a minor piece?,' 'If I haven't castled, should I do so now?,' and so forth—and, according to the answers to these questions, proceeds to chose the seven most promising moves it can make. For each of these moves, it then studies seven likely responses by its opponent, and for each response seven logical counter-moves, followed by seven logical counter-responses. Altogether, it considers a total of twenty-eight hundred positions before making a move. There go your eight minutes. If it chose eight promising moves at each stage, instead of seven, and carried the promising possibilities a single stage further, thus taking care of the three-move trap, each move would take six and a half hours. Even for the most serious chess player, that's too long a wait between moves. Our best hope of beating this isn't to try and speed up the action of the machine but to build in some sort of self-improvement routine, so the computer will learn by experience and will come to reject a move that, though logical, hasn't worked well in the past."

Bernstein has been too busy lately on other I.B.M. projects to play much chess with 704, and he finds he misses their early-morning sessions. "In theory, 704 was incapable of surprising me, but every so often it did," he said. "If I made an illegal move, it would print out the message 'Please check last move,' and it never lets a piece get caught *en prise*—a thing that's happened to many a true chess master. Once or twice, it played so well that it rattled me. I'd actually find myself asking it, 'What the devil are you up to now?' "

Old

WE'RE told by a friend of ours that the Buca Lapi, a restaurant in Florence that is housed in a palace formerly frequented by the Medicis, has as wall decorations travel posters from all over the world. One of them encourages the clientele to visit "historic Williamsburg."

The Mushroom's Edge

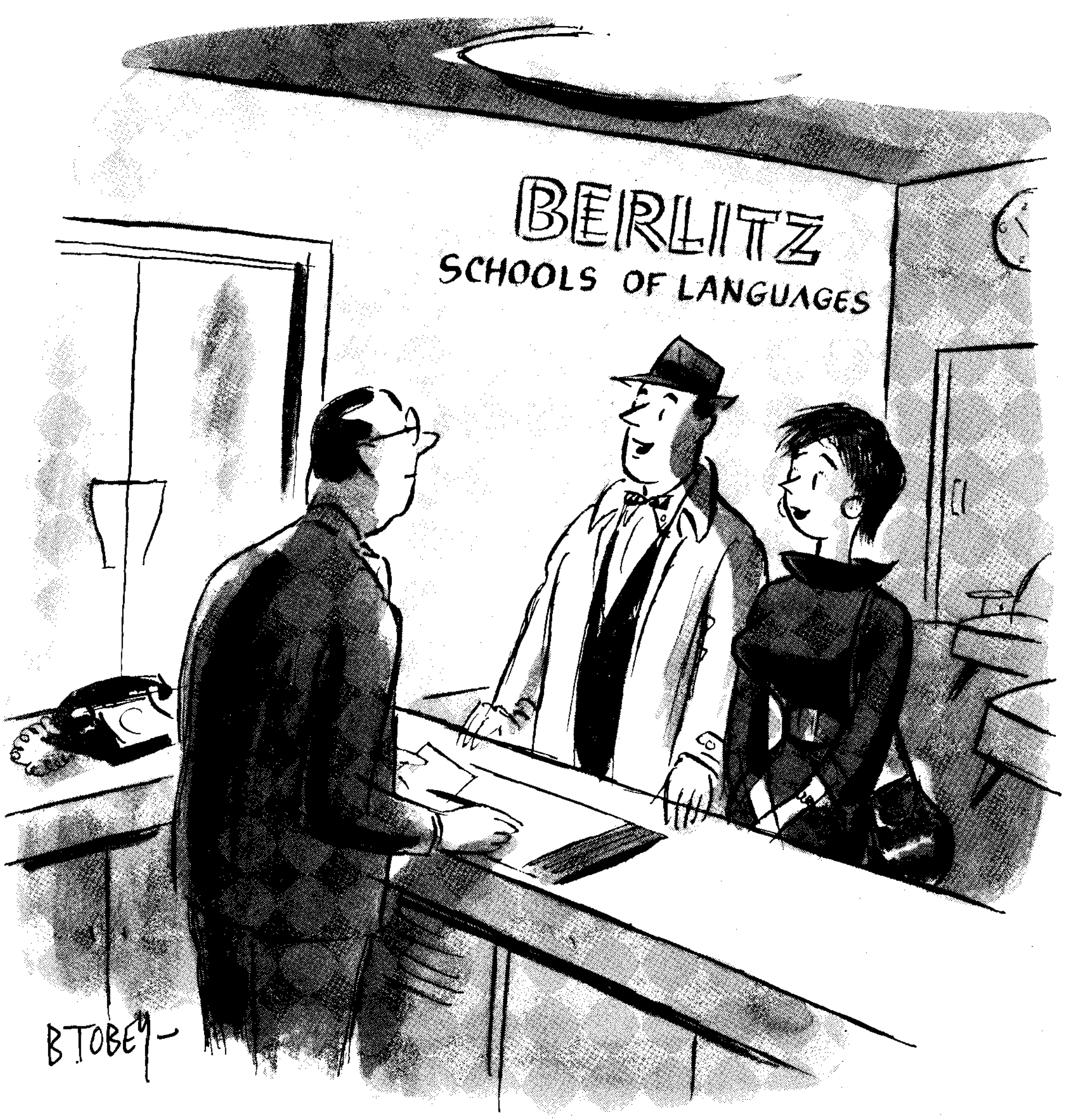
RENÉ CLAIR, one of our favorite moviemakers, was in town last week, and we had a pleasant lunch with him in the Pierre Grill. M. Clair, whose English twenty years ago consisted of a brisk "O.K.," has become quite voluble in the language. "Although I am French," he told us, "I am now able to think pretty well like you. You know what I am thinking?"

We told him we didn't.

"I am thinking," said M. Clair, "that there should be a pension for young people. When you are young, you should pursue the wine, women, and song, and the government should provide for this. Then, when you are old, you should be able to do your work without distraction. Right now, I am past distraction, but the idea for a picture is hard to discover."

M. Clair, a lean, handsome man of sixty who looks only a bit of it, pondered for a moment, sipped a whiskey sour, and plunged ahead. "The scientists," he said, "are putting the satirists out of business. They want to go to the moon, which has been minding its own business for years, and nobody says why. They build missiles that fall into the sea, and nobody says why. And they bring us close to annihilation, and nobody says why. It reminds me of my father, who was, in his day, a cavalry officer and an expert on mushrooms. He used to go into the forest on a fine big horse, with big bags strung across his saddle, and seek the mushrooms. When he returned, he would have the cook make a dish of his discoveries, and while we ate, he would tell us about what we were eating. He would say that most of the mushrooms were ordinary stuff, but just as your fork was going to your mouth with a pretty little fungus, he would say that if its narrow yellow edge were only slightly broader it would mean death. I'm still afraid of mushrooms, and I don't think I have as much confidence in these scientists as I had in my father."

M. Clair paused to offer us a French cigarette, which gagged us. As we gasped, he continued his remarks. "Everybody nowadays thinks that parents are guilty of the children's crimes," he said. "All kinds of movies make this point. But if a bad child, trying to shoot somebody, misses, does anybody give the parents credit for having



"I want to learn Italian and she wants to learn English."

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bad eyesight? No! It seems to me that if you pursue this line of thinking—that parents are guilty of the sins of their children—then all of us back to poor Adam have nothing on our consciences. With nothing on our consciences, we have nothing on our minds—at least, nothing you could make a good drama from."

M. Clair proceeded to inform us that he had been in Moscow a couple of years ago and had met a colleague on a sound stage. "He asked me what percentage I got on my pictures," said M. Clair. "He sounded like the director of a B picture in Hollywood. When I went to Hollywood, some years ago, I was hired as a director, but presently, since I am a writer, I collaborated on a script. When my agent suggested that I ought to be paid for this endeavor, the producer said O.K., he'd give me one-tenth of my salary as director as a fee for writing. I had to tell him it should be the other way around. I believe in the script. And yet, even with a meritorious script, you never know what will appeal to the public. I put two lines in 'A Nous la Liberté' about a belt line coming to a halt because one individual refused to be mechanized, and they turned into the funniest scene in the picture. Had I known, I would have stopped not only the belt line but the town, the province, and possibly the country. But you never can tell how people will react to comedy." M. Clair sighed heavily. "It's so hard to be funny about anything now," he observed. "Even so, it may be that, with independent productions and no bureaucratic supervision, some funny fellows will come along. In the days when I started, just after the First World War, the movie business was a pleasure. I was working on *L'Intransigeant*, as a writer, when I was hired to play the part of a suave Parisian with the Loïe Fuller ballet troupe, in a short film. That was when I changed my name from René Chomette to René Clair. Later on, I graduated into being the hero of a serial, still very suave. But I always thought of myself as a writer until a publisher, looking over a philosophical novel of mine, insisted that 'René Chomette' must be 'René Clair,' or otherwise the thing might just as well be signed 'Anonymous.' It was the movies for me from then on. Maybe now, at sixty, I'll have to think about television. It has its points."

"Like what?" we inquired.

"You must admit," said M. Clair defensively, "that it is not suitable to CinemaScope."

Visitor

IN Baltimore on a fool's errand the other day, we developed a sore throat and went around to see a doctor, who, after looking at it and giving us a shot of some antibiotic or other, told us a tale of fraternity and the lonesomeness of mankind. It seems he was a member of D.K.E. when he attended the University of Maryland, which is in College Park, and used to have many a high old time at the D.K.E. house, a converted private residence on York Avenue. After that, he studied medicine at Johns Hopkins, completed an interneship, and so on, and, having gone into private practice in Baltimore, found himself late one afternoon in College Park with some time to kill. He made straight for the old D.K.E. house and, going in by the front door, seated himself in the lounge. The only other occupant of the room was a pleasant-faced elderly man, who, after a moment, said, "I don't believe we've met," introduced himself, and suggested a drink. The doctor was mildly surprised when the man made the drinks at a sideboard, instead of calling the houseboy, but presumed this represented one of the many changes that seemed to have taken place since the old days. After an enjoyable chat and another drink, the doctor asked "Where are the boys?" and then the elderly man confessed, somewhat apologetically, that the D.K.E.s had moved, five years earlier, to a new house, on the campus, and that he had bought the old one as a private residence. "One of you chaps drops in every once in a while," said the man cheerfully, "and I always enjoy it."

MIDNIGHT AT TIM'S PLACE

"OLD sundials used to boast, in Latin, and I suppose a few in quiet gardens here and there still do, *'Horas non numero sine serenas'*— 'I count serene hours only.' "

"Et pourquoi pas?" my wife asked vaguely.

It was our first night home after six months in Europe, and the hour at Tim's was late, and more melancholy than serene. We had just heard of the decline of several friends when the stranger with the empty highball glass and the Latin phrase hopped our table.

"My name is Warren Kirkfield," he said unconvincingly, holding out a damp right hand.

"I bet his real name is Chase or Psst," said the pretty young woman on my left. I didn't know who she was, or how she had got there. The newcomer ignored this.

"Sit down," I said unwarmly. "Urge up a footstool, loosen your stays, saucer your Scotch."

"Don't be so cruel," said my wife, moving over so Kirkfield could sit next to her, across the table from me and the fair unknown. "Maybe he has a right to be sad—it's a free country. Maybe you can't always be everything in it, but you can be that."

"No politics," said the young woman, with the faintest of hiccups.

"My name is Keith Maitland," I lied, "and this is my wife, the former Geraldine Spinney. The lady on my left is a nameless waif out of the night, a poor windlestraw on the stream of time."

"Ah thought you-all was Bing Crosby," said the windlestraw, in a fake Dixie that was not too bad for one in her cups. Fake Dixie always enchants me after midnight. I prayed God to keep my hand off her knee.

"Everybody is in the groove tonight," my wife explained. "Everybody is just another Gabriel Heatter."

Suddenly we all had a fresh drink. "How are you, Bing?" asked Kirkfield, clinking his glass against mine.

"Non sum qualis eram sub regno bony Sinatra," I said quickly, having waited for years to wedge that line in somewhere.

"You finally made it," my wife said, for she knows all my lines, wedged and unwedged.

"You're just a goddam kissing bug," the windlestraw told Kirkfield. "I saw you." She turned to me. "I can't leave him alone a minute but what he's bending some girl over backward. This one had glasses and too much teeth."

"I was being a gentleman," protested Kirkfield. "The lady had something in her eye."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Kirkfield, for it was unquestionably she. "A roguish twinkle?"

"I came here to tell these charming people a sad story, not to refight the war between the sexes," Kirkfield said.

"Oh, my God! Not that story again," said his wife.

I had lost interest in her knee. "Go ahead, Maitland," I said.

"Just call me plain Keith," he murmured.

"The people at the next table must think they are losing their minds," my wife put in.

"Or ours," Mrs. Kirkfield amended.

"Well, then," Kirkfield began, "I was on the edge of a nervous crackup last summer, for the usual variety of reasons—fear of death, fear of life, fear of the inhuman being. Also, I had just become forty-one, and realized that I only had nineteen years to live before I would begin to cackle."

"I won't be there," said his wife's voice, from inside her highball glass. "He'll be bald as a beagle and his back will hurt and he'll babble about his conquex."

"Quests," my wife corrected her.

"You can say that again," said Mrs. Kirkfield.

"There was only one person I wanted to see, wanted to talk to," Kirkfield went on. "The greatest symbol of security in my life, the man who could pull me back from the doors of Hell, my old philosophy professor, Dr. Pensinger. I had not seen him for five years, but for nearly twenty we had exchanged postcards at Christmas and, because it amused him—you know how professors are—on Nietzsche's birthday."

"I got to have more whiskey to get through this again," said his wife, and we got more whiskey.

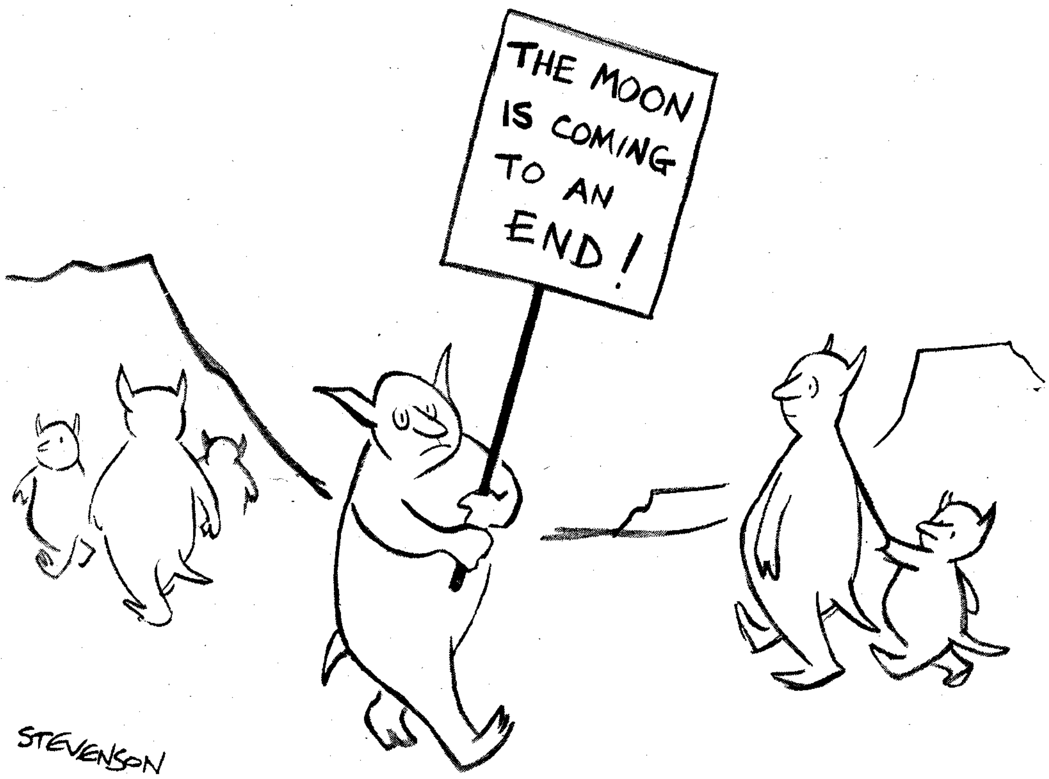
"Everybody, in college and afterward, turned to Dr. Pensinger for inspiration and consolation," her husband went on. "He had, and still has, some piece of unique philosophy for each special case. 'You can keep a stiff upper lip, and smile, too,' and 'Don't let that chip on your shoulder be your only reason for walking erect.' We always left Dr. Pensinger's study with a high heart and renewed hope."

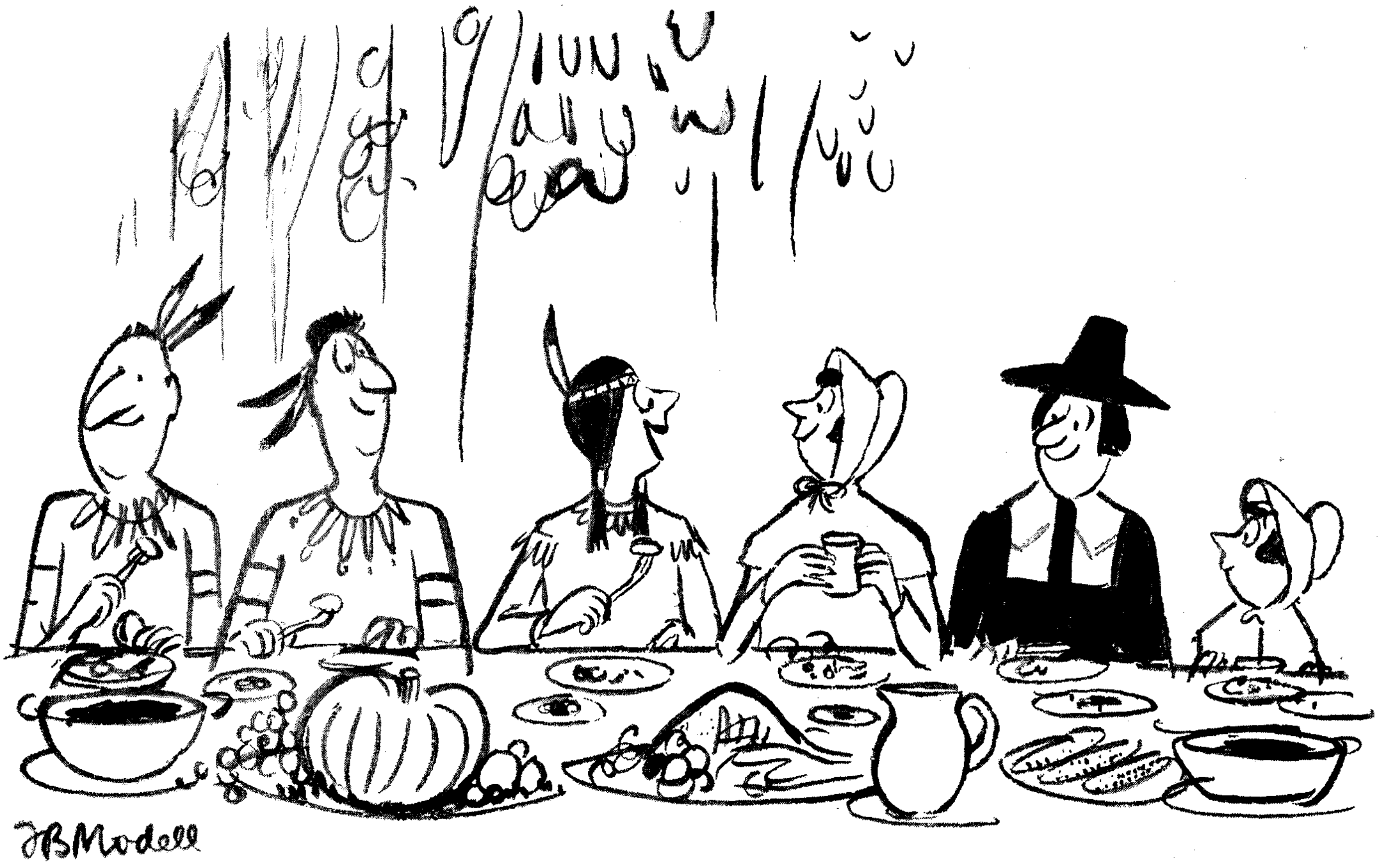
"I just won't be there, that's all," his wife cut in. "Let him stomp his cane and yell his head off, for all I care. Give me a man like Gary Cooper or Harpo Marx, who doesn't talk for God's sake all the time."

I touched her glass with mine, and said, "Here's something in your eye, I hope."

"Much he'd care if you did," she said.

"Well, last summer, when I got the galloping jumps, I decided to call on Dr. Pensinger and see if he could pull me out of it," Kirkfield said. "He lives in a charming house in Riverdale, and I drove up there one Sunday afternoon.


THE MOON IS COMING TO AN END!
STEVENSON



"This is delicious. You must give me your recipe."

* *

His wife opened the door, and said, 'We don't need anything today.' Before she could shut the door, I told her who I was and why I was there, and she said Dr. Pensinger was in his study and I could just go on in, and so I did. It was a terrifying visit. He had not changed a bit. He did not even seem a day older than the last time I had met him and listened to his cheering words. The same thoughtful blue eyes, the same reassuring smile, the same gentle voice." Kirkfield took a great gulp of his highball.

"Then what was terrifying about the visit?" I asked.

Kirkfield lit a cigarette. "He was wearing two hats," he said. There was a long pause.

"In his study?" I asked.

"*Two* hats?" my wife asked, putting her realistic finger on the more incongruous fact.

"Two hats," Kirkfield repeated. "They were both gray felt hats, one on top of the other. The terrifying thing was that he didn't say anything about them. He just sat there with two hats on, trying to cheer me up."

"I always say you can have too much philosophy," Mrs. Kirkfield said. "It isn't good for you. It's disorganizing. Everybody's got to wake up sometime feeling that everything is terrible, because it is."

"Couldn't you have said, 'Pardon me, but you seem to be wearing two hats'?" my wife wanted to know.

"No, I couldn't," said Kirkfield. "I don't even remember how I got out of there. I had the chattering jitters. His wife showed me to the door, and said, 'Did he buy anything? If he did, I'll simply send it back when it arrives.' "

I thought it was time for another drink. We had all finished our last one very quickly.

"We never know what's going to happen to us," my wife said.

"I don't care if my husband wears *three* hats," his wife said. "I won't be there."

I had a sudden frightening vision of walking about the city in a few years, wearing only one shoe. Even my best friends, I realized, wouldn't mention it. I thought it was time to go home now, and stood up. My wife and I left the Kirkfields sitting there with four drinks, since we had not touched our new ones.

Tim helped me on with my overcoat, and handed me my hat, and we started to the door. One of the waiters came running after me, and handed me a hat. "You left this the last time you were here," he said. "You went away without a hat that night."

"Don't you dare!" my wife said, but I put the hat he gave me on top of the one I was wearing, and we went out into the street, and I whistled for a taxi. Pretty soon, one drove up and stopped, but when the driver saw that I was wearing two hats, he said, "Not in this cab, Jack." He was about to drive off when my wife opened the door and got in. "I'll see you at the Algonquin," she said, "if you get that far."

I stood there for a long while, and it began to rain. I walked back to the hotel in the rain. —JAMES THURBER

THE OAK

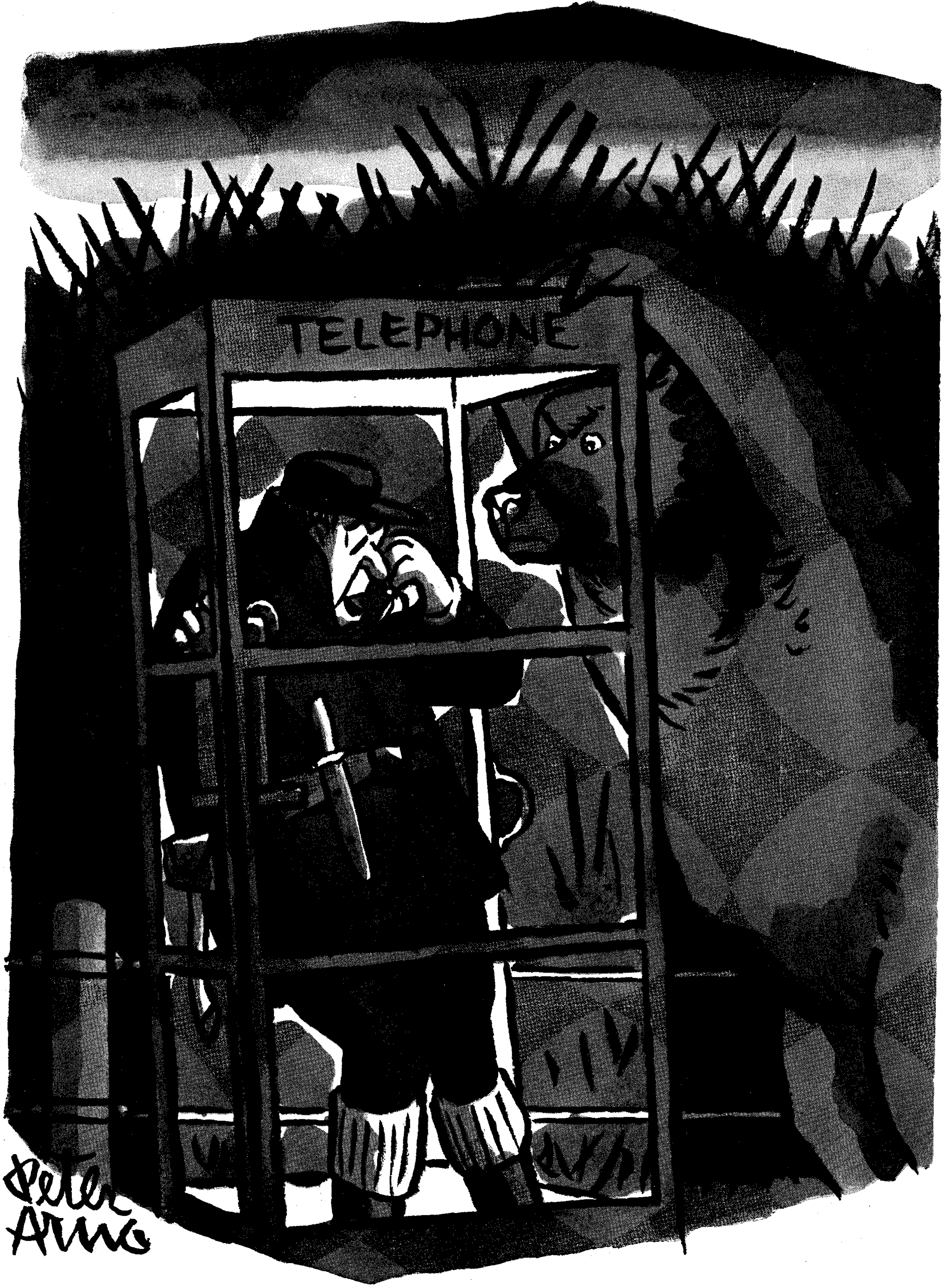
Some sway for long and then decline.
There are those, a very few,
Whose rings are golden, hard, and just,
Like a solid oak all through.

Each year builds on another truth,
A suffering, a joy increased in gold.
You cannot see, viewing the edifice,
Whether it is young or old.

Some have it in them to keep close
To nature, her mysterious part,
Seeming strange to be so natural,
Nature married to perfected art.

Flesh will ponder its dark blame.
Mind will never mate the true.
But the whole being will rejoice,
Like a solid oak all through.

—RICHARD EBERHART


TELEPHONE
Peter Arno

"Hello! Abercrombie & Fitch?"

CHRISTIANE

THAT April morning not so very long ago, the cemetery of Père-Lachaise was certainly one of the stillest spots in Paris. The farther I ranged from the main gate, the quieter it got—not a footfall in the empty *allées*, or the clink of a watering can. Once when I stopped, trying to get my bearings, a blackbird whistled shrilly nearby, but then it moved away until its whistle was only a dot of sound against the distant, blurred noises of the city. Underfoot, patches of moss blotched the rough paving blocks; overhead and all around, myriads of new leaves made a moving pattern of green against the gray Paris sky and the grayer stone of the tombs. Now and then, I caught a glimpse, in a green distance, of a figure in black—as startling in all that shimmer of green and gray as a black-garbed peasant in an Impressionist landscape. According to my watch, I had been wandering about for well over an hour.

I never used to have the cult of tombs. All through my youth, I consciously avoided graveyards—particularly the Continental ones, those huddled, stony (and ironic) replicas in miniature of living cities. I feel different about them now, for even Père-Lachaise is no longer alien ground. Also, I have learned to clutch at any thread that leads into a lost past.

In spite of the years, I had hoped I would find the way to Christiane’s grave. I hadn’t asked where it was when I entered the cemetery, partly because I felt I ought to remember—partly, too, because I have always been timid about asking directions. That is, I had called it timidity until Paul, my French husband, suggested that it might more probably be pride. Paul had never liked to ask his way, either, but Paul would not have needed to ask directions of anybody that April morning in Père-Lachaise. He would have remembered.

“Straight up the slope, and then to the right,” I said to myself—pretending that I really had not forgotten—each time I tried out another steep path.

It seemed only natural to be going uphill on the way to Christiane’s. She had lived high up in Montmartre, nearly at the top of the Butte, and from the windows of her apartment you looked down and across the city to its southern rim, where Paul and I lived. I could still picture the two of us strolling arm in arm up the Rue des Martyrs in the dusty sunlight of a spring afternoon. “*Allons*,” Paul would say. “*Allons faire un tour chez Christiane.*”

She lived on the top floor of an old house on a corner where three streets came together. The house isn’t there any more; sometime after the war, it was torn down and replaced by a modern block of flats. Today, it is only a phantom house, and perhaps that is why I saw it in my memory so distinctly there in Père-Lachaise—high overhead, with the corner window of Christiane’s salon wide open, and the sun streaming in between silk curtains that were the color of daffodils.

Although I had come to the cemetery that morning on impulse—well, partly on impulse—I hadn’t omitted to bring flowers: a bunch of scarlet tulips, bought at one of those flower shops that, along with cafés, cluster about the gates of all Paris cemeteries. Paul had never failed to buy flowers on the way to Christiane’s—not a formal bouquet from a florist’s but a tight bunch of wild daffodils, or anemones, or roses, purchased from a vender by the curb, or at a stall under the portico of a house in the Rue des Martyrs. Paul liked to buy flowers casually—violets for his mother, a tuft of mimosa for me, muguet on the first of May. It was like picking wild flowers by the way, he said; the little bouquets sprang up all over Paris as soon as the trees put out their leaves.

There had been no flowers at Christiane’s funeral, I remembered. It was like her, in her proud aloofness and her distaste for ostentation, to request a pauper’s funeral. I am sure it scandalized some of the elegant folk in black who met the shabby hearse at the cemetery gate and followed it to the grave. The distant cousin who led off this procession, as chief mourner (he was Christiane’s nearest blood relative), hadn’t yet forgiven her for her marriage, and you could tell from his face that he had anticipated this sort of funeral. Christiane’s sister-in-law and Paul and I composed the rest of the “family,” and we fell in behind the cousin. I can hear, even now, the subdued clatter of hoofs and wheels on the stones ahead of us, and the light scuff of feet behind, as we moved off. I remember thinking that, by right, Paul should be walking first in the funeral procession. I also remember how self-conscious I felt in the coat and hat that I had borrowed for the funeral, because I didn’t own anything black. As if I were acting a part.

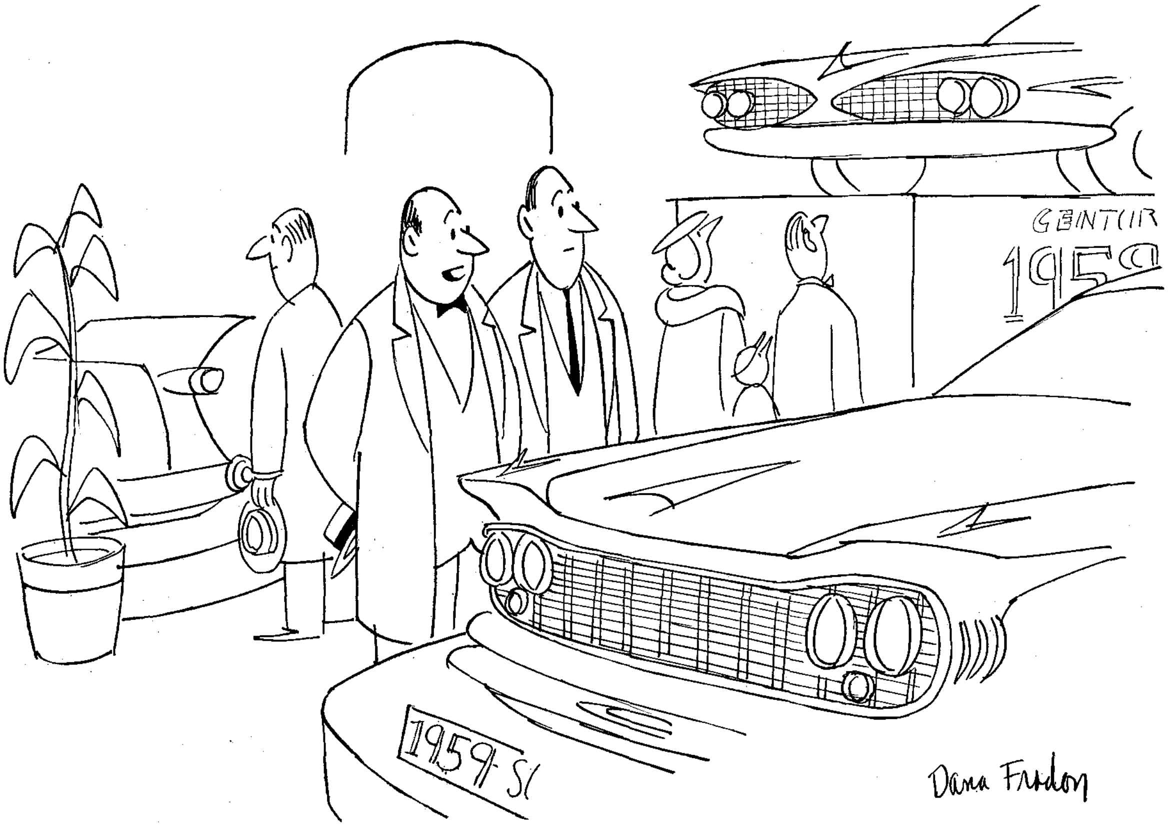
Now, as I toiled up one narrow *allée* after another, still hunting for Christiane’s grave, I was increasingly aware of the rough pavement underfoot. Stones like these, I supposed, had once paved the streets of Paris; they had always suggested to me the jolting of tumbrils. My feet ached, and my winter coat weighed heavily on my back and shoulders. Soundlessly I addressed Christiane: “Can’t you give me a hint of where you are? Come, be a friend.” I recall distinctly saying “friend.” “*Sois chic, Christiane. Dis-moi où tu es.*” (This was also an act. Had Christiane been alive, I would not have addressed her in so flippant a tone. I wouldn’t have used the familiar pronoun “*tu*,” either—even though Paul did. Paul had known Christiane since her childhood.)

The paved route I was following ended at a *rond-point* where several roads met. I chose at random one that led off to the right, but it didn’t extend very far—only to the next main avenue. By that time, whatever pride I might have felt for my sense of orientation had long since deserted me. Some fifty feet ahead, a sudden ray of sunlight fell directly on a clump of yellow iris. “I won’t go a step farther than that,” I promised myself. But if I held any secret, irrational hope that that might be the place, I was at once undeceived.

When I reached the iris, I saw that they were growing in a stone urn—one of the details of a monument whose size, at least, merited a larger plot. Even so, it struck the eye; it was a vast, truncated column, with, at its base, a veiled, life-size figure bearing a palm, and a second extinguishing a torch. Since the name on the monument meant nothing to me, I turned my back on its collection of symbols and sat down by the iris—which were as fresh as something newborn in that spot of sun. I remember thinking, as I sat there, how fitting it was that the iris—the fleur-de-lis—should have been so long the emblem of France. Fragile in the flowering, sturdy in the plant, I thought. *France, le pays des lis.*

When the marble on which I sat became too chilly for comfort, I got up and started back to the cemetery gate.

CHRISTIANE LE MAÎTRE—Mme. Gilbert Bessac, if you gave her her married name—was among the first of Paul’s friends I met after I became engaged to him. “She is almost a member of the family,” Paul told me, in advance. Her brother and Paul had been classmates all through the Lycée Janson-de-Sailly, in Paris, and her parents and an uncle of Paul’s owned adjoining summer places on the Norman coast. “I have known Christiane ever since she learned to talk,” Paul went on. “She’ll be a splendid friend for you.” He said that Christiane’s brother had died, in 1918, of tuberculosis contracted during



"I wonder what the '59 Packard would have looked like."

the war, and that she had lost both parents not long afterward. "So you'll be good for her, too," he said. "She's very much alone."

"But isn't she 'Madame' Bessac?" I asked.

Paul gave the faintest hint of a shrug. "She married a war ace—a Niçois," he said laconically. I could see that Paul didn't think much of Christiane's husband.

"What does he do now?" I asked.

Again the faint shrug. "Not much. He's discovering Paris." Then he added, in a kinder tone, "That's the fault of the war, of course. At twenty-eight, Gilbert is still eighteen, and a provincial besides." It was fortunate for Gilbert's wife, Paul said, that she had inherited a comfortable fortune from her parents.

The day Paul first took me to call on Christiane, the war ace was absent. A dignified elderly maid ushered us into the room with the marvellous view, but that day I wasn't interested in the view. I looked around the room—at its cool pastel shadings, its delicately formal Louis XVI and Directoire furnishings. It was a gracious room, friendly yet impersonal—a room (I decided later, when I had met her) very like Christiane.

I was examining a cluster of miniatures on the wall by the fireplace when she came in. A young woman accompanied her, whom she presented as her brother's widow—one of those aggressively vivacious Frenchwomen, with a high-bred French voice way up at the top of the register. By contrast, Christiane seemed exceptionally reserved.

While Paul chaffed with the sister-in-law, Christiane and I exchanged banalities. She still wore mourning for her parents, and right away she reminded me of someone—at first I couldn't think who it was. "She, this in blak . . ." The line came to my mind. Then I knew it was Chaucer I was groping toward, all right, but not *that* Chaucer. Still, it must have been the black dress that had started me thinking of his Duchess:

> So stedfast, countenaunce . . .
> . . . sad, symple and benygne.

When I quoted the lines to Paul as we left the house, he conceded that "stedfast" was apt, but he found the reference pedantic. "*Déformation professionnelle*," he said teasingly. (I had been a schoolteacher before I married him.)

Nevertheless, I couldn't help thinking that there was something medieval about Christiane. I could easily picture her as a faithful lover or a self-effacing wife in one of the old romances. She was slender and tall, with a small, neat head on a long body, a broad forehead, deep-set eyes, and a quiet mouth. You wouldn't have called her beautiful, but her gypsy coloring gave her a kind of glow. She wore her hair in shining braids folded about her temples.

I admired Christiane from the first, but nonetheless I wondered whether we would become the good friends that Paul wanted us to be. I can admit it now: even before I met Christiane, I was jealous of her—no doubt for all the wrong reasons, but jealous just the same. Chiefly, I think, I was jealous because she was French; that is, she could move naturally and at ease in a setting to which I was alien. Of course, I failed to realize then that Christiane would be at ease anywhere, and mistress of herself under almost any circumstances. She possessed what the French call *race*.

After I met her, I was jealous of her looks. I would have given anything to be slim and dark instead of blond and chunky; I always had to keep an eye on my weight. I particularly envied her her arms. They were slender, like those of a ballet dancer, with a flowing, unbroken line from shoulder to wrist, and no unsightly bulge above the elbow.

But what I envied most—and resented, I am afraid—was Christiane's share in my husband's boyhood. A good many wives, I imagine, have experienced a like feeling. For me, it was intensified by the fact that Paul's and Christiane's childhood had been as foreign to mine as Paris is to the Midwestern American city where I had lived until I finished college—foreign, that is, not only in the basic sense but also in the thousand intimate little things that go to make up a common background and a pattern of daily living.

As a matter of fact, this common background of Paul's and Christiane's was much less homogeneous than I imagined. Christiane's family was *noblesse de robe;* the men had been lawyers and magistrates for generations. Paul came from a family of artists; his parents were opera singers. Under ordinary circumstances, there would have been little, if any, contact between the two families. However, both families were Protestant, and this had helped to bridge the gulf, since French Protestants are a close-knit, militant minority who present a united front, social as well as religious, to the rest of France. So even though the two sets of parents had had little to do with each other beyond occasional formal calls by the ladies and an exchange of visiting cards at New Year's, the children were allowed to mix freely. The two schoolboys had been constantly together, right up to the beginning of the war, and this had meant that Paul saw a lot of Christiane, too. She was three years younger than her brother. "*Une gentille gosse*, always underfoot," Paul said of her as we took our way home that first day. "She adored her brother."

"Probably she adored you, too," I remarked.

"Both of us," Paul said.

A FEW days after my meeting with Christiane, Paul and I returned to the Montmartre apartment for dinner. This time, I met the husband. Although Gilbert Bessac came from the Midi, he wasn't at all what is known there as a *bel homme*. Far from being exuberant and high-colored, he was the devious and somewhat feline type of Southerner—sleek-haired and soft-mannered, with quick-moving hands, and restless eyes so dark that they seemed all pupil.

During dinner, the men revived war memories—a safe subject, and one of the few terrains they shared—but afterward, when we returned to the salon for coffee, Christiane and Paul sat by the coffee table and Gilbert devoted himself to me. I do not recall our conversation, but I remember being very much aware of the detailed scrutiny he gave me, and of the fact that the high ends of the Directoire sofa on which we were sitting isolated us completely from the others. Soon I got up and walked to one of the south windows, ostensibly to admire the view. Because the apartment was so high up, the curtains of the salon were never drawn at night, and below me Paris lay like a floor of irregular dark tiles, outlined by streaks of light. Coming up and standing unnecessarily close to me, Gilbert pointed out the landmarks.

It certainly could not have been on that first evening that he made the silly remark about my feet—about the "uncorseted American foot," as he put it. Whenever it was—and it was certainly on some occasion early in my acquaintance with Christiane—I was wearing low-heeled walking shoes, and the remark sticks in my memory because of its effect on the two other hearers. This bit of "guardroom gallantry," as Paul called it later, didn't disturb *me* particularly; I mistook it for the type of remark that my mother-in-law sometimes indulged in—the how-wise-of-you-my-dear-to-put-comfort-before-looks sort of thing. But Paul was visibly annoyed—as much for our hostess as for me, I was sure—and although he didn't say anything, he made a strangled sound, half snort and half cough. And I recall the look in Christiane's eyes as she glanced first at her husband and then at Paul. It was as if, for a fraction of a second, a shutter had flashed open in their depths, letting me glimpse something that I already half suspected and that then became a certainty.

"*Why* do you suppose Christiane married such a man?" I asked Paul later.

"For his *beaux yeux*," he said lightly, with a grimace implying that there wasn't much else. "And he was a war hero, don't forget."

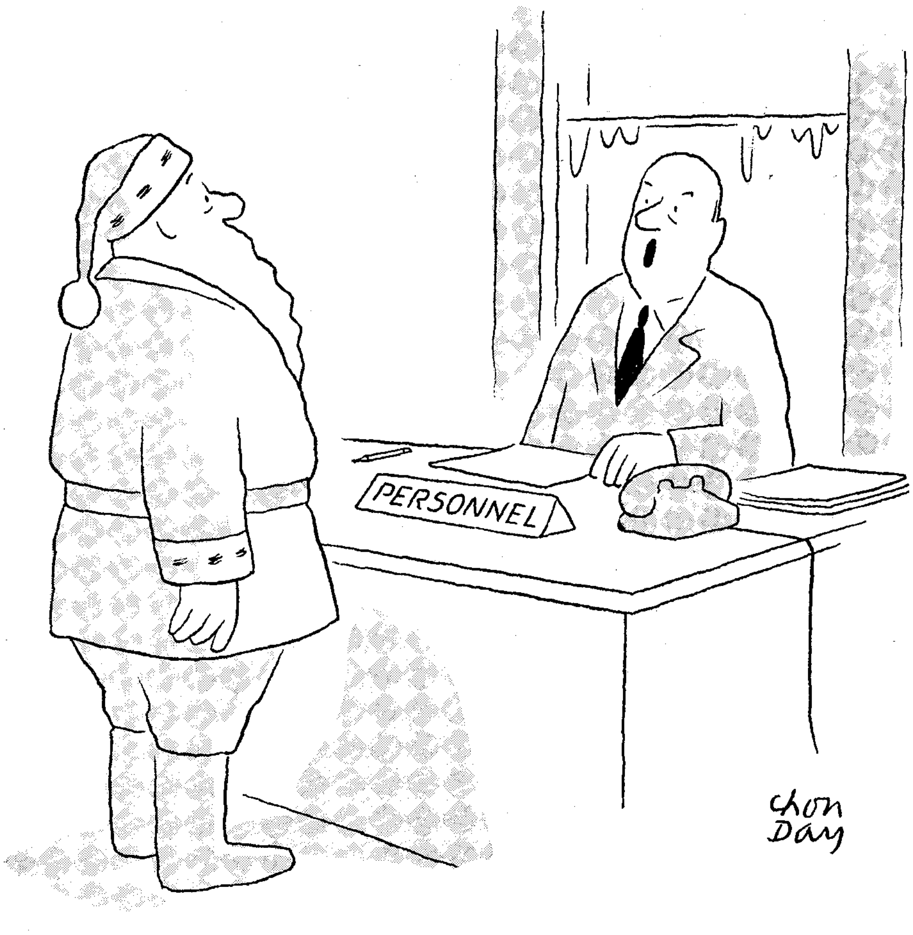
Now, to me Christiane in no way suggested the kind of girl who would lose her head over a handsome flier with a cluster of war ribbons. Besides, Gilbert wasn't as handsome as all that. "Did Christiane's brother resemble him in any way?" I asked.

Paul's reply came instantly. "God, no!"

So apparently this was just another haphazard war marriage. I asked Paul why he hadn't married Christiane himself. He gave me a mildly startled look. "What an idea!" he said. Then he laughed. "Don't you see, it would have been incest. For years, I've thought of her as a young sister."

I had already noticed that he often called her "*mon petit*" in an almost paternal tone. As for Christiane, she addressed him affectionately as "*vieux frère*," or simply as "*vieux*." For all that, whenever I saw them together I couldn't avoid the thought that they were marvellously suited to each other. She would have made him a perfect wife, of the kind that only a superior Frenchwoman can be; she had all the qualities and all the graces. Yet she had married Gilbert. If she had set out deliberately to choose a husband who was Paul's antithesis, she couldn't have succeeded better. Paul grinned when I asked him what Christiane's parents would have thought of Gilbert. "*Un désastre*," he said.

IN spite of Paul's and Christiane's long friendship, contacts between our two households that first winter of my marriage were marked by a degree of formality—for the most part, they were limited to dinners, which we exchanged



"You've been traded to Bloomingdale's."

regularly twice a month—but certainly I never detected the slightest flaw in Christiane's manner toward me. It was perfection itself—simple and warmly cordial. “I can see that Christiane likes you a lot,” Paul declared, with satisfaction, after one of those bi-weekly dinners. But at that period I was less concerned with Christiane's sentiments toward me than with my own feeling about her.

I can say honestly that it never hardened into actual dislike, but at the same time I *would have preferred not* to see Christiane, or even to think about her. This attitude, of course, was utterly unreasonable, and for nothing in the world would I have let Paul suspect it. He had said to me once, shortly after we became engaged, that he would never allow any woman, however dear, to come between him and his friends. At the time, I had found his remark uncalled for; I could not picture myself in the role of interfering wife. And now, in some ways, I really envied him his friendship with Christiane, and promised myself that later on I, too, would be her friend. I could rationalize it all—but neither Christiane nor I made any serious attempt to cultivate the other. When Christiane invited me to tea, as she did occasionally, there was sure to be a bevy of visitors in the Louis XVI salon. When I invited her, I never failed to invite her sister-in-law as well.

Mme. Le Maître, the sister-in-law, always talked down to me with a supercilious politeness that Paul found more amusing than I did. She made lavish use of the usual clichés about Americans: “adorable children,” “charming naïveté,” and—powdering her nose—“You're all so refreshingly frank.” I would hold my tongue, and feel any*thing* but frank. “We're such chatterers, we French,” she would say.

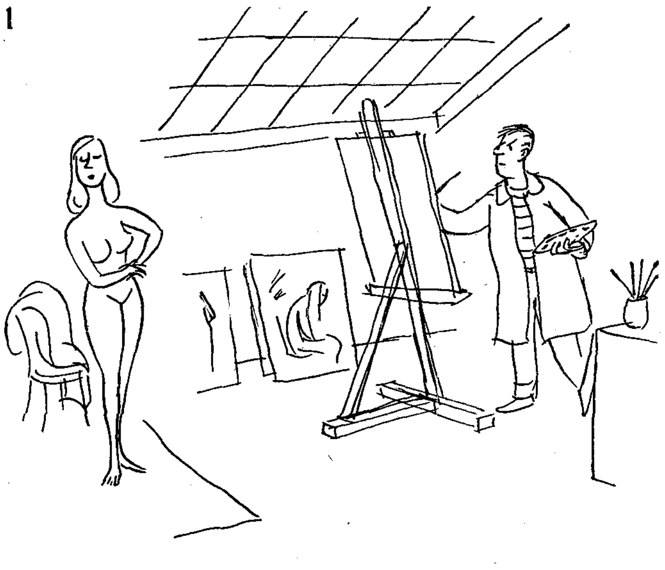
But Christiane was no chatterer. As in Paul, a deep vein of gravity underlay a surface animation. (After that first meeting, she *was* animated as well as gracious.) Paul had already made me realize what a deadly serious people the French are, and, knowing him, I suspected that the flawless, crystalline exterior that Christiane showed the world masked something much less simple, something sealed off by convention, diffidence, and reserve—the terrible Gallic reserve, which goes as deep as any Anglo-Saxon reticence and is kept as jealously inviolate.

My mother-in-law, who admired Christiane immensely, assured me that she was “all devotion.” “She can't do enough for her poor brother's wife,” *Maman* said, and then went on to tell me that Christiane had had to spend a year in a sanatorium after her brother's death, because she had caught tuberculosis nursing him.

When I asked Paul about this, he remarked, with a noticeable lack of his mother's enthusiasm, that it was unfortunately true. “In France, some of us still *have to learn that affection* is no substitute for hygiene,” he said.

“But your mother says Christiane has recovered completely,” I said.

“As far as anyone does recover from t.b.,” Paul answered gloomily.



WHEN the intimate dinners grew rarer, as they did after the first few months, the fault was entirely Gilbert's. For Christiane's husband had continued sowing his retarded wild oats with an increasingly liberal hand. Paul said he knew others like him—men who had gone from the schoolroom into the trenches, and who were spending the postwar years feverishly trying to make up the lost time. Once, when I was having tea with American friends at a hotel on the Right Bank, I saw Gilbert's sleek, dark head in a showy group across the room, and a few days afterward he and a blond lady in an underslung Voisin all but ran me down as I crossed the Champs-Elysées. “I didn't know that Gilbert owned a car,” I said afterward to Paul.

“He doesn't, to my knowledge,” Paul said.

“If *this* keeps up, don't *you* think Christiane will leave him?” I asked.

“That would be the American solution,” Paul answered.

I recall that I took exception to the remark, declaring, with some heat, that I didn't see why any woman should be held to a bargain she had every reason to regret.

“But what makes you think she regrets it?” Paul asked.

I think I flared up at that, too, for obscurer reasons. But it was true that whatever Christiane may have thought of her husband's behavior, she kept it rigorously to herself. Nothing in her looks or her manner betrayed her; the dinners became less frequent—that was all. Even the *vieux frère* was given no inkling of how things stood until one day in autumn when she went to see him at his office, to let him know that Gilbert had left home for good. Paul told me the news that same evening, at the end of a dinner during which he had been noticeably silent. He gave no details—just the bald statement, and a biting “Gilbert has ‘bettered himself’ ”—for Christiane had spoken to him in confidence.

“But truly, don't you think she is well rid of him?” I asked as we went into the living room.

Paul paced the length of the room, to the fireplace at the far end, and, hands in his pockets, stared down at the glowing coals in the grate. “There is something else,” he said, frowning. “She has to go back to the *sana*. It's what I was afraid of all along.” He shook his head and sighed. “*La pauvre gosse!*” he said.

There was a kind of dismissal in the epithet, and I said it over in my mind half resentfully—resentful not for myself but, oddly enough, in a kind of reversal, for Christiane. “*Poor child, poor child!*” Surely she merited more than that. As I conjured up her image—quiet, self-contained, and proud in her mourning dress—I realized, in a flash of surprise, that though Christiane and I might never draw really close to each other, she would always be more than a “poor child” to me.

A FORTNIGHT later, Paul and I saw Christiane off for Davos at the Gare de l'Est. As she stood, with Paul's roses on her arm, at the window of her compartment, waving us goodbye, she looked more like a girl on a holiday than a patient returning to a sanatorium. Even Paul declared afterward that he felt reasonably hopeful about her. Christiane was tough, he said.

From Davos she sent short, cheerful

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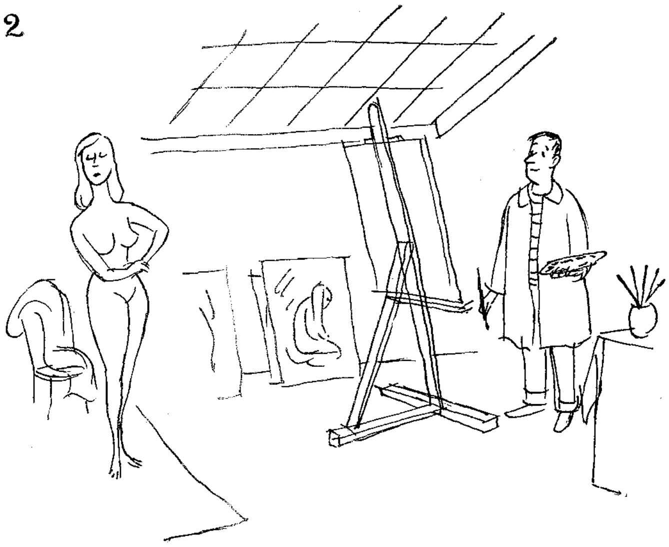

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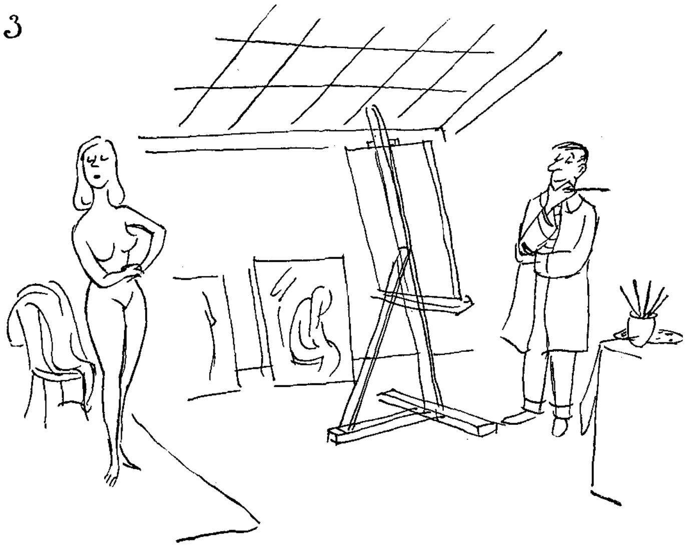

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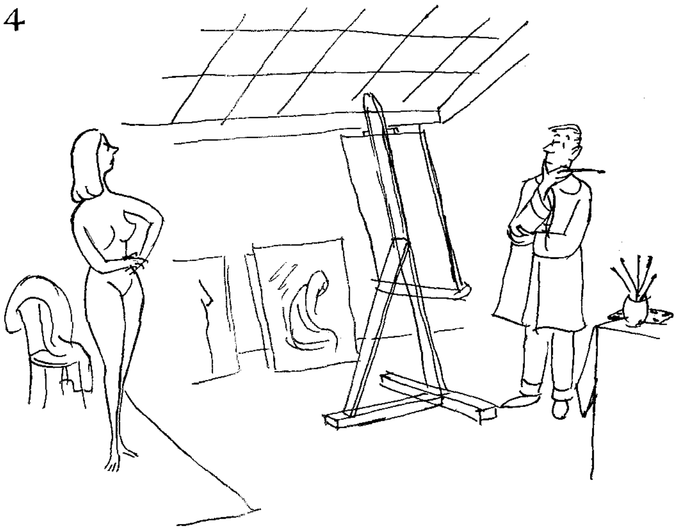

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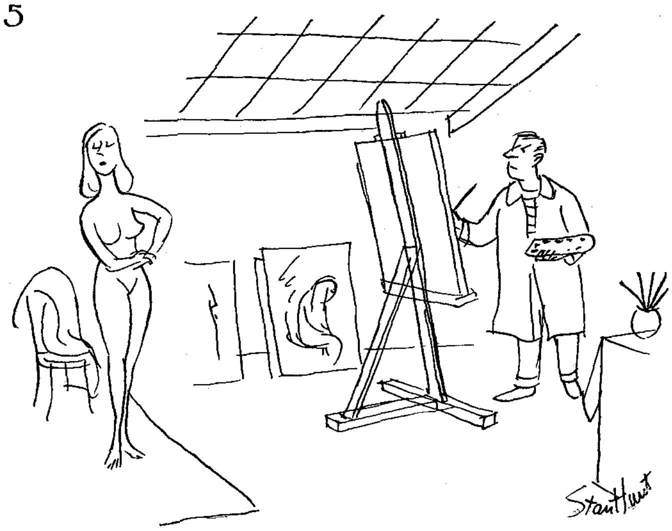

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letters addressed to both of us, which Paul delegated to me to answer. The news she gave of herself was invariably good, but from her sister-in-law we learned that she detested Davos and had no intention of remaining there. At once, Paul wrote her a long, admonitory letter.

The next thing we heard was that she had rented a villa in Haute-Savoie, near Lake Annecy, and that Mme. Le Maître had joined her. On the face of it, that seemed reasonable enough. Several times during the following winter, Paul and I planned a weekend trip to Annecy, but somehow it never came off. Then for months we received no news of Christiane except an occasional postcard. I did not write as often as I knew I should, and I am almost sure that Paul did not write at all.

In July of the next summer, I accompanied Paul's mother to the family summer home, in the Ariège Pyrenees, and in the middle of August I received a letter from Christiane inviting me to Annecy. Paul had come down from Paris for the opening of the bird season, and that morning he had been out with his two pointers since dawn. I can still see him, in his brown linen shooting jacket, standing in the hot, white road by the door of his mother's house, his morning's bag of birds slung over one shoulder in a *musette*, waiting to hear what was in the letter that the postman had just handed me.

It was a somewhat formal note, written in a splashy hand, which I guessed was the sister-in-law's, though the page bore Christiane's signature. After a few references to the landscape of the Haute-Savoie and to the late-summer season, the note expressed the hope that I would find it convenient to come to Annecy very soon. Both ladies would be overjoyed to see me.

"Excellent idea," Paul said when I read it to him.

"But doesn't it seem odd to you that they should ask *me*?" I said.

"Why 'odd'? It's one way of reminding us that they exist." He had evidently chosen to ignore the stressed pronoun. "We've not been over-attentive of late."

"But why just me? Why not ask both of us?" I said.

"Maybe I'm not wanted." He grinned. "Anyhow, I don't need an invitation. But seriously, you'll accept, of course. You might go there at the end of the month, when I return to Paris."

"What do you make of this?" I asked. I passed him the envelope. On the back of it, the same hand had scrawled, in pencil, "*Je vous* SUPPLIE *de venir.*" ("I *beg* you to come.")

Paul looked at the envelope for a moment, then handed it back to me. "You'd better pack your bag," he said quietly. "If I drive you to Toulouse, you can catch the night train for Marseille."

WHEN Paul read the scribbled message, he seemed to me more puzzled than worried, and though I did go at once in response to it, I puzzled a good deal myself. I could not imagine either Christiane or Mme. Le Maître longing for my presence, and I failed to understand why, if Christiane was seriously ill, I was the one who had been sent for.

But on reaching Annecy the next day I was enlightened, right on the station platform. Mme. Le Maître met me with extravagant expressions of delight, and then said, with conspicuous lightness, "I scarcely expected you *alone*." She glanced at my one small bag. "We are counting on you for a long stay. If your husband feels neglected, he can easily join you here for a weekend."

So that was it, I thought. I had sensed all along that the invitation was somehow aimed at Paul. "Yes, easily," I said, and was annoyed with myself for the annoyance that I felt.

When I asked for news of Christiane, Mme. Le Maître stiffened, and her whole expression changed. "Christiane is *all right*," she said, with almost angry emphasis, "but the doctor's a brute."

At the villa, in a walled garden high above the lake, I found Christiane waiting. She was shockingly thin, but dressed with her usual discreet elegance, and she was cordial, as always. Later, as we sat through a long dinner, served by her Savoyard peasant cook, the subject of health was sedulously avoided. We spoke of food, and I sampled the local cheese and wine; I replied to polite inquiries about my stay in Ariège, and from Mme. Le Maître, who did most of the talking, I heard quite a lot about tea concerts at the Impérial Palace and regattas on the lake. One of us mentioned Rousseau, and his predilection for Annecy, and Christiane surprised me by quoting a line from a poem of Paul's that I hadn't known existed, about "*le vallon aimé de Jean-Jacques*."

Christiane excused herself immediately after dinner—or, rather, she excused *me*, with a courteous mention of my tiring trip—but in the morning she was up before I was, to supervise the serving of my breakfast on the upstairs balcony. She said she took it for granted that I shared the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against breakfasting in bed.

From the balcony, you looked straight down the lake to the row of peaks that shut it in on the south. Off to the left rose the dark crag of *la Tournette*, already wearing its autumn cope of snow. The balcony was sheltered and sunny, and after breakfast, when the sister-in-law had joined Christiane and me, we spent the rest of the morning lying lazily in our deck chairs while light winds we could not feel played with the surface of the lake and set the scattered fishing boats bobbing on short swells. "When your husband comes, Christiane says he will surely want to fish," Mme. Le Maître said indolently, regarding the water with half-closed eyes. "She has arranged with someone about renting a boat."

A SONG IN PRAISE OF ODD LITTLE WORDS

(INSPIRED BY A BROWSE IN WEBSTER)

A *partlet* is a chemisette,
A *whang* is Scots for chunk.
To *clapperclaw*'s to scratch and fret,
Hoochinoo makes one drunk.
A *mazzard* is a cherry,
A *maumet* is a doll,
A squid's a *calamary*,
Cotquean's a bossy moll.
A *kibe*'s an ulcered chilblain,
While *gledes* are wheeling kites
(But *glebe* describes a bosky plain).
Byrnies are worn by knights.
One plucks the lutelike *cittern*,
Salts fish inside a *kench*,
Cries "Heron!" at a *bittern*,
Scrubs up a *clarty* wench.
A *caftan* by a bey is worn,
In Warsaw *britskas* go,
A *bot* will make a horse forlorn,
To cleave, employ a *froe*.
A *bleb*'s a little blister,
A *boschvark* is a boar,
A *fetch* might be one's sister
(If frozen, she is *frore*).

So don thy partlet, cotquean,
And do not clapperclaw!
We'll hunt down gledes and bitterns—
The best you ever saw.
We'll trail the boschvark on the glebe,
Eat mazzards and a whang
Of calamary from the kench,
Round up a clarty gang
To buzz off in a britska
And picnic by the shore—
But don't forget your caftan!
(I wouldn't want you frore.)
And I'll put on my byrnie,
My cittern I will play,
And sing to you, dear maumet,
Till thumb be blebbed away.
O fetch to Aphrodite,
Please do not say me no!
With hoochinoo I'll ply you,
Come quick, or with my froe
I'll split your noggin, boschvark,
I'll hex you with a kibe,
Wish bots inside your chemisette
And blebs on all your tribe!

—WILLIAM D. ROBERTS

• •

I glanced toward Christiane. She, too, was contemplating the water, but after a moment she turned toward me, smiling. "Do you know how they fish here?" Her voice, I had already noticed, was curiously timbreless. "They fasten harness bells to the rods. When the perch strikes, the fisherman comes out of his doze and hauls it in." She paused, as if measuring her breath. "Will it amuse Paul, do you think?"

"For a while," I said, trying to picture my strenuous husband engaged in so passive a sport. "But anyhow, if he comes, we can't expect him to stay long." It was a mere statement of fact, but I fancied that Mme. Le Maître looked at me reproachfully.

Later that day, I sent off a long letter to Paul. I tried to make it as honest as possible—not too reassuring, and not too alarming, either. I remember that I stressed, hopefully, the fact that Christiane did not cough, and said that I was going to talk with her doctor, if possible. I suggested that Paul return to Paris by way of Annecy; if he did, I said, we could travel home together.

I had been at the villa five days before the doctor put in an appearance. This, too, I interpreted as a hopeful sign. Late one afternoon, I saw him step briskly up the path through the garden—a bearded gentleman in a considerable hurry. His visit was brief, if cordial, and it seemed to me that he had only just come when—waiting in the next room—I heard him take leave of his patient. I caught up with him in the lower hall and asked if she was making good progress. He stopped and turned to peer down at me. "You are of the family?" he asked.

"Not precisely, but—"

"Ah, *une intime*." His sharp little eyes bored straight through me. "And you ask about your friend's progress?" A pause. "But surely you have eyes, Madame. Or do you need a physician to tell you?" A second pause. "Yes," he said, with a sigh and a heave of the shoulders. "It is very regrettable. Mme. Bessac is a charming person, but in my profession one must be realistic. You wonder what keeps her alive? So do I. Stubbornness, perhaps. Some last wish. Who knows? She is too intelligent for hope." Another shrug, a few more sentences, a bow. "You will excuse me, Madame. I am a very busy man." Then he murmured something—a suggestion that we spare ourselves thereafter the "needless expense" of his visits.

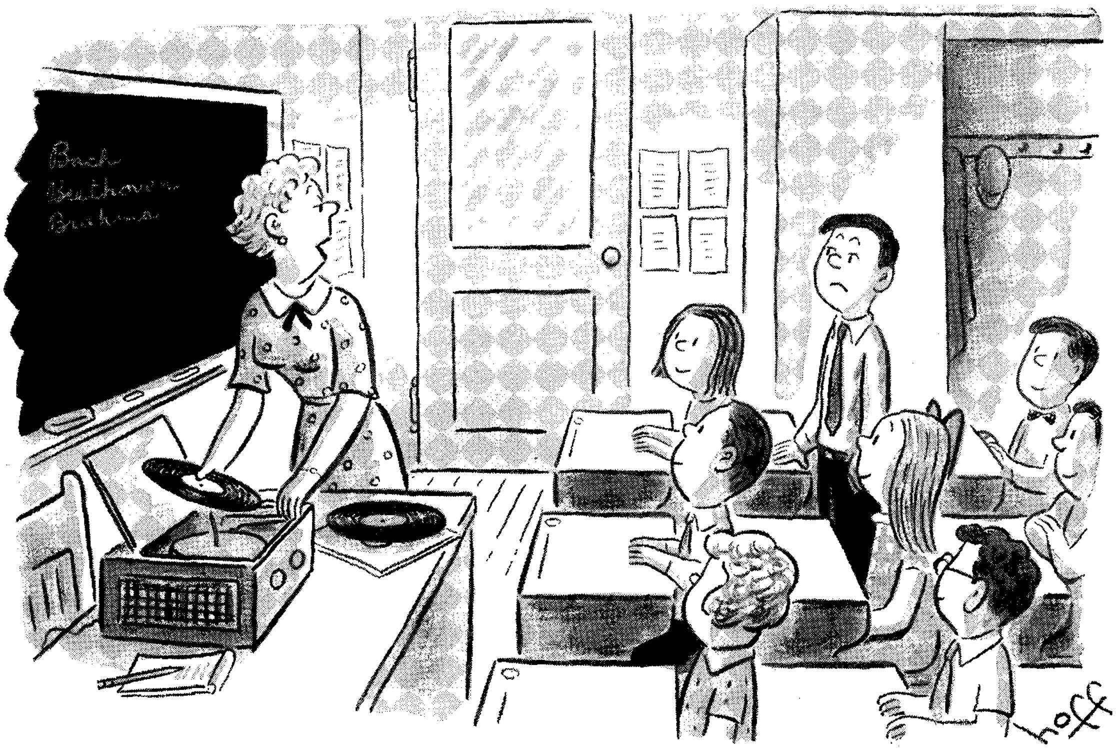
As I stood in the doorway looking after him, a hand clutched my sleeve.

"Don't believe him! He's a monster." Mme. Le Maître's voice quivered and broke, and her nails bit into my arm. "Christiane *can't* be dying. It's not true. You have only to look at her. It— She—" Dropping my arm, she turned away.

I went slowly up the stairs. Until that precise moment, the thought of serious illness or of someone's dying (I had been spared, so far, the experience of either) was associated in my imagination with hushed voices, nurses in white, a doctor—doctors—there all the time. Certainly nothing akin to this.

As I passed the door of Christiane's room, at the head of the staircase, she beckoned me inside. "Quite a character, isn't he?" she said. "No social graces, but a good man, notwithstanding. One of the best." Her face, within its frame of dark braids, was bright with animation, and in the glow from the west window her eyes appeared immense.

Too intelligent for hope, I thought, and, with a hasty "He seems competent enough," I fled the question that she did not ask.



"Now, Johnny, can you tell us exactly why you think Beethoven's Fifth Symphony stinks?"

• •

EVEN now, I cannot forgive myself for not sending a telegram summoning Paul that very night. I did dispatch one early the next morning, and while I was waiting for his answer, I decided not to invent a pretext—Christiane would have seen through it at once—to justify his sudden coming. Christiane was, as usual, spending the morning on the balcony, and when Paul's reply arrived, I went out there with it in my hand. "Good news for all of us," I said. "Paul will be here tomorrow."

Instantly, I regretted my abruptness. The blood drained from Christiane's cheeks, leaving them gray. Then it returned in a rush. "Please call Theresa from the kitchen," she said, in that flat voice of hers, when she had recovered her breath.

I went down to the kitchen. The Savoyard cook took one look at my face and hurried upstairs, but Christiane had sent for her merely to discuss menus—hearty, male meals, since there would soon be a man in the house. By the time I got upstairs myself, they had already started planning the next day's dinner. Christiane consulted me about the main course. Would a *gigot aux flageolets* be acceptable?

For the rest of that day, and the night that followed it, I led a divided existence. Constantly, I was with Paul, in our little Renault, tearing to Marseille. Then I was with him on the train to Lyon, rushing up the Rhone Valley through the night. And all the while, minute by minute, I was with Christiane.

For the first time since I had arrived at the villa, she took to her bed as soon as lunch was over. "To be fresh for tomorrow," she explained. I watched her covertly as she husbanded her strength for the meeting with Paul—both she and I conscious, now, that it might be the last. Just what the meeting would be was not for me to imagine, but I sensed how much she wanted it. It seemed to me that I could actually feel her straining toward it with every dogged fibre of her will. In my new fear for her, now that I knew how desperately ill she was, I believed I could see her strength ebbing as the day declined. Each time the thought occurred to me, I shook it off, but each time I felt less confidence.

I suppose there is a limit to what you can demand of a body, and no doubt Christiane had asked too much of hers. Her will to live—her stubbornness, as the doctor had called it—remained as intense as ever, but her body no longer obeyed it. Just when she needed her strength most, it betrayed her. From the moment Paul's advent was assured, a change came over Christiane. None of us—Mme. Le Maître, the Savoyard, and I—would have admitted it, but it was as if, little by little, she was receding from us.

Hour after hour, we watched, helpless, that slow recession. At the end of the day, the sun, beneath a corona of violent black clouds, slid down behind the reddened crest of the Semnoz. After dinner, Mme. Le Maître and I took up our station in Christiane's room. (Neither of us asked her if she wanted us.) When the cook had finished her dishes, she brought her knitting upstairs and settled herself as if by right—solid and gray, like one of her native rocks—on a low chair in the hall, just outside Christiane's door. Nobody did much talking; after a few attempts, even Mme. Le Maître fell silent. She turned her back to the lamp, for her eyelids were red and swollen, but her gaze never left the bed where Christiane sat, rigid among her pillows, staring at nothing.

When the tension became unbearable, I slipped out and telephoned the doctor. He promised to come in the morning. "I'll send you some *ballons d'oxygène* for the night," he said. "But call me, of course, if . . ." I set the receiver on its hook.

The gas containers arrived before long. They were precisely what he had called them—metal "balloons." Tiptoeing carefully, I carried one of the things into the bedroom and set it behind a screen at the head of Christiane's bed. From time to time, I opened the cock. It seemed puerile. Perhaps it was, but at least I was doing something.

After the *ballons* came, I could not sit still. I kept making trips into the hall, and pacing up and down. I remember looking at my watch and finding that it was only ten o'clock. Ages afterward, it was midnight. It must have been toward morning when I stepped out onto the balcony. Under the stars, the dark masses of the mountains had grown paler, and a faint grayness outlined their summits. A ripple of air, soft as a spring breeze, seemed to rise from the lake. I pulled a chair up to the balcony railing and sat down, resting my forehead on my arms. I had no intention of sleeping, but I must have dozed off. The next thing I knew, a hand shook my shoulder—a strong hand, like a man's. "*Réveillez-vous*," said the voice of the Savoyard. "The poor lady is going."

I do not know how long I had been out there on the balcony—perhaps only a few minutes—but on reëntering the bedroom I saw with my first glance at Christiane that something had given way. She lay inert on the pillows, only her eyes alive. When I bent over her, they looked up at me as if from the bottom of a well. Oh, they knew me, all right, and although Christiane's voice was the merest thread of sound, the words came clearly, as if brought out by a last, despairing effort. "I loathe . . . the very . . . sight of you."

Well, there it was. As I stepped back from the bed, conscious only of a sort of numbness, Mme. Le Maître called something sharply—I don't remember what. I remember opening the cock of a container as I passed it. Then I went out on the balcony again. There, in a kind of limbo, while dawn broke on the mountains and the smoking lake, I pondered on the ultimates: love and hate; life and death; fate. To the last, fate was implacable to Christiane. She died that morning, at about the time Paul's train pulled into the Annecy station.

DOES time wear down the enmity of the dead? For twenty years after the day of Christiane's funeral, I did not revisit her grave. I never revealed, even to Paul, what she had said to me. During all those years, it remained her secret and mine.

Time lags at Père-Lachaise. On the April morning when I roamed through the cemetery hunting for the Le Maître family tomb, those twenty years might have been twenty months, or weeks, or days—or not even a day, and I might still be following the hearse with the thin, high wheels and the shabby pall. I should not have come, I told myself. I am as unwelcome here as ever.

I went back to the main gate and asked directions of the old soldier in the gatekeeper's lodge. He obligingly noted directions on a plan of the cemetery. They were simple enough—straight up the central avenue, but farther than I had thought. On my first trip that morning, I had turned off too soon. Then turn to the right, to a number marked on the plan.

It was when I left the main *allée* for the transverse one that I again stepped firmly into time past. "That" year, autumn had been early, after the summer's drought. The fallen leaves had lain thick on the stones and rustled dryly underfoot. First went the hearse, swaying on its spidery springs; behind it came Christiane's cousin, escorting Mme. Le Maître, in her wrappings of crêpe. Then Paul and I, walking together—Paul with the closed, inimical look he wore when deeply moved, I with my borrowed clothes and my uncertain feelings.

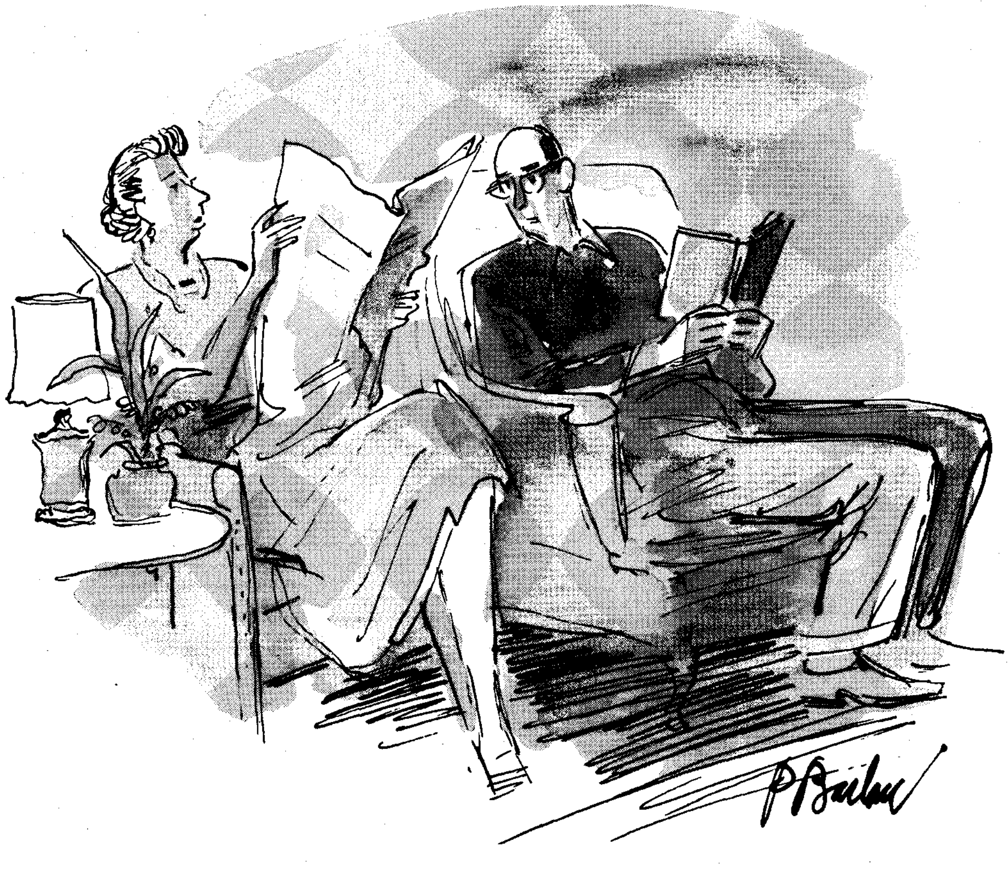
After twenty years, they were still uncertain, but now I walked alone, timing my steps to a memory. Indeed, I was so immersed in it that at first I saw only as a blur the patch of brightness at the far end of the path. Then it settled into focus, and, with an odd tightening about the heart, I realized what I was looking at. There they were—the golden fleurs-de-lis in their stone urn, waiting for me like a welcome. I had come back to them, straight as a homing bird.

So I knew that Christiane's grave *was* there. Not precisely in the shadow of the heraldic lilies, but only a few yards farther on, beside a low table of stone inscribed with the names of her parents and grandparents, above her brother's name and hers.

I shook the drooping tulips free of their paper, laid them on the slab, and sat down beside them. I could cry now, if I wanted to, all the tears I had not shed at Christiane's funeral; in the whole world, at that day and hour, no other mourner would be weeping for Christiane. Or I could say over to myself, as I sat there, " 'I am sorwe, and sorwe is I,' " for now there was no one to poke fun at my pedantry.

It was so still I almost fancied I heard the new leaves stirring—still and peaceful, with Paris just over the wall, flowing as quietly as the Seine. I was glad I had come to Père-Lachaise that morning, for I didn't feel sad any more—about Christiane, or me, or anything.

—IDA TREAT



"Oh dear! It says these are your peak earning years."

PROFILES

A CASTE, A CULTURE, A MARKET—II

IN the spring of 1944, while working in a Chicago shoe store, Eugene Gilbert, an aggressive high-school senior, observed a serious weakness in his employer's manner of doing—or, rather, of not doing—business. The shelves were stocked with sports shoes of just the kind that Gilbert's teenage classmates affected, and yet almost no young people patronized the store. "I talked the boss into making a study of why teenagers didn't buy his shoes," he has said. "We found that it was because they didn't know the store had the shoes. So the store began to advertise to teenagers about its sports shoes, and we got their business. It was that simple." It has been that simple time and again since; Gilbert has made a career of observing—and calling attention to—the obvious. He is now sole owner of Eugene Gilbert & Co., a Manhattan firm that does a gross business of between half a million and a million dollars a year, mainly by making studies of teenage buying habits.

Gilbert was born on June 1, 1926, on the North Side of Chicago. When he was still a boy, his father, a haberdasher, died, leaving his wife and two children—Gilbert has a sister—in modest circumstances. Gilbert went to a local public grammar school and then to Senn High School, where he was a mediocre student but a campus leader—an organizer of dances and a wielder of votes. His energy, enthusiasm, and nerve were such that although English was one of his poorer subjects, he got himself elected editor of the school paper in his senior year. After school hours, he worked in the shoe store where the Big Idea had its humble genesis. Luck, it is true, played a considerable role in Gilbert's early success, for he happened to choose teenage research as a profession at the very moment when business people were becoming aware of teenagers as a well-defined market and people in general were becoming aware of them as a caste apart, or even, in the view of some anthropological thinkers, a culture apart. But luck played no role at all in another big factor in his success—his realization that teenagers would be better than adults at questioning teenagers. This dawned on him one day when a veteran lady interviewer, accustomed to grilling grownups, showed up at Senn High and started asking his classmates, on behalf of an oil company, whether they owned cars, whether they drove their parents' cars, how big their allowances were, and so on. It was apparent to Gilbert that a lot of the answers the good lady was conscientiously taking down were plain spoofs, and it occurred to him that a teenager couldn't be kidded so easily, and, furthermore, would be more effective in getting his fellow-teenagers to talk freely. This simple idea is still the backbone of his business.

Eugene Gilbert

After graduating from Senn High, Gilbert began a desultory pursuit of a B.A., successively attending three local colleges—North Park, Wright Junior, and the downtown-Chicago branch of Northwestern. The only courses that interested him much were those in math and business, and early in 1945, while at Wright Junior, he put his talents to profit by founding the Gil-Bert Teen Age Services. Thereafter, his interest in a B.A. rapidly became, as it were, academic. He was soon down to a couple of business courses in the Northwestern night school, and presently he dropped out altogether; he was too busy making money to waste time learning how to make it. His decision to leave college crystallized when he entered a new course and discovered that the businessman-professor was one of his clients. "He gave me a rather strange look," he recalls.

Gilbert's, or Gil-Bert's, first big-time client was the Marshall Field department store. "I called up the sales-promotion head for young men's clothes and told him, 'I think I can show you how to increase your sales,' " he said recently. "I got an appointment easily. After I'd outlined a survey of style preferences, he asked how much it would cost. 'Oh, about forty-five,' I said, meaning forty-five dollars. 'That's too much,' he said. 'It's not worth over twelve hundred to us.' I said that would be all right. The cost of the survey came a lot closer to his figure than to mine. I'd thought the kids would do the interviewing just for the experience, but, of course, I had to pay them. And I'd forgotten completely that I'd have to pay someone to tabulate the results." If young Gilbert was ignorant, he was not innocent. A little later, he persuaded a columnist for one of the Chicago papers to give him a write-up—not a difficult feat, because the "teen-age-tycoon" angle was a natural. Two days before the column was scheduled to appear, he had several girls he knew write notes, unsigned and in longhand, on pink stationery, and mail them to a few dozen important Chicago businessmen in envelopes marked "PERSONAL." The notes read, "Be sure to read ——'s column tomorrow." There seems no reason to doubt Gilbert's assertion that most of the recipients read the column. "Of course, I wouldn't do that sort of thing now," Gilbert says. "When I started out, I was strictly jive talk and blue jeans. It took me a while to get myself taken seriously." In the early days, his extreme youth cut both ways, impressing some businessmen but alarming others. Fortunately, he was eighteen years and eleven months old when he set up his business, so if, later on, he wanted to stress the boy-wonder theme, he would say he started at eighteen, and if he wanted to emphasize his maturity, he would make it nineteen.

Now that Gilbert is all of thirty-two—a reasonable span of years—he can act his age. Eleven years ago, he moved his business to New York and gave it a more conservative name, and he has been diligently extending its scope ever since. It is a one-man firm. Gilbert has had associates in the past, but essentially he is not an associative type. One partnership broke up the day the partners got their first assignment. "We couldn't seem to agree on how to split the take," he says. In any case, Gilbert's clients are buying *his* know-how and *his* reputation; they want Eugene Gilbert in person. Not a man to pass up chances, Gilbert makes himself available to non-clients, too—as a consultant, at the glamorous price of a thousand dollars a day, or a hundred and twenty-five dollars an hour. (Not many people have bought him for the whole day—after all, senior partners in the top Wall Street law firms charge only a hundred

"Wouldn't you think there'd be a place between the first and second centuries where we could rest our feet?"

• •

dollars an hour for *their* time—but a number have bought him for an hour or two.) He also disseminates his know-how in a weekly column called "What Young People Think," syndicated by the Associated Press, and last year he got out a book called "Advertising and Marketing to Young People." As for his business proper, he runs it with the minimum of overhead—about fifteen employees, and a small suite in a not very new office building on Forty-second Street, off Third Avenue. The important assets are mostly under his hat, or would be if he wore one; namely, a large stock of information about American teenagers. This stock is perpetually added to by the efforts of a national network of some five thousand high-school and college students and five hundred high-school and college teachers, all employed on an hourly basis to ask teenagers the questions that Gilbert's clients want to have asked—or, more precisely, the questions that Gilbert persuades his clients they want to have asked. The answers give a fairly broad view not only of the teenage market but of the teenage culture.

"ALL in all, the juvenile market runs at retail to a staggering $33 billion annually," the editors of *Life* exulted last spring. In their excitement, they forgot to furnish any hint as to how the figure was arrived at, or how it is divided among infants, children, and teenagers. Gilbert is able to be more exact; American teenagers, he points out, now spend—apart from what their parents spend on them—some nine and a half billion dollars a year, a figure related to the fact that there are seventeen million American teenagers, with an average income, in the form of earnings and allowances, of something over ten dollars a week. And in his various studies he has divided and redivided, dissected and redissected this market in every imaginable way.

To some extent, the teenage market—and, in fact, the very notion of the teenager—has been created by the businessmen who exploit it. According to the economics textbooks, a demand arises for, say, pink typewriters, and then entrepreneurs arise to satisfy it. In reality, it is often impossible to say which came first, the demand or the means of satisfying it. The circle has no beginning. The simple act of asking teenagers what they want is part of the process; perhaps no girl would have thought of wanting a pink portable if some teenage interviewer, working for Gilbert and his client, the Royal Typewriter Company, had not asked her whether she would fancy one. The whole business tends to make the teenagers class-conscious, so to speak; the more they find advertising directed at them qua teenagers, and the more they are polled on their peculiar tastes and interests, the more their sense two of France's great perfumes

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of themselves as a special group is enhanced. "We are the Pied Pipers of the youth market," Gilbert has remarked, apparently forgetting the end of the story.

By the same token, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say to what extent the press, the movies, and other mass media have reflected the teenager and to what extent they have molded him. A disquieting aspect of a society like ours is that since one of the most important criteria of each individual's behavior is the way other individuals are behaving, the mere publicizing of irrational or anti-social acts stimulates more such acts. A few years ago, for example, *Life* ran an article about teenage hot-rodders, with the aim of reducing accidents caused by such automotive acrobatics as "chicken" contests. (In these, two drivers speed toward each other down the middle of the road, and the loser is the one who pulls over first; if neither pulls over, both lose.) But Robert Petersen, the publisher of the magazine *Hot Rod*, says the article had just the opposite effect. Inadvertently, it suggested that chicken contests meant thrills and that to get into trouble with the cops meant prestige, and the result was an increase in hot-rodding accidents. Publicity has similarly affected rock 'n' roll. Like the dancing mania of the Middle Ages, this sort of movement is self-expanding; the more it seems that "everybody" is doing a thing, the more "everybody" feels he must do it. The newspapers headline the latest criminal exploits of teenagers, the magazines run articles on juvenile delinquency, magistrates make indignant speeches from the bench, "West Side Story" depicts gang warfare in terms of "Romeo and Juliet" (dressed up with music by Bernstein and choreography by Robbins), the movies present the teenager as sinister but exciting—and an image is built up that in most cases merely impels him to behave rudely at breakfast but in others tempts him to go in for more sensational misdeeds, preferably in bad company. Mischief is usually more attractive to a child than virtue, if only because virtue is what grownups expect of him, and when mischief can be pursued with others, as part of a recognized "movement," it becomes even more seductive.

Indeed, the first association that most adults have with the word "teenager" is "juvenile delinquent." "My husband was two hours late getting home the other night," a New York housewife told a neighbor last summer. "Oh, my God, I thought, the teenagers have got

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him!" The teenage movie villain, with his Presley sideburns, his Brando leather jacket, his tight blue jeans, and his cold-eyed air of one who lives by a code better suited to tigers than to people, is now as familiar a figure on the screen as the Western badman. In "The Wild One," he and his roaring motorcycles took over a town of helpless adults; in "Rebel Without a Cause," one of those well-intentioned sociological-psychological "documents" that somehow manage to convey the idea that anti-social behavior is both normal and attractive, he fought with knives, guns, and automobiles; in "Touch of Evil," he was even more terrifying than Orson Welles; in "Blackboard Jungle," he spent a hundred minutes pushing around poor old Glenn Ford (thirty if he was a day), a worm of a high-school teacher, who turned only in the last reel, when several of his pupils tried to kill him during a class in English Comp.

And what has been done in make-believe in the movies has also happened in real life. "Until quite recently, the rebellion of youth could be viewed with the detachment usually accorded anything so common and natural," the late Dr. Robert M. Lindner, author of "Rebel Without a Cause," a psychiatric study that is connected with the movie only by its name, told a Los Angeles audience four years ago. "The brute fact of today is that our youth is no longer in rebellion but in a condition of downright active and hostile mutiny. Within the memory of every living adult, a profound and terrifying change has overtaken adolescence." Dr. Lindner isolated two main aspects of this change. One is the tendency of today's youth to "act out . . . his inner turmoil, in direct contrast to the suffering-out of the same [inner turmoil] by adolescents of yesteryear." The piratical daydreams of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer are put into practice by our teenagers. The other peculiar trait of the modern adolescent is, according to Dr. Lindner, "the abandonment of that solitude which was at once the trademark of adolescence and the source of its deepest despairs as of its dubious ecstasies. And frequently this solitude was creative. From it sometimes came the dreams, the hopes and the soaring aims that charged life henceforward with meaning and [gave] us our poets, artists, scientists. . . . But youth today has abandoned solitude in favor of pack-running, of predatory assembly, of great collectivities that bury, if they do not destroy, individuality. . . . In the crowd, herd or gang, it is a mass mind

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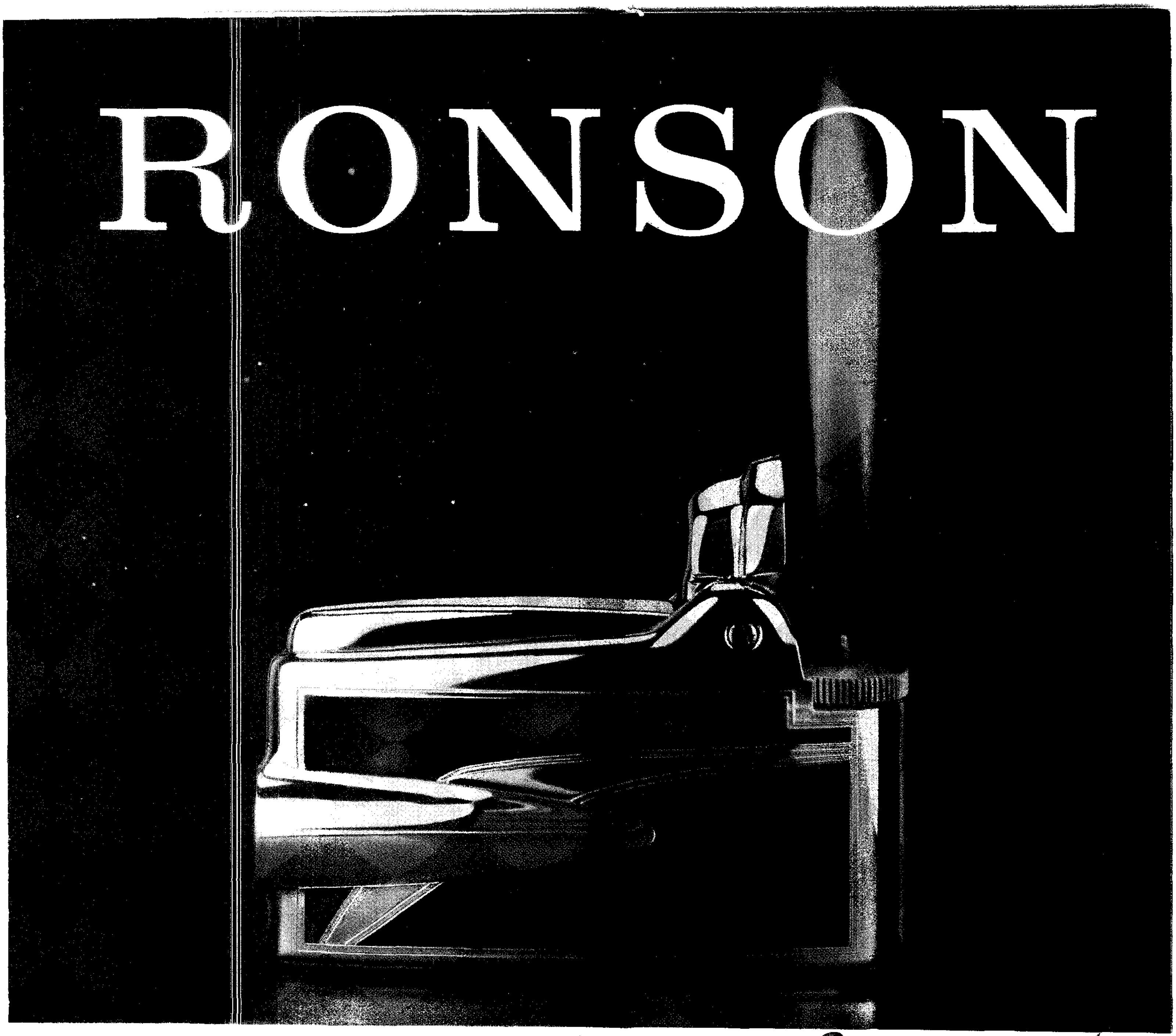

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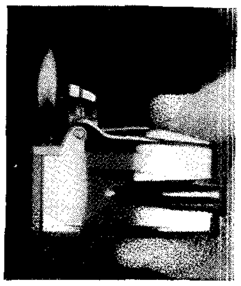

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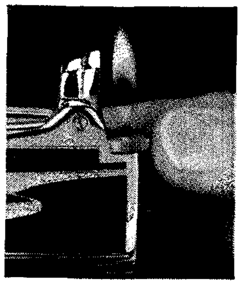

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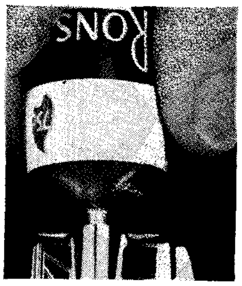

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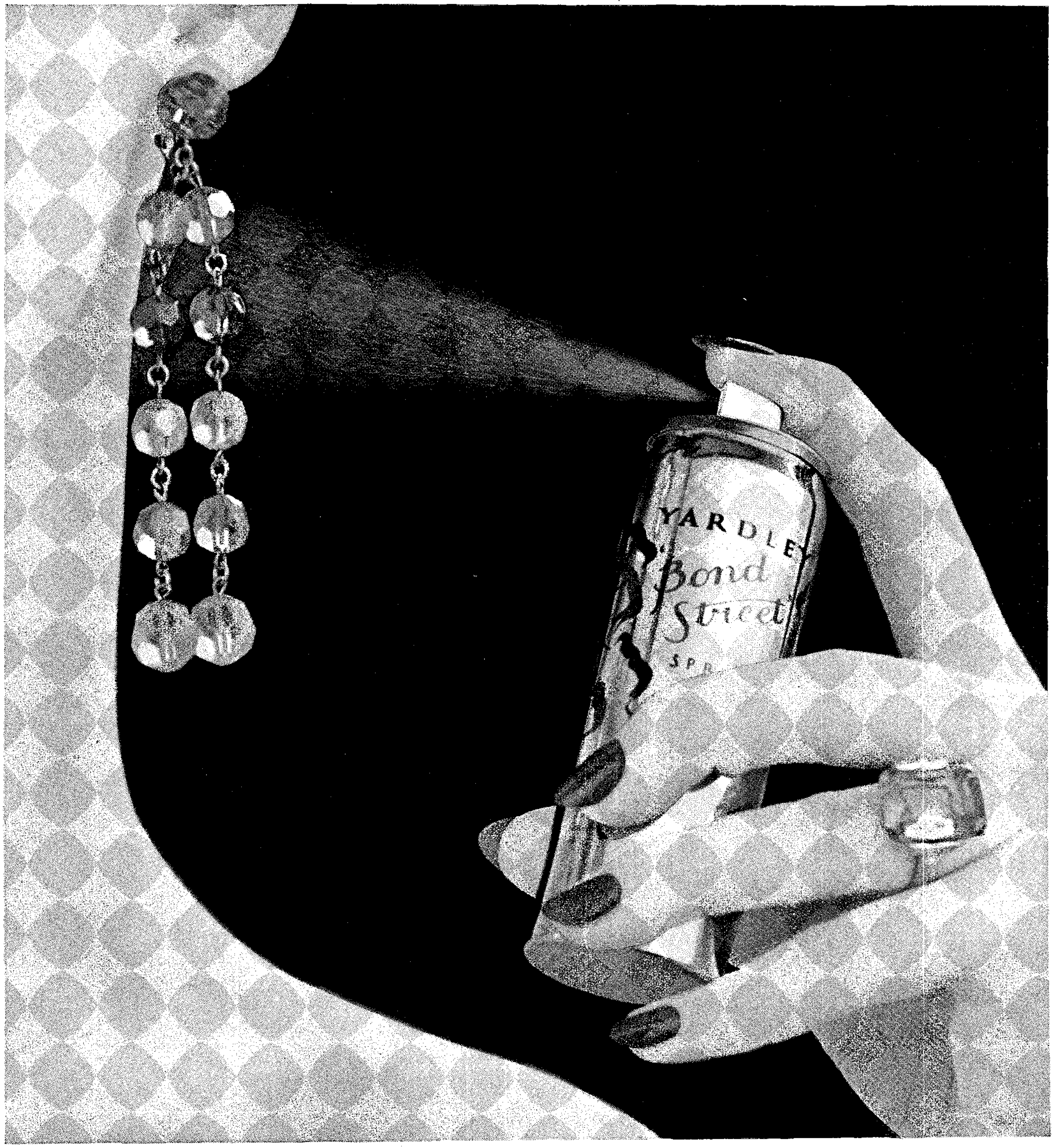
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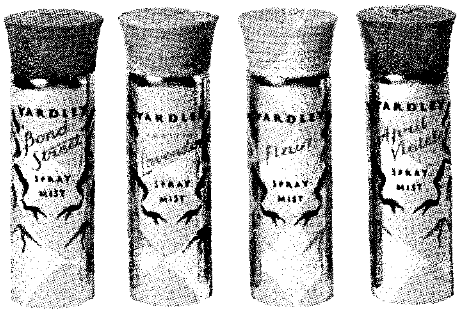
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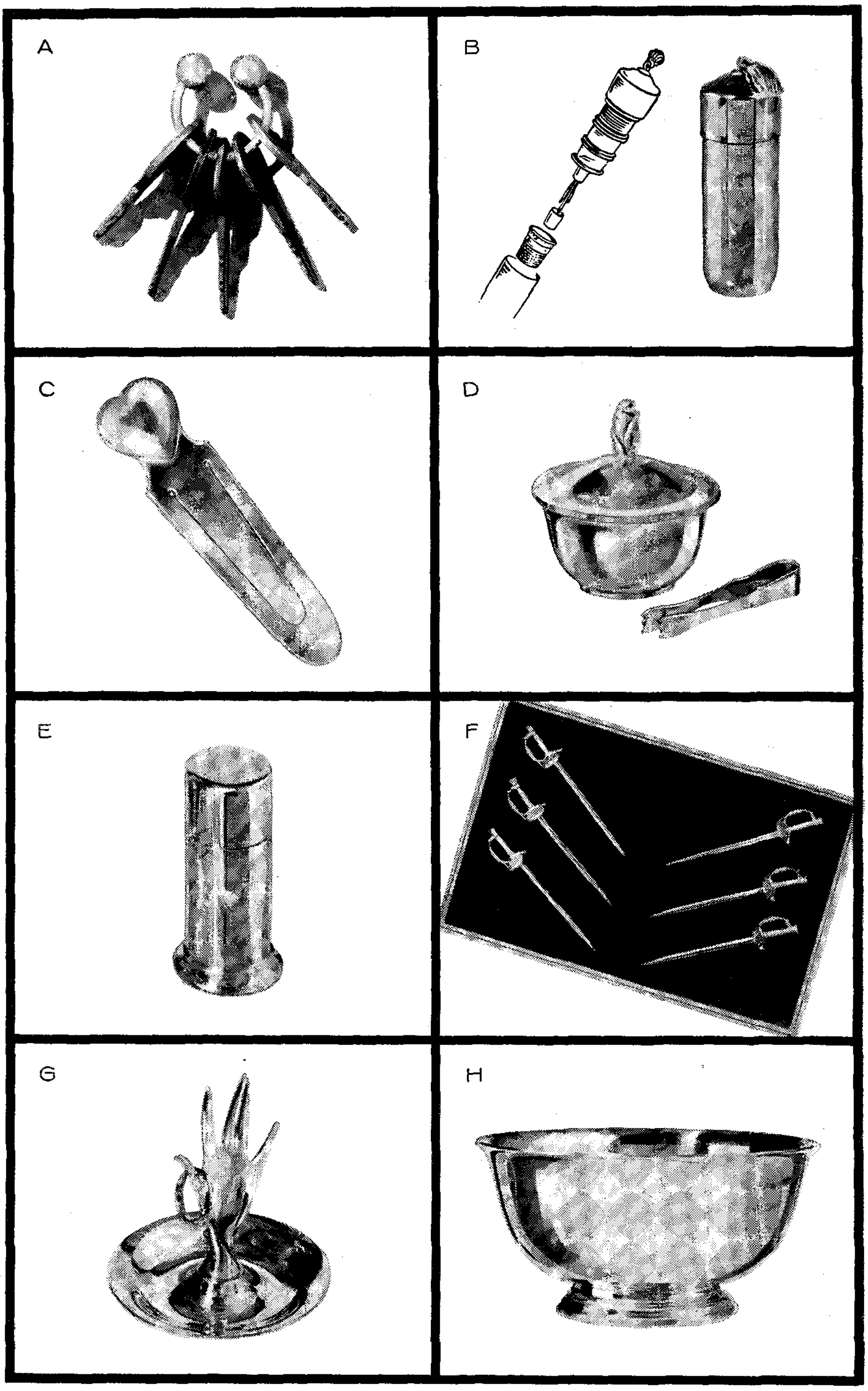
The press bears out Dr. Lindner's generalizations. Every week—sometimes it seems every day—there are several reports like the following, from the *News:*

> Two students were attacked by four members of a lower East Side street gang and slashed on the face yesterday as they stood minding their own business on a terrace of Metropolitan Vocational High School. Four suspects, said to have been "in a mood for trouble" after a night and a morning of wine drinking, were arrested. [They were] said to be members of the Arabian Sportsmen gang. . . .
>
> The following conversation took place between Dinkens [a Sportsman] and Brancaleone [one of the victims].
>
> D—Gimme a cigaret.
>
> B—I don't smoke.
>
> D—I don't like your face.
>
> B—There's not much I can do. It's my face.
>
> D—Well, I can change it.
>
> With this, police said, Dinkens swung at Brancaleone, cutting him on the left side of the face with a sharply honed penknife.

The ironically named Arabian Sportsmen (odds of two—or four, or eight—to one are considered quite sporting in these circles, and so is kicking a victim when he is down) is one of the teenage "bopping," or fighting, gangs that have sprung up throughout the city since the war. Another is the Egyptian Dragons, fifteen of whose members were arrested last summer for the murder of Michael Farmer, a fifteen-year-old cripple, at a city swimming pool; of them, eleven were fourteen or younger. Some of the gangs, as these two indicate, go in for romantic names—the Crusaders, the Corsairs, the Templars, the Golden Wings, the Sand Street Angels, and, barely squeaking in under the rope, the Astoria Gents. Other gang names are naïvely terroristic—the Cobras, the Scorpions, the Comanches, the Huns, the Demons, the Gowanus Stompers. There is even a bunch that calls itself the Villains. Two of the largest and most dangerous of the gangs are named, for reasons now lost in the mists of history, the Bishops and the Chaplains, while another is even more mysteriously named the Jonquils. The police estimate that there are about a hundred and twenty such wolf packs in the city, with a total membership of eight thousand. Things got so bad last winter that the Board of Education suspended some seven hundred violent and insubordinate pupils, and Mayor Wagner, fearing that the summer vacation would bring on "a period of youthful violence never equalled in the city's history," instituted a "crash program." Social-work agen-



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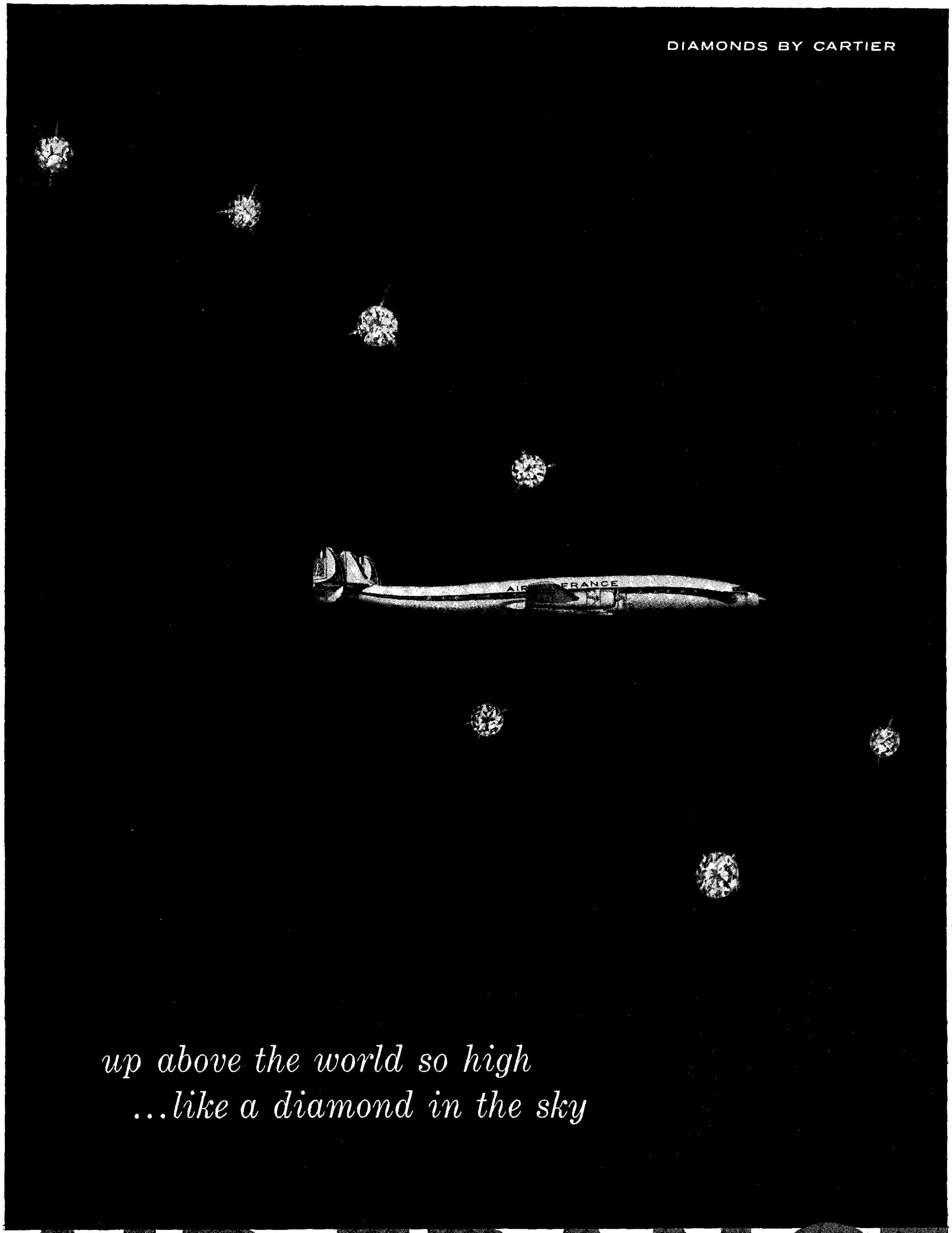
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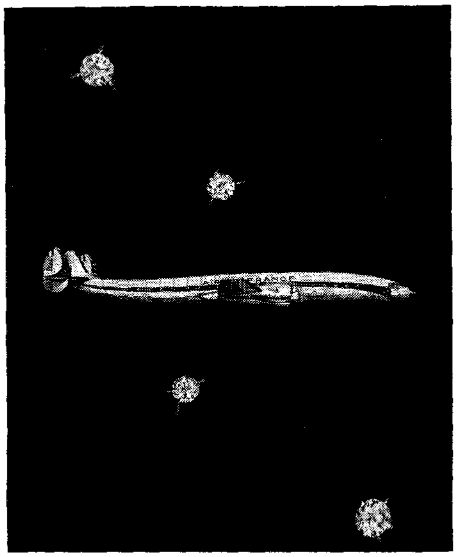
cies, the Youth Board, and the police cut down on their own summer vacations, and reinforced patrols were assigned to parks, beaches, pools, and playgrounds. These drastic measures produced some results: Teenage murders and felonious assaults dropped, and, for the first summer in years, there was not a single "rumble," or gang fight. But teenage crime in general continued to rise. While the gangs are to blame for some of the city's teenage crime, they just do not have enough members to account for most of it. Police Commissioner Kennedy has pointed out that three-fifths of the arrests for burglary, half of those for holdups, and three-fourths of those for auto thefts in the city last year involved teenagers. Moreover, while the total number of arrests last year was twenty-eight per cent higher than in 1953, arrests in the sixteen-to-twenty age bracket went up forty-two per cent, and—most disturbing of all—arrests of children fifteen and younger went up a hundred and five per cent. Bill Sykes has been supplanted by the Artful Dodger, and the modern American boy doesn't need any grown-up Fagin to teach him his trade, either.

It is not just a matter of big-city wickedness. Quite the contrary. Figures compiled by the Federal Bureau of Investigation show that teenage crime in communities of twenty-five thousand or less was sixteen per cent higher last year than the year before, in contrast to a mere eight-per-cent rise in the big cities. In general, the F.B.I.'s figures followed the same pattern as Commissioner Kennedy's. Reports to Washington from the police departments of twelve hundred and twenty cities showed that arrests of persons under eighteen rose ten per cent in 1957, a year when arrests of persons of all ages rose only four per cent, and that fifty-four per cent of the burglaries in those cities and sixty-seven per cent of the auto thefts were committed by teenagers. The single note of cheer was that of those arrested for aggravated assault and for murder only nine per cent and six per cent, respectively, were teenagers. Across the nation, it seems, crimes against property, rather than against persons, are the kids' specialty. One wonders whether the statisticians have allowed for the take in their estimates of teenage income.

Nor is it any longer a matter simply of poverty, broken homes, substandard housing, and the other classic causes of juvenile delinquency. Harrison Salisbury, in a book called "The Shook-Up



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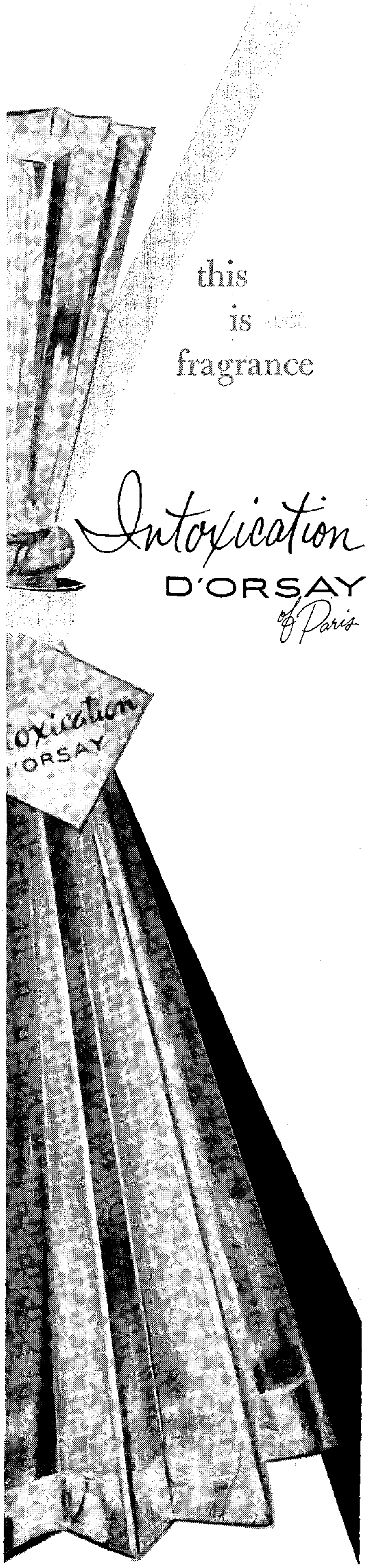

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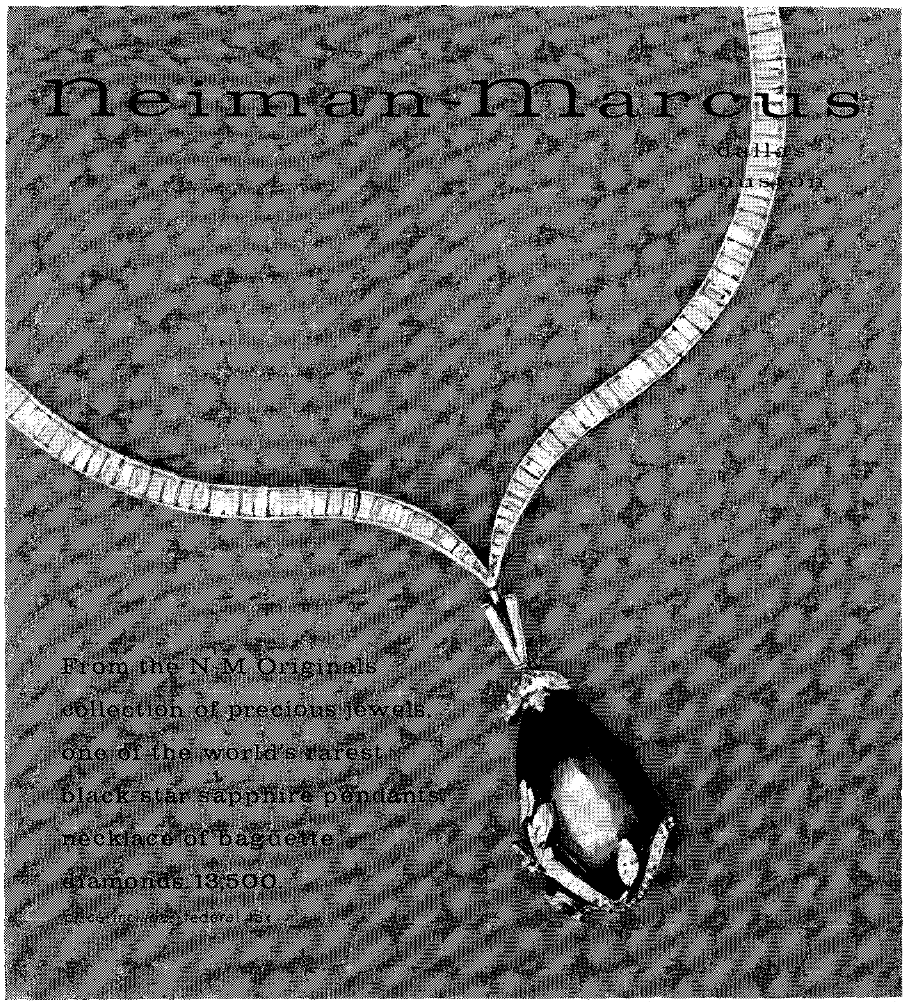
Generation," based on a notable series of articles on the city's gangs that appeared in the *Times* last winter, reveals that teenage terrorism has been far more prevalent in some of the new housing developments than it was in the slums they replaced. And a more recent survey by the same paper found that in the suburbs of New York teenage crime has been increasing faster than the teenage population, and sometimes even faster than teenage crime in the nation as a whole. The report continued, "Social workers generally said they sensed [in these suburbs] an increase in youthful offenses involving alcohol and sex. Several, who noted that the 10,000 [suburban] youngsters in trouble last year came from . . . areas of preponderantly 'good homes,' suggested that delinquency might not be primarily a matter of economic deprivation." This view, challenging the fundamental assumptions of the orthodox social-work approach, so far lacks supporting charts and tables, but it may soon get them.

There is thus some justification for the present tendency to equate "teenager" with "juvenile delinquent." And Commissioner Kennedy was right when he said, "It is no comfort to anyone to proclaim that only three per cent of the city's youngsters ever come into contact with law enforcement." Yet while three per cent is twenty-five thousand—or quite a juvenile army—it means that ninety-seven out of every hundred of the city's teenagers are *not* juvenile delinquents. The teenagers have created a world of their own, but it is not primarily a criminal world, absurd or repugnant though it sometimes appears. Adolescence, at any time and in any place, is an unsettling business; its very name is repellent—only slightly less so than that of its kid sibling, Pubescence. The index to "The Stormy Decade—



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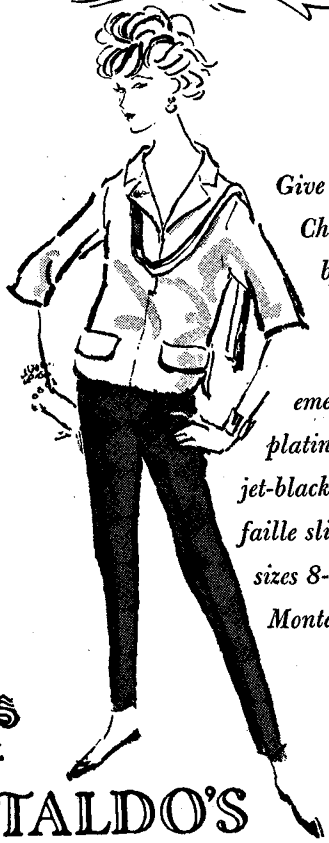

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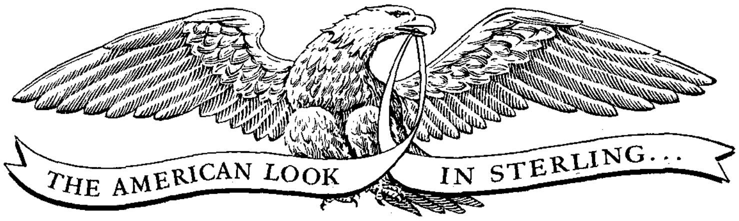
Adolescence," by Drs. George J. Mohr and Marian A. Despres, begins with Acne and runs on down through such topics as Aggressive Behavior, Anxiety, Boy Crazy, Catatonic Behavior, Colitis, Delinquency, Exhibitionism, Fantasies, Fixations, Infantile Sexual Impulses (Persistence of), Kleptomania, Lying, Masturbation, Menstruation, Narcissism, Obesity, Paranoid Ideation, Peeping, Stealing, Suicide, Truancy, and Weakness (Need to Deny). When one considers the natural ills that adolescent flesh is heir to, one can be more philosophical about the extra touches our teenagers have contributed.

LIKE other tribes, the teenagers have their folkways. The notes on tribal customs that follow are meant to be suggestive rather than definitive; the Malinowski of the teenage culture has yet to appear.

First, though, it should be made clear that all facts and figures about teenagers are open to the same objection that any other generalization about a group is open to; that is, they don't apply to individuals. Many teenage boys don't own a pair of blue jeans, and many teenage girls don't wear bobby socks; the research department of the magazine *Seventeen* found that one-fourth of the girls wear stockings every day and that half of them wear stockings on weekends. There is no such thing as The Teenager, any more than there is The Middle-Aged Man, The Suburbanite, or The Combustion Engineer. And there are special difficulties in this particular field. For one thing, teenagers in big Eastern and Midwestern cities like New York and Chicago behave, on the whole, in a less specifically teenage manner than those in the rest of the country; they have less opportunity to take part in sports and to tinker with automobiles, and are more conservative in their dating habits. For another, there is something artificial about the concept of the teenager; it would be more natural to divide the young into grammar-school students (six through thirteen), high-school students (fourteen through seventeen), and college students (eighteen through twenty-one). Surely the thirteen-year-olds have more in common with the twelve-year-olds just below them in school than they have with the nineteen-year-olds in college, or even with the fourteen-year-olds just beginning high school. But the statistics are mostly set up on a teenage basis, and since current usage leans that way, too, perhaps the main thing to be emphasized is the long, dark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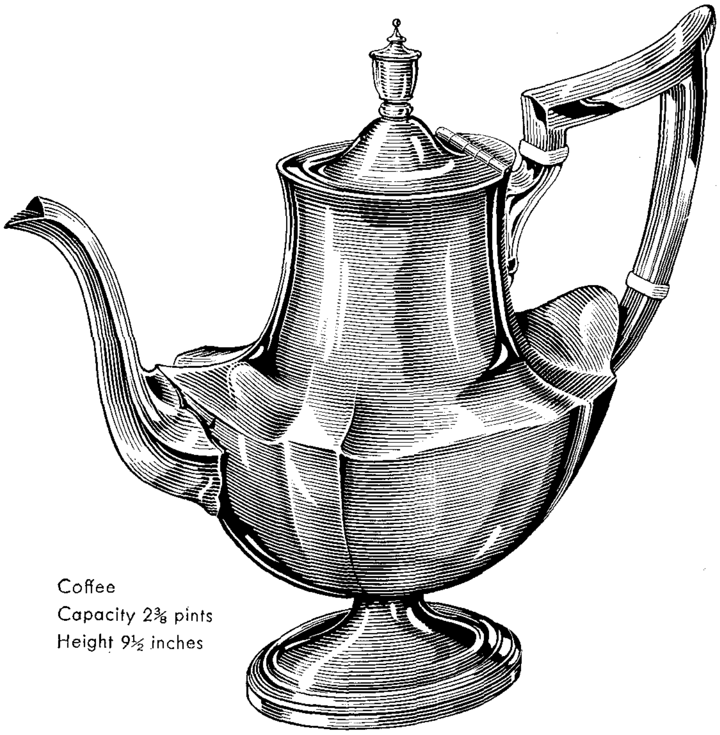

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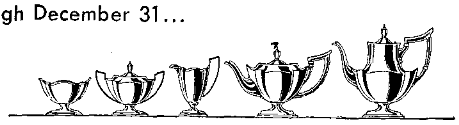

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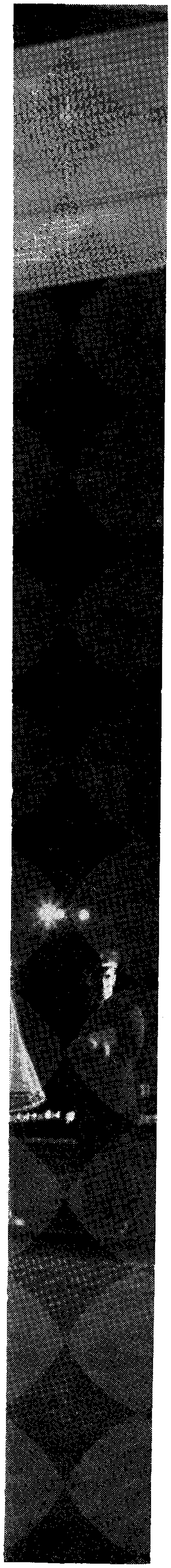

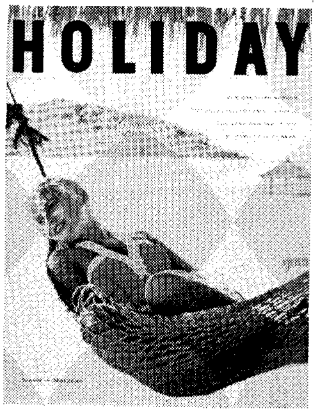

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Furthermore, most generalizations about teenage behavior are based on the results of polling—a complicated art, which has not been reduced to a science. One recalls gaffes like the late *Literary Digest's* forecast that Landon would be elected President in 1936, and the almost universally predicted victory of Dewey over Truman in 1948. These are rare, but lesser slips are not. For instance, Sidney Ascher, one of Gilbert's competitors, declared in 1955 that statistics (his, anyway) showed that teenagers decided what television programs would be looked at "in seventy-four out of every hundred U.S. living rooms." *TV Guide*, a weekly that has more than five million readers, wove a diaphanous lead article around this alleged statistic. But, as Gilbert at once wrote the editors, "There are only 9,000,000 families with teenagers. There are close to 35,000,000 families with TV sets. For teenagers to control 'seventy-four out of every hundred' they would have to have bicycles and a minimum of three hands." What made all this especially depressing was that three months earlier *Variety* had printed Mr. Ascher's figures, had been duly corrected by the ever-vigilant Gilbert, and had accepted the correction, noting that Mr. Ascher, apart from getting his figures confused, had inadvertently omitted the word "radio" from his statement. This was rather like omitting rice from a description of the Chinese diet, since listening to disc-jockey programs on the radio is one of the chief teenage stigmata.

Nor is the academic method of polling always foolproof. For almost twenty years, the Purdue Opinion Panel, which was founded, and is still directed, by Dr. H. H. Remmers, a professor of psychology and education at Purdue University, has been surveying teenage opinion. By now, it has established itself as the most authoritative academic group in the field. Yet a reading of a volume by Dr. Remmers and a colleague named H. W. Radler that was published last year by Bobbs-Merrill, under the rather too ambitious title of "The American Teenager," gives rise to misgivings. Not about the so-called processing of the material; the I.B.M. machines have classified, subdivided, and cross-indexed everything with their usual remorseless thoroughness. It is the material itself that makes one wonder. One of the Purdue group's major efforts has been its Youth Inventory, which it takes by "administering" to thousands of

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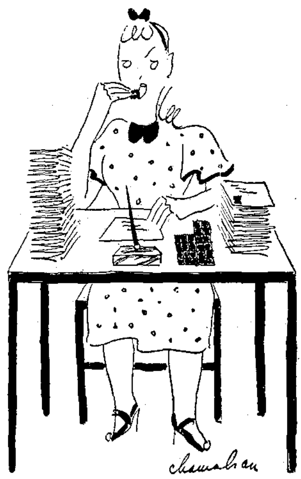
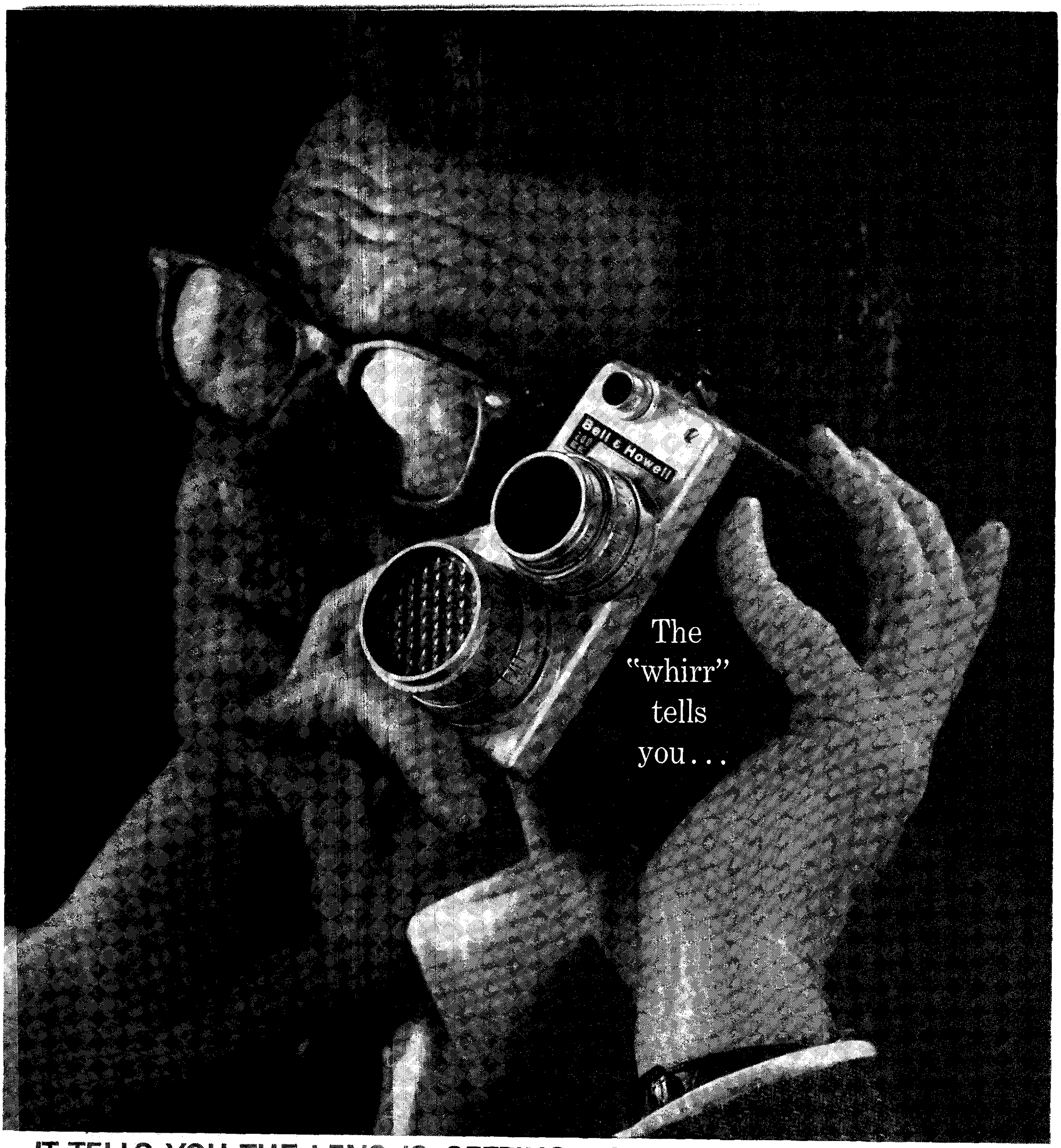
high-school and junior-high-school students a set of two hundred and ninety-eight tersely phrased questions and propositions on the subject of "what things bother teenagers." Each student is asked to check off a yes after any that apply to him or her. A glance down this lengthy list produces a feeling of dizziness. Although from No. 259 ("I don't hear very well") to No. 261 ("I have no appetite"), for instance, is a reasonably short step, these are followed almost at once by No. 265 ("I'm concerned with what life is all about") and No. 266 ("I'm confused in my religious beliefs"). And what seven-league boots of intellection could compass No. 293 through No. 296 ("Can I believe advertising?" "What is eternity?" "Does it really pay to be honest?" "I wonder about the after-life")? Yet boys and girls still in the seventh grade are expected to tick off—yes or no—whether they are troubled by these four problems, or by the two hundred and ninety-four others, which include "People stare at me" and "My nose is ugly." The curious may learn, courtesy of I.B.M., the precise percentage of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish respondents who were bothered by having people stare at them (four, six, and nine, respectively), and the geographical distribution of those who thought their noses were ugly (seven per cent in the Midwest, eight in the East, ten in the Mountain-Pacific States, and eleven in the South). If it is bewildering merely to glance through almost three hundred items ranging from "How do you fill out application blanks for college?," through "I get tired easily," all the way to "What can I contribute to civilization?," then one wonders whether a teenager's pencil checks indicating which are his own problems have very much significance. One's skepticism grows when one discovers that three per cent of the sev-





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Another weakness of the academic mind in dealing with teenagers, as with other topics, is a tendency to substitute vocabulary for thought. The eminent Harvard sociologist Talcott Parsons has defined the three chief aspects of teenage culture as:

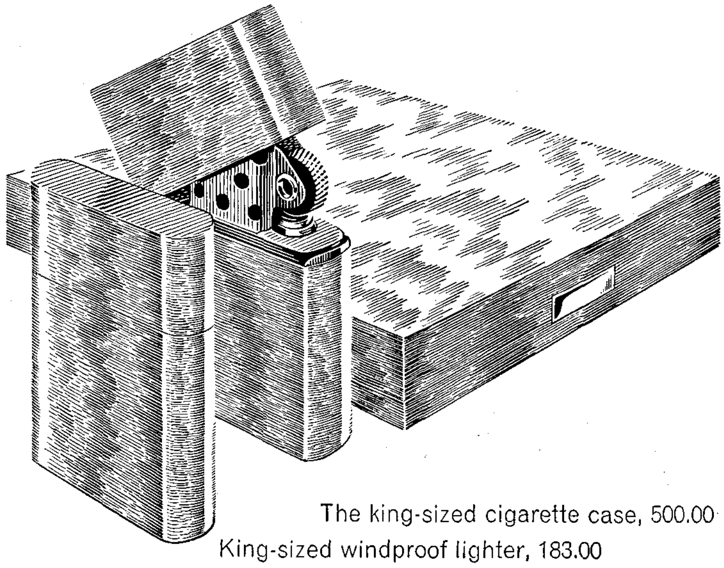
1. Compulsive independence of and antagonism to adult expectations and authority. This involves recalcitrance to adult standards of responsibility.
2. Compulsive conformity within the peer groups of age mates. It is intolerable to be "different."
3. Romanticism: an unrealistic idealization of emotionally significant objects.

Practically anybody would agree with this summary, and practically anybody could have made it, though in less stately language: Teenagers are disobedient, group-minded, and unrealistic.

These caveats having been registered, the time has come for field notes on teenage culture.

TEENAGERS read a magazine called *Mad*, which ridicules the movies, television, advertising, and other aspects of mass culture. Indeed, it is teenagers who have been mostly responsible for the fantastic success of the publication, which in a few years has built up a circulation of a million and now has half a dozen imitators, including *Frenzy* and *Thimk*. *Mad* expresses the teenagers' cynicism about the world of mass media that their elders have created—so full of hypocrisy and pretense, so governed by formulas. But *Mad* itself has a formula. It speaks the same language, aesthetically and morally, as the media it satirizes; it is as tasteless as they are, and even more violent. *Mad's* slogan used to be "Humor in a Jugular Vein," and though it has abandoned the slogan, it still taps the vein. So a Romanized barbarian might have rebelled against the decadence of Rome, and such, essentially, is the quality of teenage revolt today.

TEENAGERS communicate extensively by telephone—an average of an hour a day, says Gilbert, and, among girls of sixteen and over, eighty minutes. "It's the most important thing in the teenager's life," one young person explained to a Gilbert interviewer. "It keeps him in contact with his friends and gives him a social life." A



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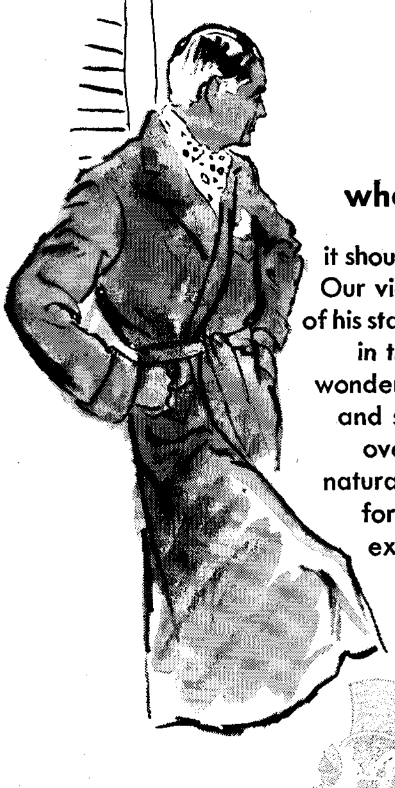

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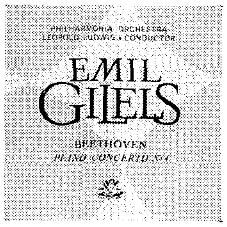

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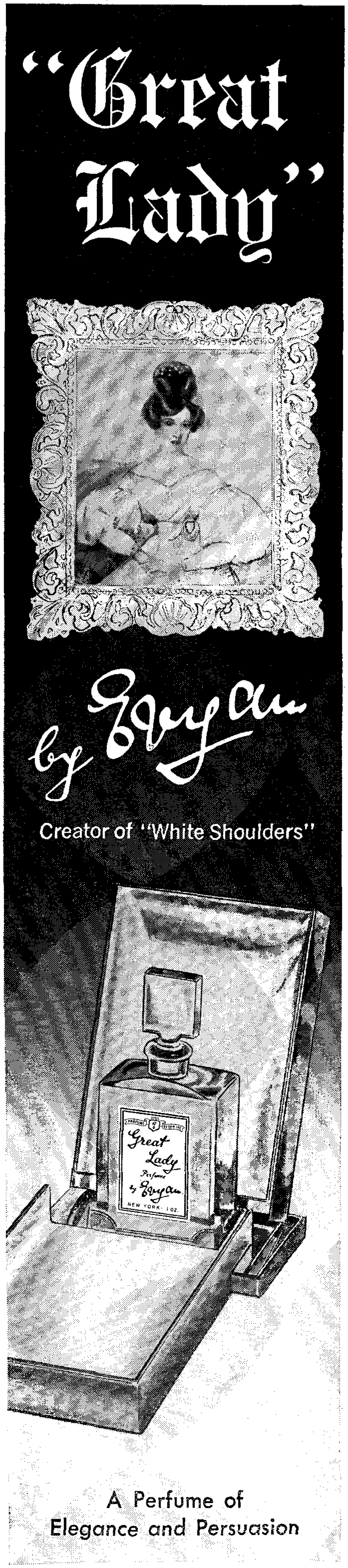
"Great Lady"
by Evyan
Creator of "White Shoulders"
A Perfume of
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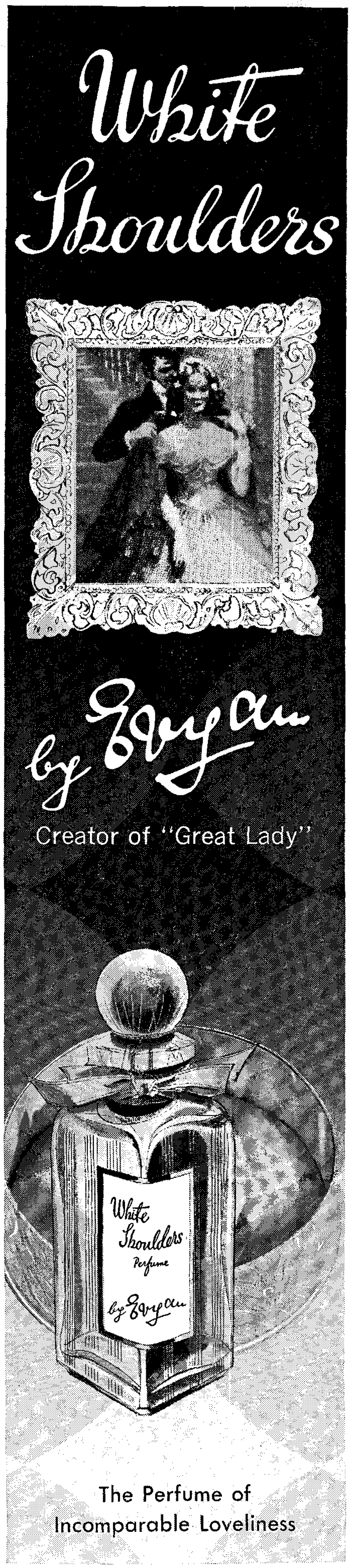
team of sociologists at Ohio State, after going through their own tribal rituals, reached much the same conclusion. The young phone addict, in their view, is "developing his personality," which is probably true enough; the value of that personality is not a scientific question. The Ohio State savants look suspiciously on the teenager who shies away from the instrument; perhaps he is insecure, or perhaps—even worse—he has no friends to call up.

TEENAGERS, according to Gilbert's statistics, spend an average of two and sometimes as many as five hours a day listening (with half an ear, anyway) to the radio and over an hour watching TV, which means, if one adds the time at the telephone, that they put in an appalling number of hours hooked up to some kind of communications machine. Children under twelve are the chief TV watchers. Teenagers prefer the radio, because of their addiction to disc jockeys, and because they can do their homework while the music rocks 'n' rolls.

TEENAGERS now drink more than they did ten years ago. In 1944, Gilbert's agents reported that twenty-nine per cent of the girls they questioned on the subject said they drank beer; the figure has since risen to fifty-nine per cent. Dr. Matthew Chappell, of Hofstra College, reports that eighty-six per cent of all teenagers in Nassau County, on Long Island, drink, as opposed to sixty-four per cent in Racine, Wisconsin, and fifty-six per cent in Sedgwick County, Kansas.

TEENAGERS Go Steady more than they used to. Gilbert estimates that sixty per cent of today's teenagers engage in the practice. Some observers see this trend as one more instance of the dominance of the American male by the American female, on the theory that Going Steady means the imposition of monogamy at an early age. But Gilbert's researches show that, monogamous though it is while it lasts, Going Steady does not usually lead to marriage—or teenagers don't think it does. "GOING STEADY MEANS FOR NOW BUT NOT FOR KEEPS," reads the headline over one of Gilbert's syndicated weekly columns. Still, since Going Steady obviously leads to a closer emotional relationship than miscellaneous dating, there is some reason here for parental concern, especially in the light of a survey of five thousand teenagers that Gilbert made in 1955 for *This*


White Shoulders
by Evyan
Creator of "Great Lady"
The Perfume of
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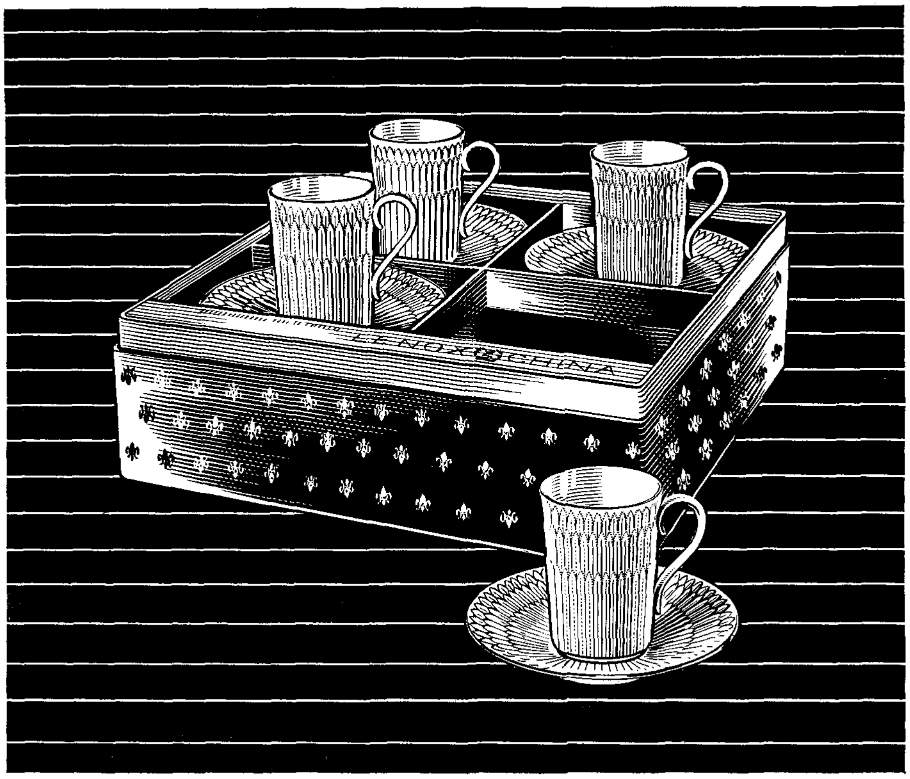
Week. Asked "how far" they thought it was proper for a Going Steady couple to "go," eleven per cent replied "Only kiss," ten per cent replied "Light necking," eighteen per cent replied "Petting," while nearly sixty per cent felt that it was right to do "anything they want." Whatever the reaction of parents to this information, their chances of doing anything effective about it have steadily diminished. "Less than ten years ago," Gilbert notes, "the high-schooler was restricted as to the functions he could attend on school nights and the time he was due home." In 1955, though, Gilbert's samplings indicated that fifty-three per cent of high-school students were allowed to date on school nights, and that twenty-five per cent of these could stay out as late as they liked. The erosion of parental control has been so rapid that quite a few young adults whose dating was closely restricted while they were teenagers have kid brothers and sisters who enjoy almost complete freedom.

New York teenagers are, oddly enough, less sophisticated, or at least less advanced, in regard to sexual behavior than their country cousins. They average 1.3 dates per week, as opposed to 1.9 for teenagers elsewhere, and they go in more for group dating, which is to pairing-off as root beer is to beer. Girls outside New York begin dating at fourteen, New York girls at fifteen.

TEENAGERS are surprisingly ignorant of the Bible. A recent Gilbert column, summarizing the results of a poll, said, "Less than 30 per cent could manage a passing mark on a grade-school-level Bible test." Only three in ten of those questioned knew about Doubting Thomas, less than half knew that Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, not one in ten could identify Pontius Pilate, and not one in fifteen knew who saw the handwriting on the wall or who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Almost a third didn't know that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Three-fourths of the Jews and Protestants interviewed didn't consider themselves "religious" and didn't go to synagogue or church regularly. Three-fourths of the Catholics did go to church, but their scores on the Bible test were not appreciably better.

TEENAGERS are not much interested in political issues. This is partly because they can't vote, but only partly. In 1956, Gilbert found that only two out of every five college students eligible to vote planned to do so, and



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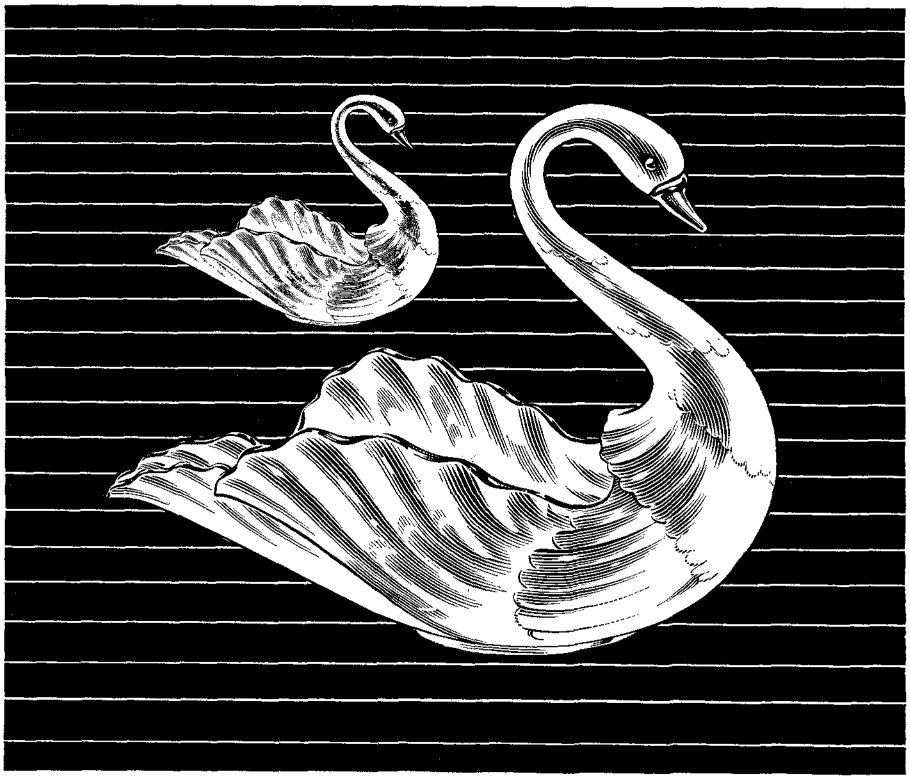

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other investigations have shown that this lack of interest is even more pronounced among their immediate juniors. In 1957, the Purdue Opinion Panel invited teenagers to express themselves, anonymously, on whatever problems were bothering them, and of two thousand-odd letters received, just one mentioned the atomic bomb. Ironically, political apathy is one of the few areas in which teenagers follow their elders' lead. Little more than half the electorate bothers to vote, even in important elections, and a 1954 survey that Professor Samuel A. Stouffer, of Harvard, made for the Fund for the Republic—its results were published as a book entitled "Communism, Conformity and Civil Liberties"—showed in detail that our adults care little about questions broader than their personal lives and interests. The Stouffer survey also showed that a good part of the Bill of Rights is rejected by a high percentage of American adults. A bare majority said yes when asked "If a person wanted to make a speech in your community favoring government ownership of all the railroads and big industries, should he be allowed to speak, or not?" and sixty per cent wanted to deny free speech to irreligious speakers, with sixty-eight per cent opposing it for "an admitted Communist." Here, too, the teenagers lamentably follow their elders' lead. They are curiously willing to let "the government" restrict civil liberties—curiously, that is, considering their own resistance to control. Gilbert reports that one out of three teenagers "approves of a central government agency to act as censor" and that almost half of all teenagers think the police should be allowed to tap telephones in order to get evidence against suspected criminals and "radicals"—two repressive measures that are so far just a

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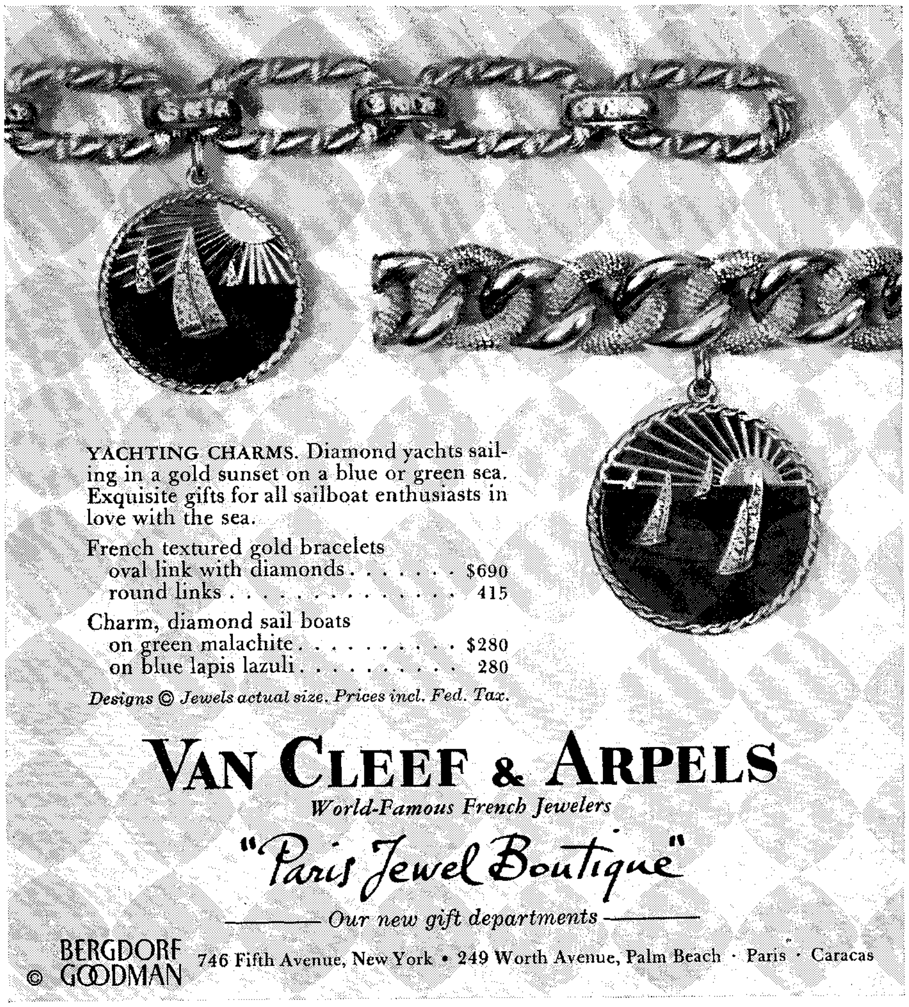

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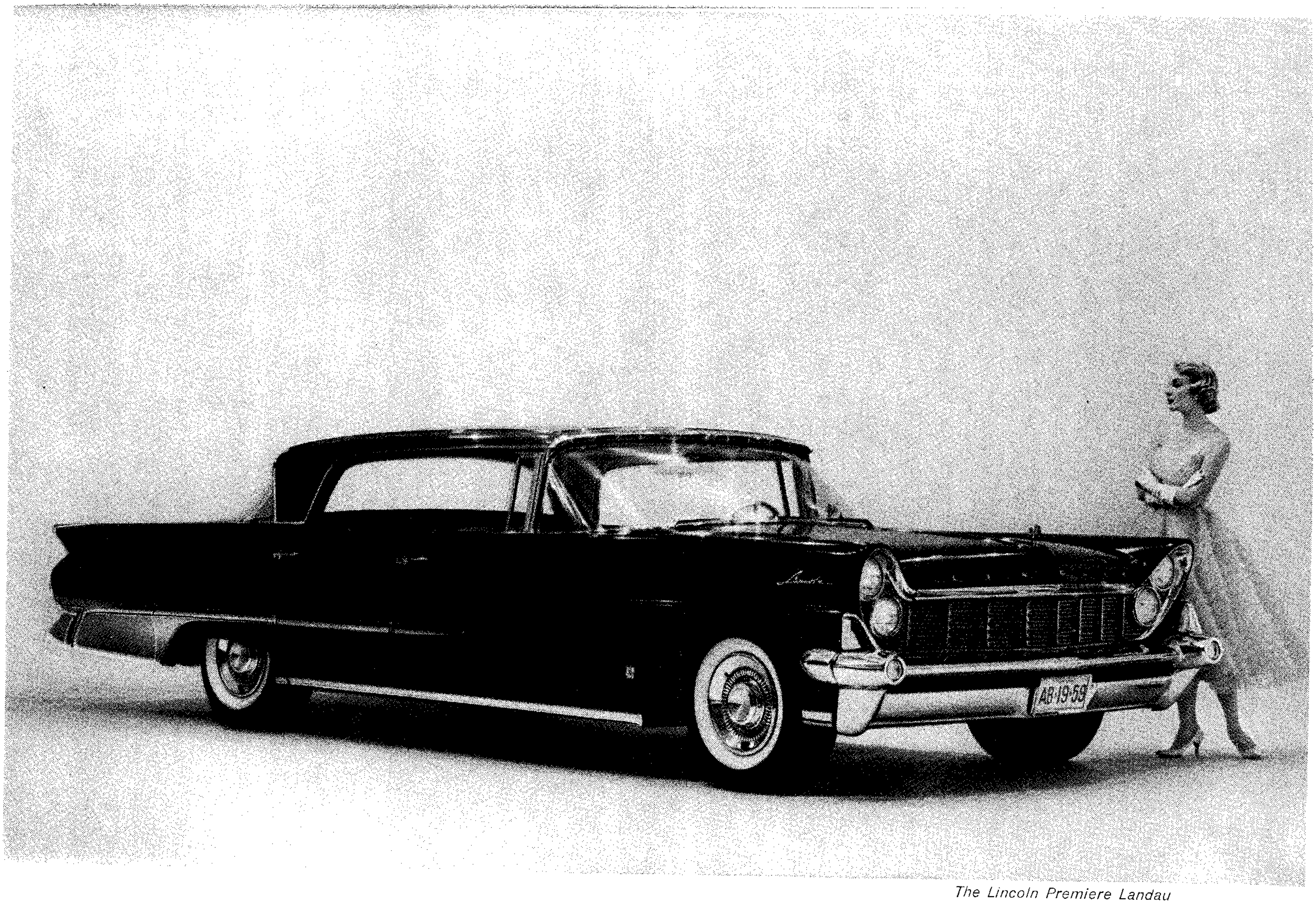

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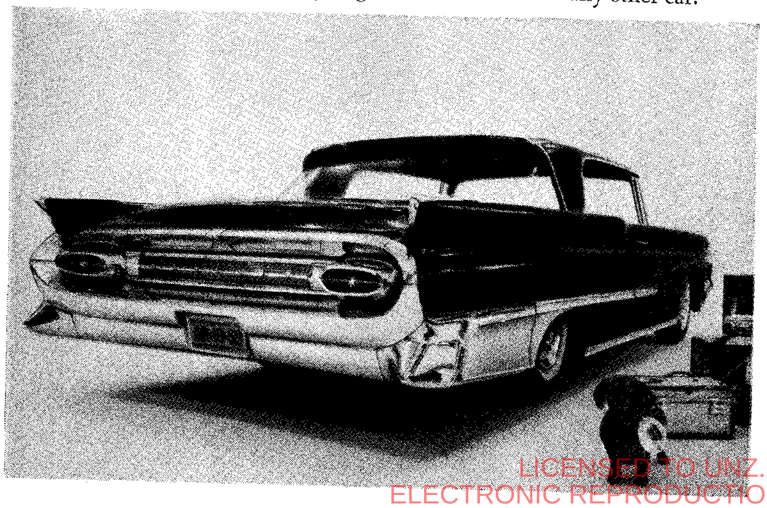

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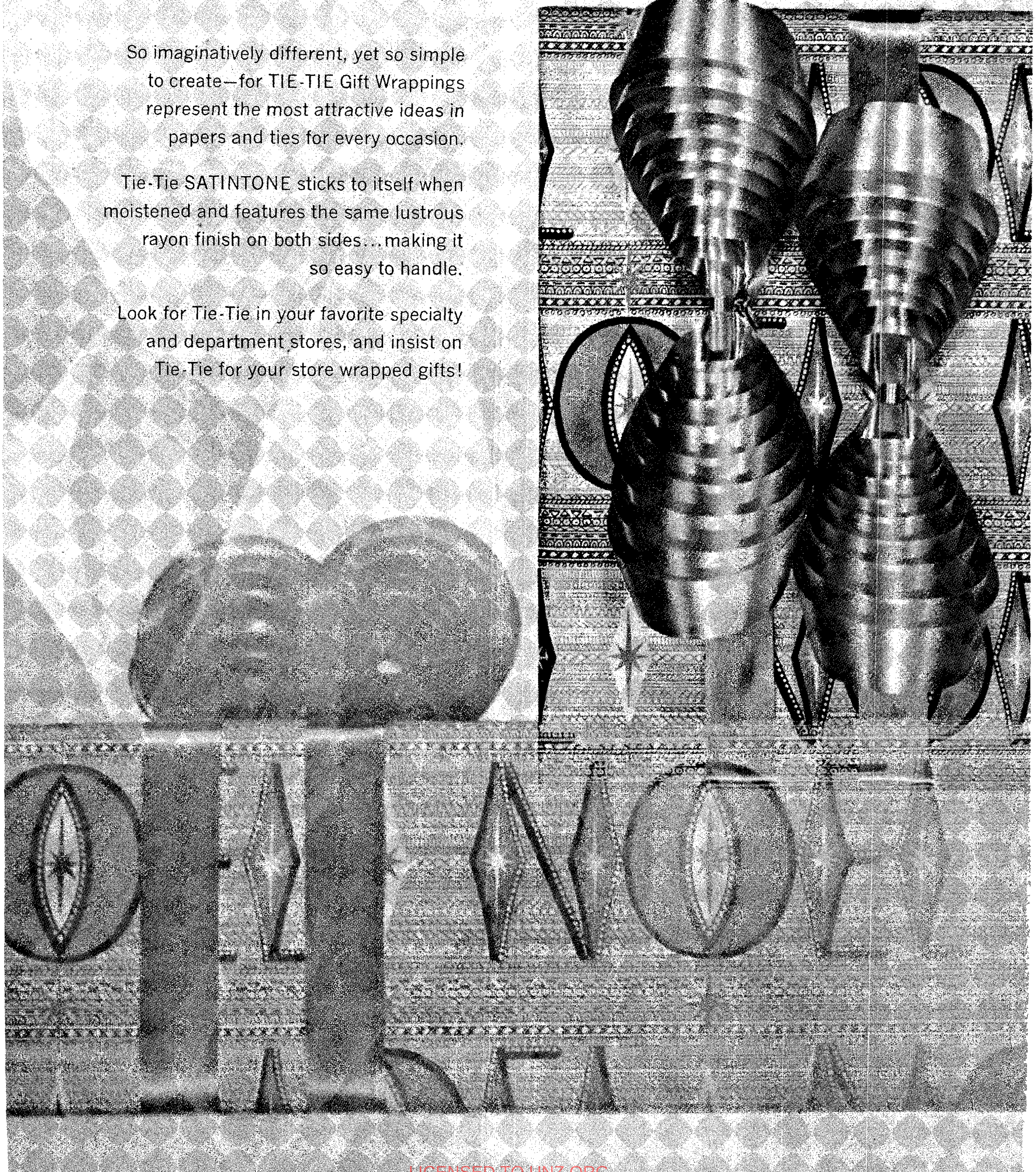
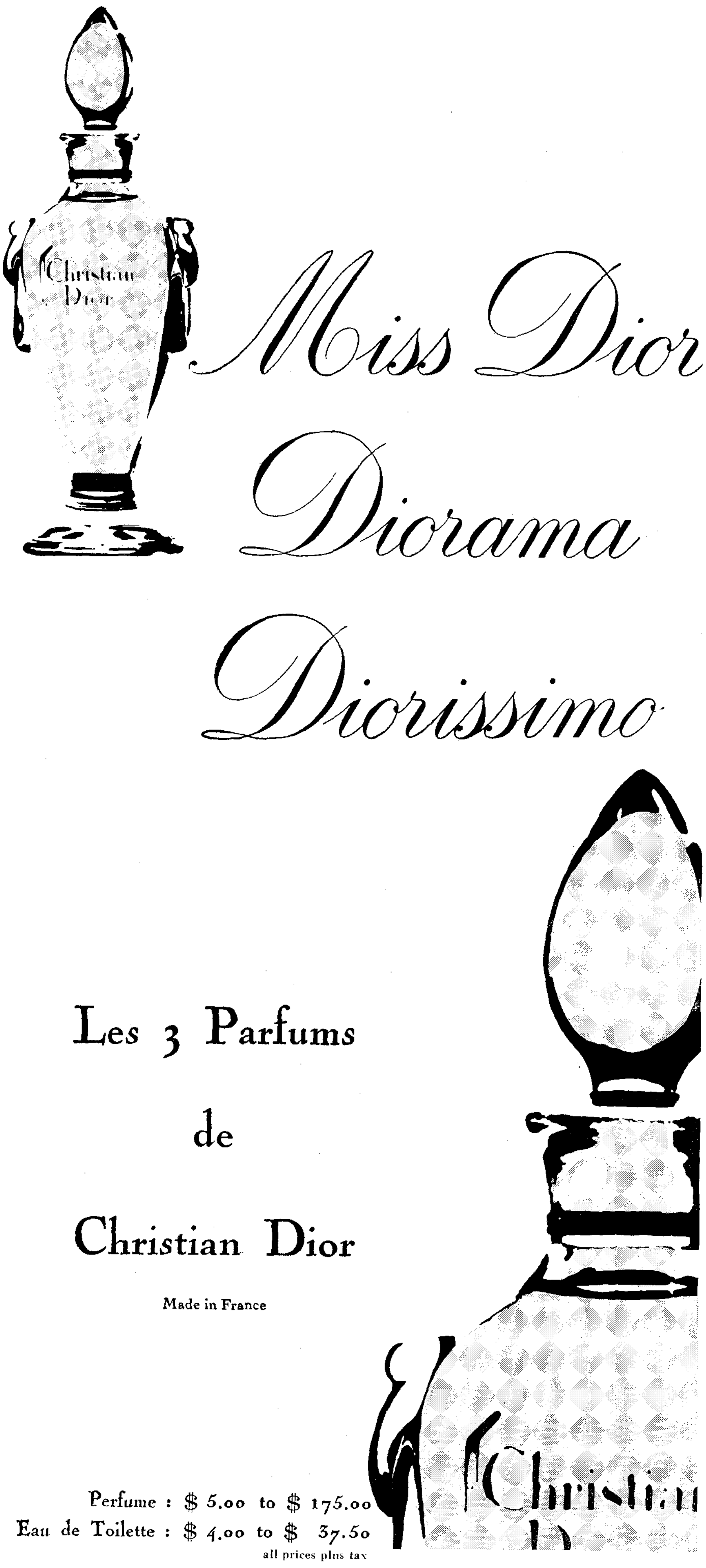


gleam in some senator's eye. Similarly, Purdue found that forty-one per cent of teenagers did not favor freedom of the press, thirty-four per cent thought that "the government should prohibit some people from making speeches," and fifty-eight per cent believed that "the police or the F.B.I. may sometimes be right in giving a man the 'third degree' to make him talk."

What is puzzling—or would have been puzzling a generation ago—is that in teenagers these illiberal opinions do not appear to be connected with any strong belief in the capitalist status quo. Quite the contrary, as Gilbert sadly observes in his book:

> In general, free enterprise, business and industry have been unsuccessful in convincing youth of the positive factors of their contribution to the nation's economy, although tens of millions of dollars have already been spent to acquaint youth with the structure involved in business operations. [He is referring to pamphlets and other material given free to schools by business firms.] The paucity of youth's information was made abundantly clear through a survey of high-school seniors. The results . . . were reported by the National Better Business Bureau. . . .
>
> Only 39% believed that "keeping the profit incentive alive" is essential to survival of our system.
>
> 79% said that most of the gains from new machinery go to the owners.
>
> 55% believed that the basic principle of Marxism, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need," was a valid basis for an economic system.
>
> 82% said the United States does not have competition in business.
>
> 60% said a worker should not produce all he could.

Assuming that those questioned were neither socialists nor anarchists—an assumption warranted by their views on civil liberties—one is inclined to conclude that American youth is as cynical in the fifties as it was idealistic in the thirties. Conformism also plays some part. "American teenagers," Remmers and Radler write, "show substantial class differences in many aspects of their behavior, problems, and aspirations, but in their desire for popularity and their conformist attitude, they are as one. . . . [The] most striking and consistent fact that has emerged from our polls [is] the phenomenon of . . . extreme sensitivity to the opinions of others, with a concomitant conformity." Conformists are not likely to be much concerned about minority rights. How deep the passion for conformity goes in our teenagers, at least in words, is revealed by the response that the Purdue panel got to the proposition "Obedience and respect for authority are the most important habits for children to learn." Three out of



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four agreed. Even odder was the discovery, by Gilbert's interviewers, that eight out of ten teenagers questioned were in favor of the draft—or said they were.

TEENAGERS—male—devote a good deal of their energy to working on and driving hot-rod automobiles, but by no means all teenage males are hot-rodders; the expense alone precludes that. Some months ago, a Michigan hot-rodder, feeling that Gilbert had abused the term in one of his weekly columns, set him right:

> Do you know what a real Hot-Rodder is? . . . In answer you would say, "Surely, I do. A Hot-Rodder is a young, irresponsible hoodlum from the ages of 15 to 21. He drives an old beat-up jalopy with a 'souped-up' motor."
>
> I know differently. In our own association, Central Michigan Timing Association, the Rodders range in age from 14 to 58—50% of them being over 21.
>
> A Hot-Rodder is a hobbyist whose mind turns to automobiles. He doesn't build an engine for all out speed but for peak efficiency, a far cry from engines off the production line. He is an auto enthusiast who . . . someday hopes to unveil to the public the true meaning of the word HOT-ROD.

One of Gilbert's clients—Robert Petersen, a relaxed, friendly, crew-cut young Californian—has made a publishing career out of unveiling this meaning. Ten years ago, Petersen, who is the same age as Gilbert, launched *Hot Rod*, which he claims was the first magazine in this country to be edited exclusively for drivers, rather than manufacturers and sellers, of automobiles, and he has since added five related magazines to his string—*Motor Trend*, *Motor Life*, *Car Craft*, *Rod & Custom*, and *Custom Cars*. The combined monthly circulation of the six now comes to a million and a half, which, together with a circulation of two hundred thousand copies for *'Teen*, the newest Petersen monthly, yields him a gross of six and a half million dollars a year. "The young American male has only one real interest—his car," says Petersen, who claims that more of that species read his magazines than read *Life* or the *Saturday Evening Post*. But while there are, of course, thousands of teenagers who are sufficiently well off or sufficiently resourceful, or both, to assemble and maintain a hot rod, probably more than half of the actual owners of such cars are elderly males of twenty-five or thirty. Usually there is a constellation of five or six teenagers revolving, like planets, around each car, the older boys helping the owner with

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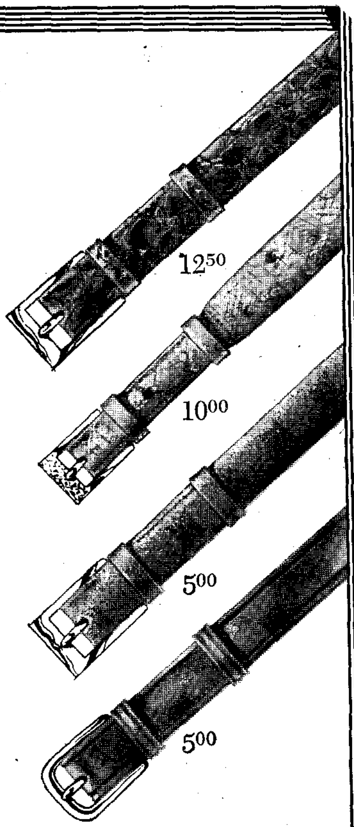

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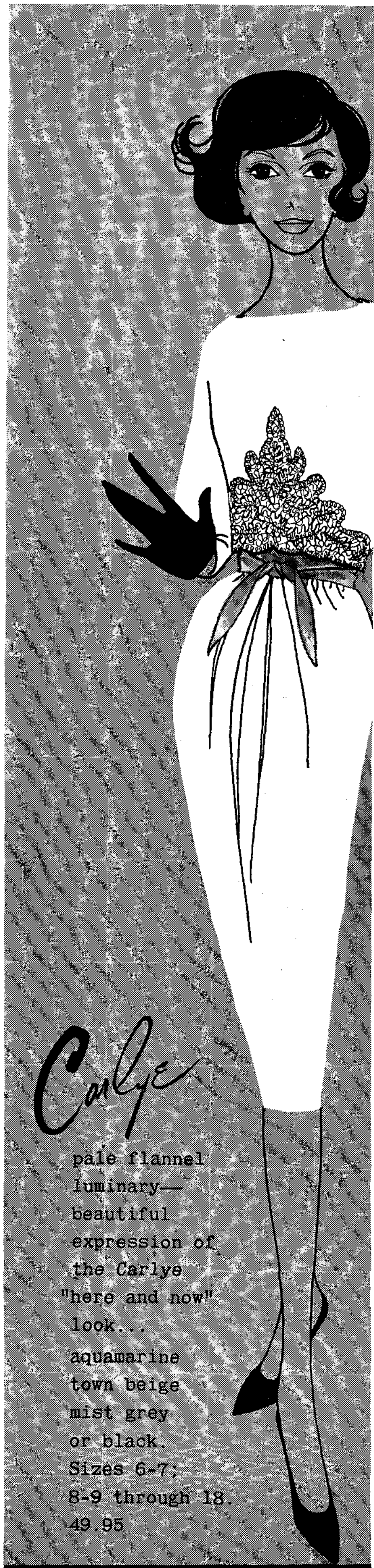

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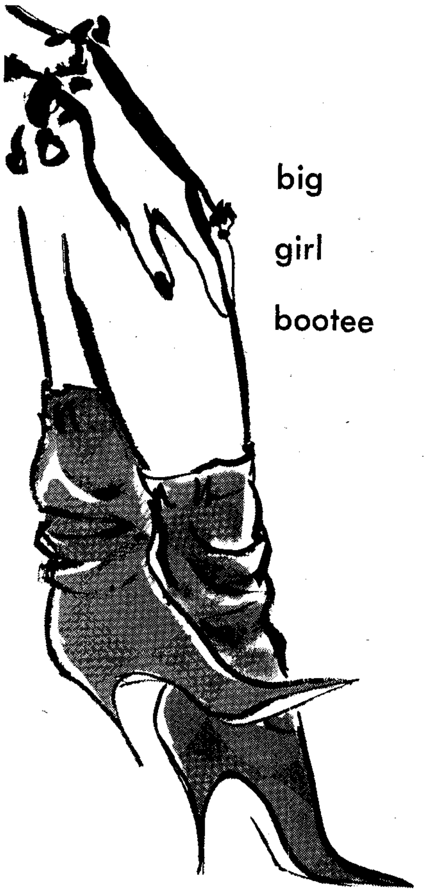
his endless tinkering, the younger ones running errands. The owner and his satellites all ride around together in the car, take their dates out in it, and collectively belong to one of the scores of hot-rod clubs that have grown up in the last half-dozen years—largely through the efforts of Petersen and of Wally Parks, who is the editor of *Hot Rod* and the president of the National Hot Rod Association. The two men started the Association in 1951, as a rehabilitation measure; hot-rodders were racing on the public highways, getting arrested and getting killed. The Association has promoted the building of special "drag strips" for racing and has encouraged civic virtue among hot-rodders. The members of some of the clubs actually patrol the roads, looking for motorists in trouble. When they have done what they can for them, they roar off, leaving a printed card: "YOU HAVE BEEN HELPED BY MEMBERS OF THE SUPERJET RODS"—or whatever the club's name is. It makes an impression.

TEENAGERS are the most assiduous moviegoers in the population, and their tastes are taken seriously in Hollywood. "NEED STARS WITH A COKE-SET DRAW," a headline in *Variety* read not long ago. They even have their own special kinds of films. Mostly Grade B or C productions, these fall into three categories: teenage problems, rock 'n' roll, and horror. Teenagers are the subjects of the first ("Hot Rod Rumble," "Juvenile Jungle," "Live Fast, Die Young," "High School Confidential"), the heroes of the second ("Rock Around the Clock," "Jailhouse Rock," "The Cool and the Crazy"), and the victim-villains of the third ("Blood of Dracula," "I Was a Teenage Werewolf," "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein"). A moral peculiarity of all these films is that it is never quite clear how the audience is supposed to feel about the dramatis personae, since everybody, admirable or despicable, behaves the same way—tough, sexy, jive-talking, and generally hopped up. This ambiguity may reflect the teenager's own confusion as to whether he's a Good Guy or a Bad Guy—or, more exciting and romantic, both at the same time. It certainly reflects the instinct of Hollywood to have it both ways, pleasing the P.-T.A. as well as the Problem Child. In "High School Confidential," the hero begins as a villain—insulting the teachers, threatening the boys with his switchblade and the girls with his Presley stare, pushing dope in the locker room—but



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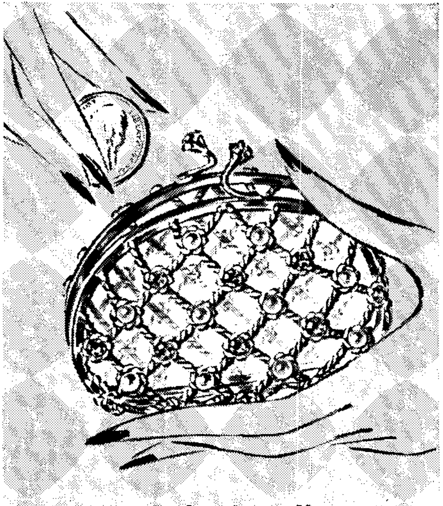

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in the last reel it turns out he's working for the F.B.I. Master Hyde, meet Young Dr. Jekyll.

The formula gets its ultimate twist in the enormously successful teenage horror films. ("I Was a Teenage Werewolf" cost less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make and so far has taken in over two million.) In these, there are two villains—one of them an adult scientist who is responsible for his acts, the other his helpless instrument, an innocent bystander (teenage), whom he transforms into a monster. The teenage moviegoers can thus blame everything on the grownups who have created them—a symbolism too obvious to be called Freudian. In "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein" (at last reports, it was doing even better than "Werewolf"), a mad scientist, carefully identified as British, causes considerable havoc in an American college town by carpentering together a Being out of parts of recently deceased teenagers, much as a car is assembled in Detroit. Since the scientist wants physical perfection, he will accept only teenage corpses—a rather crude bit of audience flattery. Dr. Frankenstein hopes to achieve world renown, and possibly a Nobel Prize, with this superman, or superteenager, who is also called Frankenstein—a new high in the abuse of Mrs. Shelley's original concept. The Being is presented as a wistful creature who, like other teenagers, longs only to be accepted by the Coke-and-marijuana crowd. As a means to this end, he wants a new face—naturally enough, considering what happened to his old face in a fatal automobile accident that, by a diabolical (or perhaps providential) chance, took place just outside Doc Frankenstein's laboratory, in the basement of Old McCollum Hall. After the Being has killed two other teenagers—a blond coed, whom he

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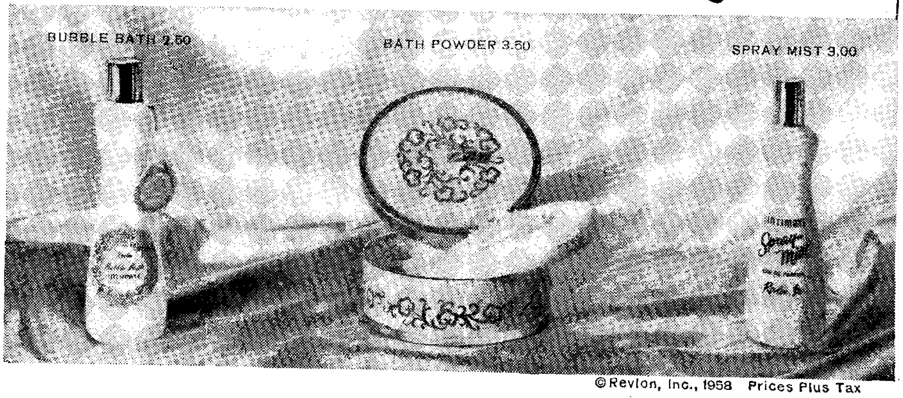

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strangles when she fails to respond to his advances, and a handsome youth, whose face is needed as a spare part—the film ends, not unexpectedly, with the murder of Frankenstein (doctor) by Frankenstein (monster).

In "Blood of Dracula," the victim-villainess is a sensitive, spirited girl who, after her mother dies and her father marries a particularly loathsome blonde, is shipped off to boarding school. There she falls under the (literally) hypnotic spell of a masterful lady science teacher, who aspires to put an end to the manufacture of atomic bombs by molding her pupil into a creature of such unmitigated evil that the world will "wake up" and "outlaw war." The logic is not wholly lucid, but neither is the lady science teacher. The girl leads a miserable life, getting way behind in her homework and sprouting fangs whenever the teacher broadcasts to her telepathically. She finds that study and vampirism just don't mix. After several of her schoolmates have perished, with appropriate screams, the girl ends the film in classic style by disposing of her teacher and herself.

One might be inclined to think that Mr. Herman Cohen, the enterprising entrepreneur who produced both these films, as well as "Werewolf," was not an outstanding benefactor of youth. This, however, would be a superficial view, according to Dr. Martin Grotjahn, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, who regards horror films as a form of "self-administered psychiatric therapy for America's adolescents." Dr. Grotjahn, as quoted in *Variety*, is quite positive about it:

> Certain childhood anxieties never die. Fear of ghosts, fear of witches, fear of the dark, the sinister and the mysteriously terrible—these stay with the adolescent. There are three ways to overcome these anxieties: psychoanalysis, nightmares . . . and terror movies. . . . [In terror movies] old childhood anxieties are activated, given life and a form of objective reality on the screen, and then dispelled.

A concurring opinion has been submitted by Dr. Marshall Wheeler, director of research for the Reiss-Davis Clinic for Child Guidance, in Los Angeles: "Our modern Frankenstein movies are no more terrifying to a child than such Biblical stories as the whale devouring Jonah or Daniel in the lions' den." Whether it dispels or reinforces anxieties to inspect at close range every crevasse in a seared human face, and whether Jonah and Daniel are strictly comparable to Master

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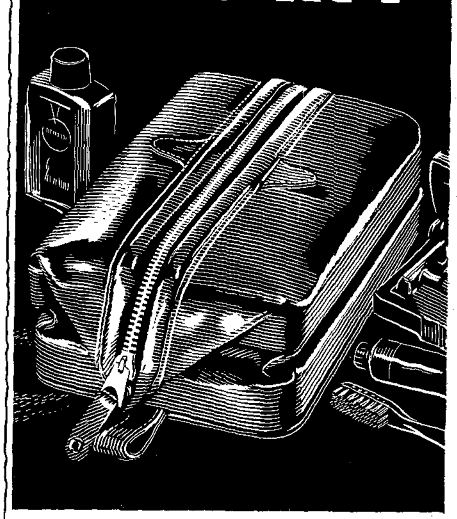

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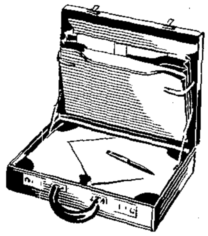

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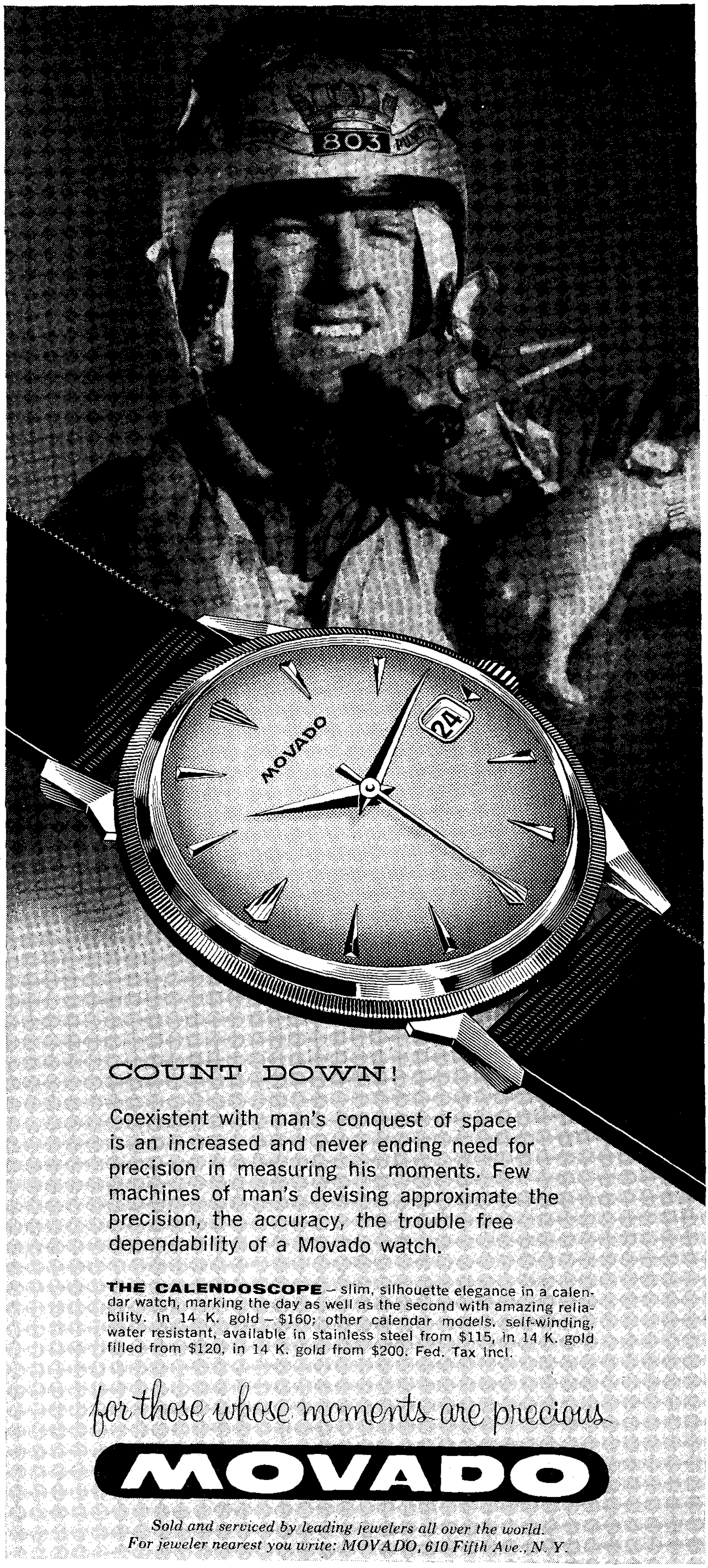
Frankenstein and Miss Dracula—since, after all, the former pair came through intact—are matters best left to the professors. Meanwhile, Mr. Cohen, who, in the interests of scientific knowledge, saw to it that the press received the opinions of Drs. Grotjahn and Wheeler, is continuing his healing mission. Last summer, he released "How to Make a Monster" and then left for London to produce another psychiatric film—"Horrors of the Black Museum," in full color.

ABOVE all, teenagers rock 'n' roll—the very term is orthographically unsettling. Here teenism reaches its climax, or its nadir—at any rate, its least inhibited expression. Here one may observe in their purest forms the teenagers' defiance of adult control, their dominance of certain markets, their tendency to set themselves up as a caste, and the tribal rituals and special dialect they have evolved. "The Big Beat is here to stay. The music market, for the first time in history, is completely dominated by the young set." So wrote Mr. Charles Laufer, editor of *'Teen*. In a later issue, a couple of tribesmen responded from Danbury, Connecticut: "We *absolutely*, *positively* agree that rock 'n' roll *has* to be here to stay. It's *our* music! The older generation has a tendency to go for classical music and standards. They have their place but so does rock 'n' roll, so why do they knock the beat? Rock 'n' roll is our way of showing how we feel. Fast music is a way of keeping up with the pace of the world. The world will be ours in a few years—so why fight it?" This tocsin rings ominously in adult ears, which find rock 'n' roll even less interesting musically than the insipid ballads that Crosby and Sinatra crooned to earlier generations of adolescents. It seems to consist of nothing but a simple beat and lots of noise; submerged in the pounding surf of rhythm, the tune is as hard to find as it is in Schoenberg. Sigmund Spaeth has described rock 'n' roll as "a reversion to savagery." Mitch Miller, director of Columbia Records' popular-music division, calls it "musical baby food" and explains its vogue with the Gilbertian phrase (W. S., not Eugene) "the worship of mediocrity, brought about by a passion for conformity."

Almost the only adult—except the adults making money from it—who regards rock 'n' roll as something more than a pain in the neck is the British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, who published some speculations on the



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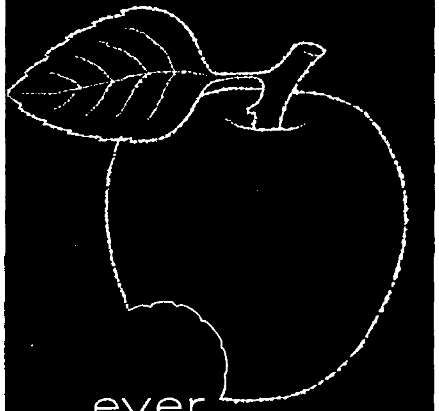
subject in the magazine *Encounter* about a year ago. While he agreed that rock 'n' roll is musically dull ("remarkable only for its resolute rejection of the rhythmic complications and subtleties of jazz and ragtime"), he saw in the craze a great deal more than mere foolishness or perversity. Taking off from Nietzsche's contrast between Apollonian and Dionysian types (in the former "the values are order and proportion," in the latter "sensation and self-abandonment"), he suggested that rock 'n' roll is a Dionysian revolt against a predominantly Apollonian society, an instinctive effort to redress a balance that has swung too far from spontaneity, ecstasy, and "the full use . . . of the striped muscles":

> By their very nature, complex industrial societies must emphasize and stress the Apollonian characteristics of their populations. Urban civilization and machinofacture depend increasingly on the population exercising self-control, both physical and mental; the replacement of animal strength by industrial power has meant that there are increasingly fewer occasions when workers in any industry can go "all out" physically. . . . In the factory or workshop, on the roads, even in most homes with their delicate gadgets, constant watchfulness is necessary. . . .
>
> The peculiarity of rock 'n' roll as a dance form is the extent to which it employs large and energetic movements of the arms and legs, movements from the shoulder and hip. . . . It is, in short, a Dionysiac type of dancing. . . . There are, however, many "cultic" elements in the present rock 'n' roll craze, including an esoteric vocabulary not meant to be understandable by the profane ("squares"), quasi-compulsive dancing whenever the appropriate music is heard, however inappropriate the place (strictly analogous to the *m'deup* dancers of Senegal who have to be forcibly carried out of ear-shot of the drums of their special cult), and ecstatically appreciated leaders—singers or orchestral conductors. . . .
>
> Modern technology, humanism, and humanitarianism all tend towards a fairly undifferentiated "classless" middleclass welfare state under the aegis of rational planning, and it seemed as though Apollo had completely conquered; but perhaps for the younger workers, who have never known personal insecurity, Dionysus is returning in his most traditional guise, the violent dance which leads to trance and ecstasy.

One of the many reasons adults dislike rock 'n' roll is that it has largely driven other kinds of popular music off the airwaves. The disc jockeys play only the most popular records (the Top Twenty is the usual formula), and because their largest and most enthusiastic audience is teenage, rock 'n' roll seems to pound out twenty-four hours a day. There are now some three thousand disc jockeys—it is hard to believe that before



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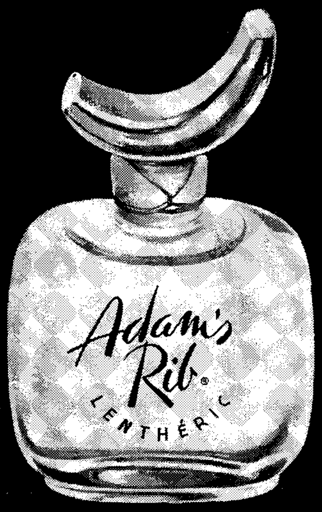

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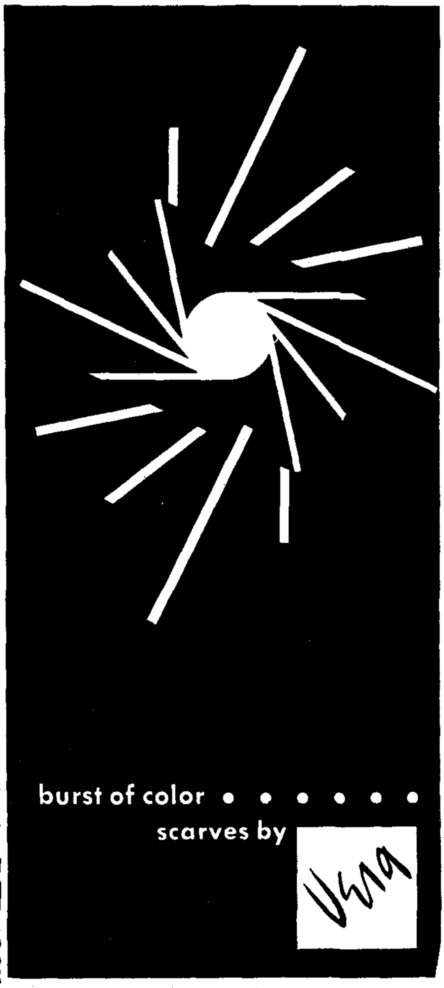

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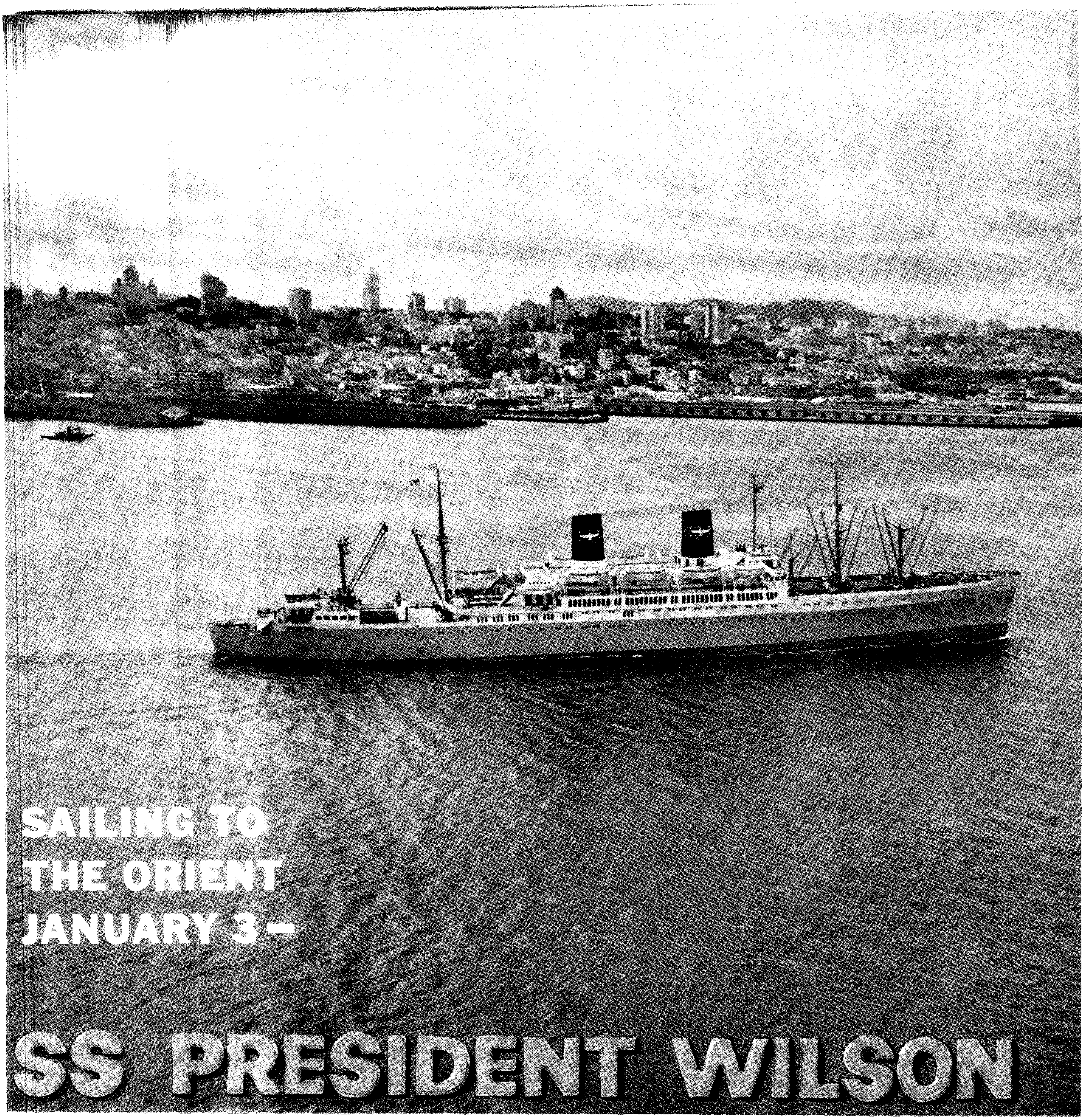

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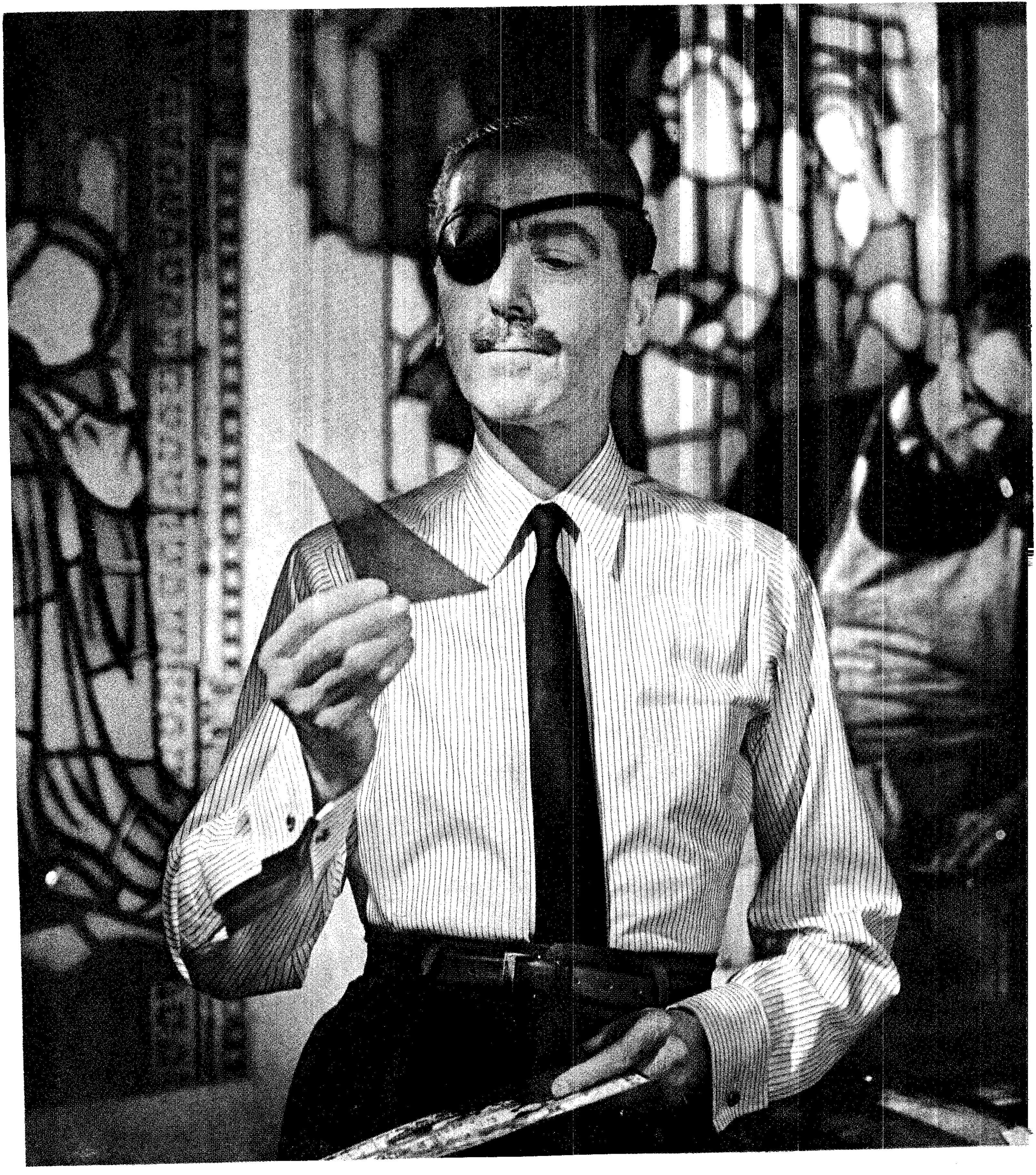

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1935, when Martin Block invented the art form, there wasn't a single one—and they are a powerful force in the music market. Mr. Miller, of Columbia Records, thinks they have abused their power. Not long ago, he spoke bluntly to a convention of disc jockeys: "You went and abdicated your programming to the eight-to-fourteen-year-olds, to the pre-shave crowd that makes up twelve per cent of the country's population and zero per cent of its buying power, once you eliminate pony-tail ribbons, Popsicles, and peanut brittle. Youth must be served—but how about some music for the rest of us?" What Eugene Gilbert had to say about the zero per cent and the peanut brittle, in a heavily statistical letter to the editor of *Time*, which had quoted from Miller's speech, may be imagined. He has recently got into the disc-jockey act himself; newspapers subscribing to his weekly A.P. column also receive a list of the week's Top Twenty records, as established and certified by Eugene Gilbert.

In the record business, the situation is better, from the adult's standpoint, even though teenagers have muscled in heavily there, too. The business is booming. In 1939, it grossed seven and a half million dollars, and last year it grossed over four hundred million. Teenagers are largely responsible for the fantastic inflation of the number of labels, from the three companies that did most of the 1939 business to over a thousand today; a new company can be founded on one best-selling record by some hitherto unknown teenage "composer," who generally sings his own opus, with suitable guitar plonkings. But although teenagers, shepherded by the disc jockey, strongly influence the record business, they don't dominate it. Records, like books, can be made for comparatively small groups of customers—in contrast to the mass audience of radio and television—and the grownups still have a fighting chance. Surprisingly, classical L.P.s account for about the same proportion—one-quarter—of to-

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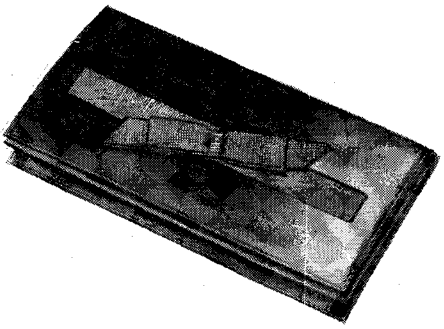
tal record sales as single pop records, a category that includes almost all rock-’n’-roll releases. Pop L.P.s—show tunes, jazz, and so on—come to about forty per cent of the total, and the remaining ten per cent is divided among such categories as country music, hymns, and poetry readings. Teenagers, of course, don’t buy rock ’n’ roll exclusively; a major record company recently told Gilbert’s researchers that teenagers bought not only ninety per cent of its single records, as one might expect, but also half its L.P.s.

Perhaps the chief adult objection to rock ’n’ roll is to the sexy nature of the lyrics—*Variety* calls them “leerics”—and of the bumps and grinds executed by certain singers. The sexual overtones are odd, considering that the rock-’n’-roll audience is now believed to lie mostly between the ages of eight and fifteen—much younger than the crowd that listened to the crooners twenty years ago. Perhaps this is another instance of the striking tendency of the young in America to mature—or, anyway, to act independently of adult control—at an increasingly early age. The damage, however, may be less than alarmed parents fear. For all its Dionysian verve, rock-’n’-roll dancing is curiously sexless. “Despite the pelvic contortions of a few singers, and the double meanings in the words of some lyrics,” Mr. Gorer writes, “I should consider rock ’n’ roll the least sexual type of social dancing which Europe has seen in the last couple of centuries; instead of a stylisation of courtship and wooing, there is practically no physical contact nor opportunity for conversation; the dance can only be performed if the pair are in good rapport before they step on to the dance floor.” The accuracy of this analysis may be verified by a look at a current television hit show—Dick Clark’s “American Bandstand,” in which young Mr. Clark, a former disc jockey, presides over the revels of a roomful of teenagers, who rock ’n’ roll to songs like “Skinny Minnie” (“She ain’t skinny, she’s tall, that’s all”). The show has eight million look ’n’ listeners, half of them adults (another example of the blurring of age lines), and provokes forty-five thousand letters a week, or the equivalent of four people sitting down to write Mr. Clark every minute of the day and night—God knows what about.

Teenagers not only consume rock ’n’ roll but also create it, or think they do. Quite a few of its composers and performers are not much older than their



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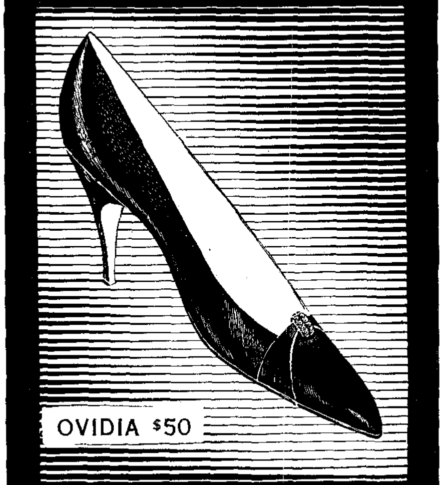

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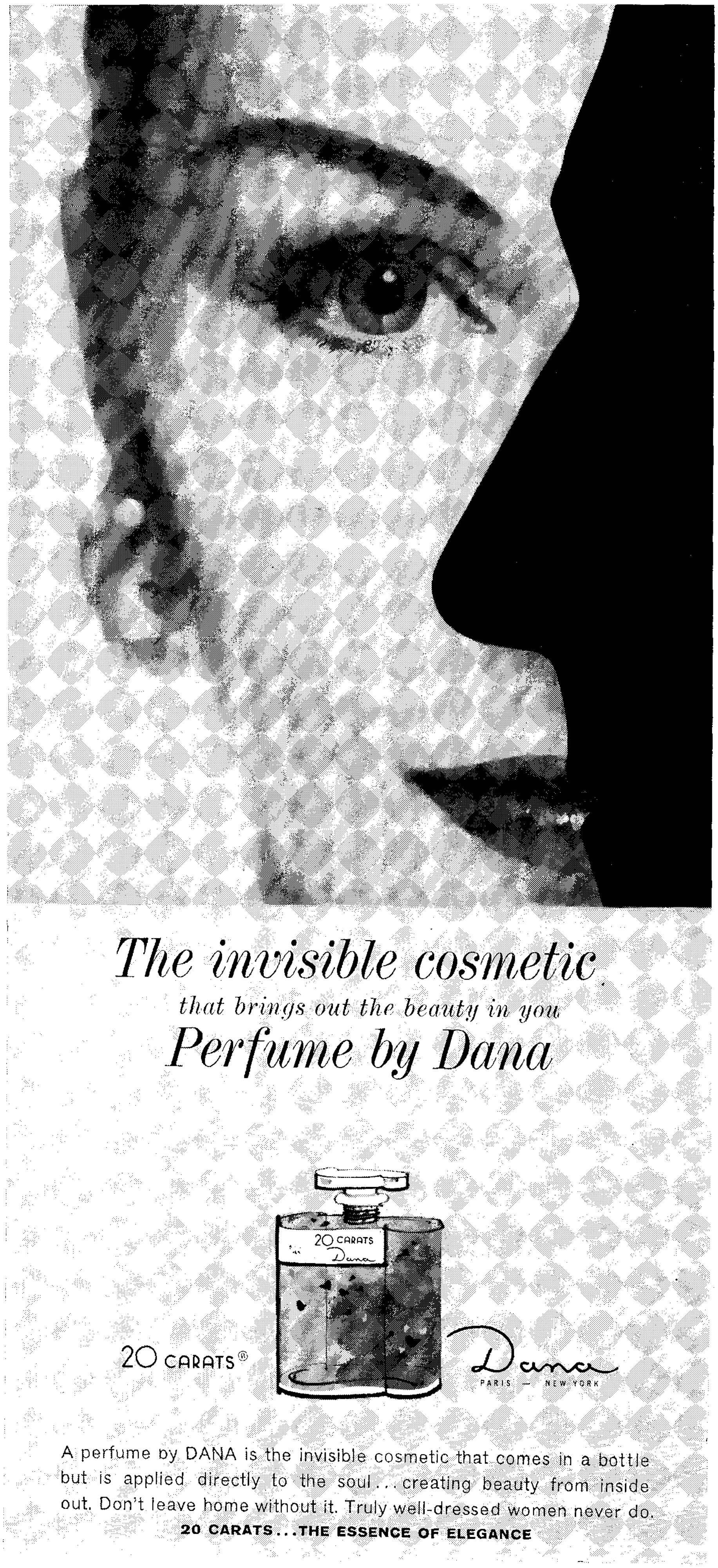
fans. "The kids don't want recognized stars doing *their* music. They don't want real professionals. They want faceless young people doing it in order to retain the feeling that it's their own." This observation, by the implacable Mr. Miller, is undeniable. Rock 'n' roll is the teenage frontier, the "career open to talent," the jackpot that capriciously pays off to a few members of the tribe. There is eighteen-year-old Ricky Nelson, who, after years of stooging on his parents' "Ozzie and Harriet" radio and television shows, took up his guitar and made a record of "Be-Bop Baby" that sold more than a million. There are those seventeen-year-old twins from Hicksville, Long Island, Jim and John Cunningham, who write their own songs, use their friends as a testing bureau, and market the approved numbers—which they sing themselves—to millions of their fellow-teenagers. There is that fourteen-year-old English boy improbably named Laurie London, whose recent American tour was a great success; his big record hit, another million-seller, is a version of the Negro spiritual "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." Before London came along, the song was mostly identified with Marian Anderson. "I've never heard her sing it, but I'd like to," he says. "My treatment is of a nice pop song with a beat." Miss Anderson, who *has* heard London sing it, says merely, "It was not meant to be this way." In a higher age bracket, but typical, because of the suddenness with which he hit the jackpot—and because of the random quality of his success, no more explicable on the ground of personal talent than the success of any other slot-machine player—is the twenty-four-year-old singer Jimmie Rodgers, who a year or so ago was getting hamburger money by collecting Coke bottles in the back alleys of Los Angeles, and who is now making about two hundred thousand dollars a year. He has a pleasant voice, a good sense of rhythm, and average skill with the guitar; unable to read music, he started out by memorizing songs as they came over his car radio. One imagines an even less musically literate troubadour preparing his repertoire by sitting in *his* car and listening to Mr. Rodgers coming over the airwaves, and so on, like that unsettling baking-powder label with a picture of the can on it, which bears the picture of another can, et cetera ad infinitum.

"The feeling that it's their own," mentioned by Mr. Miller, is largely an illusion. The Children's Crusade undoubtedly threw up some inspired teen-



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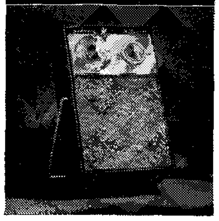

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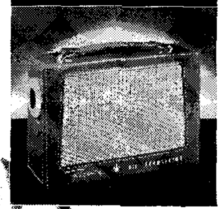

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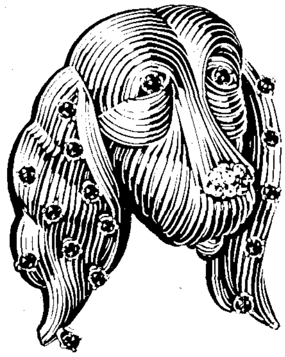
age leaders, but the very notion of a crusade came from the grownups. Similarly, a fifteen-year-old may write or sing a rock-'n'-roll number, but, whether he knows it or not, his elders have been there before him. The term was coined by an adult disc jockey, Alan Freed—still a high priest of rock 'n' roll—who in 1949 began plugging, on Station WJW, in Cleveland, what were then called "race records;" that is, "rhythm" and "blues" numbers that appealed especially to Negroes. Freed thought whites might also go for this kind of music if it had a broader name, so he called his program "The Moondog Rock 'n' Roll Party." (The original Moondog, a Times Square personage, eventually enjoined him from using that name, but no one has contested his right to "Rock 'n' Roll.") In 1952, Freed gave the first of several Moondog Balls, in the Cleveland Arena—or, rather, he intended to do so. The Arena has a capacity of ten thousand, and thirty thousand showed up, the result being a mild riot, no ball, and lots of publicity. In 1954, Freed made his first rock-'n'-roll broadcast over WINS, in New York, and the following year he gave two dances at the St. Nicholas Arena, into which seven thousand teenagers, or double the hall's capacity, jammed each time. In 1956, Columbia released the first rock-'n'-roll movie, "Rock Around the Clock," starring Freed. In 1957, Freed put on a Christmas show at the New York Paramount, and it drew the biggest crowds in that theatre's history. There are now said, by not disinterested observers, to be four thousand Alan Freed Clubs here and abroad, and Freed is said, by the same observers, to receive ten thousand fan letters a week. Last spring, he finished up a New England tour with a rock-'n'-roll party at the Boston Arena that worked on its audience of five thousand to such effect that after the show they not only tore the neighborhood apart but stabbed, robbed, and/or beat fifteen persons. Freed was indicted for inciting "the unlawful destruction of property," and Boston and several other cities banned rock-'n'-roll shows thenceforward. Apollo had struck back at Dionysus, as he had in London a bit earlier, when the normally well-behaved British teenagers were stirred by "Rock Around the Clock" to dancing in the aisles, and even in the streets. Their behavior, venial by American standards, caused a scandal; there were a few arrests and more than a few letters to the *Times*.

The great symbol of rock 'n' roll, of



CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Beguiling jeweled dog pin, designed in strands of eighteen karat gold with ruby eyes, a nose of clustered diamonds and ruby studded ears. Three hundred seventy five dollars, including federal tax.

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NEW YORK

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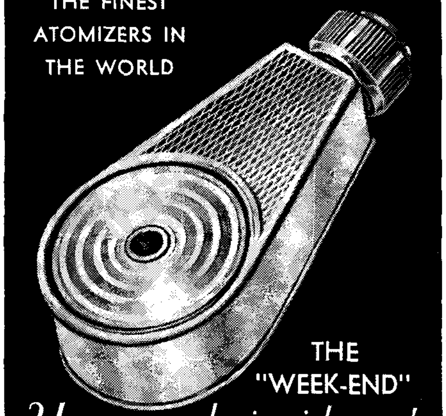

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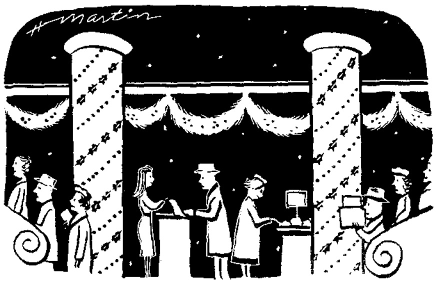
course, is not Alan Freed but Elvis Presley, the Southern back-country boy who began his big-time career only two years ago and who, before he was drafted, last March, received fifty thousand dollars for three brief TV appearances. As Freed stands for the blues-rhythm-Negro element of rock 'n' roll, so Presley stands for the country-music element—hillbilly songs, folk tunes, and cowboy ballads, most of them composed in Tin Pan Alley and all of them heavily corned with sentiment. Of the current rock 'n' rollers, Presley is by far the most vulgar, to use the word in its good sense (earthy) as well as its bad (coarse). Imitators on the order of Jerry Lee Lewis, recently extruded from England when it became known that his bride and travelling companion was thirteen, are just vulgar-bad. But Presley has a Greek profile, an impressive physique, lots of animal magnetism, and a not disagreeable singing voice; in fact, it is rumored that he had some talent before Hollywood and television got hold of him. Because of his uninhibited pelvic movements and the vulgar-good-bad way he sings his "leerics," most parents take an even dimmer view of Presley than of other rock 'n' rollers. For somewhat the same reasons, he has the most enthusiastic teenage following in the business. Wherever he sings, "I LIKE ELVIS" buttons sprout like mushrooms after rain.

A riposte to Presley was made in the spring of 1957 by Robert Cenedella, Jr., an apprentice at the Art Students League, and Edmund Leites, a freshman at Yale, who together got out an "I LIKE LUDWIG" button, bearing a portrait of Beethoven. They opened their campaign at the New York High School of Music and Art, from which both had graduated the year before. On the first day of hostilities, a thousand students appeared wearing "I LIKE LUDWIG" buttons. Four days later, five thousand students, in all parts of New York, were wearing them, and in a few weeks orders began to come in from the rest of the country. Casals and Piatigorsky wore the buttons while playing at concerts, the Philadelphia Symphony ordered ten thousand, and



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BAUSCH & LOMB
BALOMATIC

"I LIKE LUDWIG" clubs were organized. Presently, the counter-revolution was global, since rock 'n' roll, like other American cultural products, has spread everywhere. Native epigones of Presley, equipped with guitars and self-confidence, have roused teenagers to a Dionysian frenzy in Germany (Peter Kraus), England (Tommy Steele et many al.), Brazil (Cauby Peixoto; "For Cauby we will go through anything!" some of his girl admirers shouted from jail after a Cauby-inspired riot in Rio), and Japan (Frank Akagi, Masaaki Hirao, Keijiro Yamashita; it's "Rock Around the Crock" over there). The orders from abroad for "I LIKE LUDWIG" buttons were often accompanied by letters expressing surprise that American teenagers cared about Beethoven; this was Before Cliburn, and Russian students were especially incredulous. To date, a hundred thousand buttons have been sold, at fifteen cents each.

Elvis, however, is outlasting Ludwig. The Leites-Cenedella counter-ploy has subsided, but Presley has not. Though he is doing his stretch in the Army, his records are still in demand—thirty million have been sold to date—and he has a new movie out. (It's about a simple farm boy who becomes a famous singer.) His position is not all that it was, however. Gilbert's paragraph on "the Elvis Presley phenomenon" in the October, 1956, issue of a newsletter he occasionally sends out to clients and prospects makes strange reading today:

> Although the children's field has had great merchandising characters in the last ten years (Hopalong Cassidy, Davy Crockett, Howdy Doody, Ding Dong School, to name just a few), there has been no major symbol accepted by the teenage group. Even when Sinatra was at his peak amidst crowds of squealing bobby-soxers, the only merchandising plans built around him as a selling device aside from records and motion pictures were minor and amateurish. The lucrative markets open for licensing to clothing, cosmetics, food, jewelry, and other firms for endorsements were not captured. This is not the case with young Mr. Presley. He is getting a colossal buildup by some of the top brains in every aspect of merchandising to the teen level. They are attempting to make the Presley name the watchword to look for on every sort of product catering to the teen and pre-teen taste.

Whatever the reason—perhaps Presley is too vulgar for effective commercial exploitation, which is always put off by anything real, or perhaps the teenage market is just too tricky for Davy Crockett-type manipulation—the top brains have failed. As a selling device, Presley has not become the teenage

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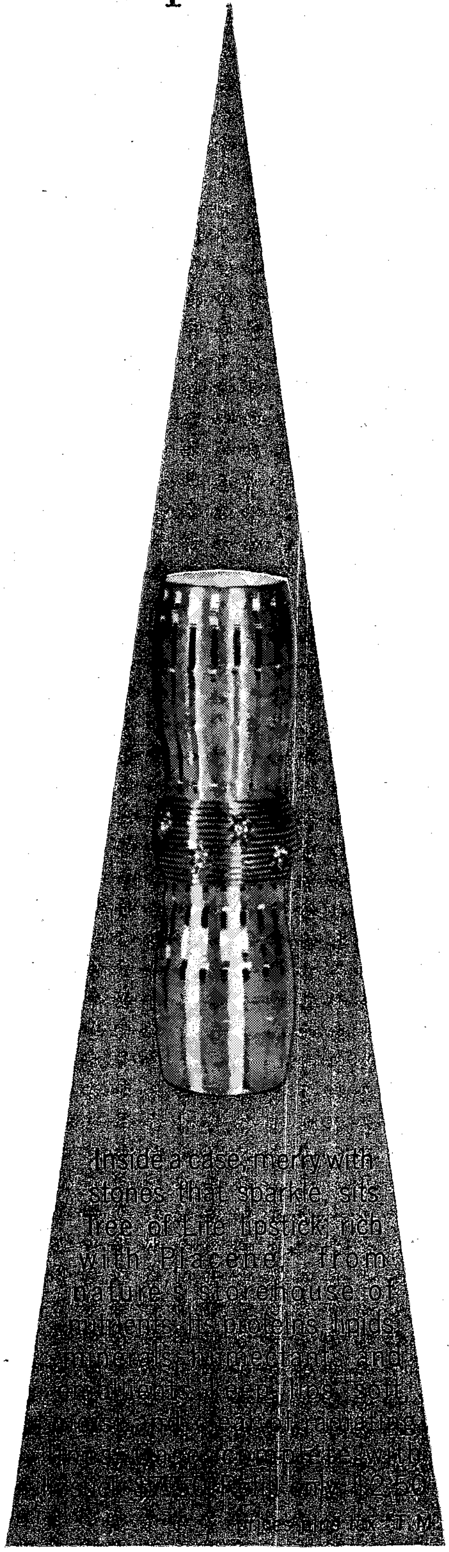
Tree of Life*
lipstick



Inside a case merry with stones that sparkle, sits Tree of Life lipstick, rich with "Placene,"* from nature's storehouse of nutrients. Its proteins, lipids, minerals, humectants and emollients keep lips soft [illegible] and clear of radiating lines [illegible] only 2.50 plus tax *T.M.

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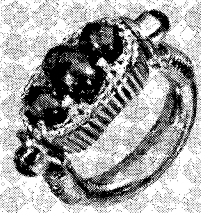

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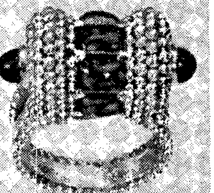

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equivalent of Howdy Doody, or of Walt Disney's more recent Zorro. And while he continues to lead the field in rock 'n' roll, he no longer automatically gets top place in singers' popularity polls among teenagers. One of his strong rivals is Pat Boone, a gentle, pious, earnest young married man with four children, who graduated last spring from Columbia College with a B.S. *magna cum laude*, and who, as an old-style crooner, is the antithesis of Presley. (The only encouraging thing about teenagers' tastes is that they are unpredictable.)

In one respect, though, Presley remains unchallenged. His fans are *really* fanatics—such fanatics, in fact, that they seem to have little energy left over for anything else. Even by teenage standards, Presleyland is a backward region. Gilbert's A.P. column of last March 13th reported that only a third of the Presley fans interviewed said they belonged to "a club, society, or other group operated by their school, church, or community," compared to half the adherents of Pat Boone and Perry Como. As students, Presley fans got an average grade of C, while the Boone-Como admirers achieved a B average. Even more revealing, while one in three Boonesters said he tried to get "the best possible grade," only one in ten Presleyites admitted this.

These generalizations are supported by the letters Gilbert receives from Presleyites—they write in more frequently, and far more emotionally, than any other group of teenagers—whenever he publishes findings unfavorable to their hero. Some of the responses to the March 13th column were exceptionally fine specimens of demotic abuse:

> I read your article in Buffalo Evening News Saturday. And I'll tell you write now it Stinks. You have your nerve writing about Elvis Presley like that, I hope your real proud of Your Self. I would never read any of your articles again. And don't worry about my grades in School. Every kid I know that likes Elvis has got real high marks in school and so do I a 90% average.... What do you have against Elvis? Did he ever do anything to you. He goes to Church, smart, at least when he sings, he's got pep, you don't fall asleep when he sings. Not like Boone, when he sings, he's so boring you can fall asleep.

> What kind of crank are you? Many people will hate you for what you wrote about Elvis March 13, 1958. And when you said adults don't like Mr. Presley. My Mother likes him. [One mother wrote Gilbert that she had seen "Jailhouse Rock," starring Presley, sixteen times.] And then when you said that Elvis fans. Don't make good grades. Then I knew you were crazy. Because I make good grades. The only rea-

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See International's heaviest silverplate in this richly decorated *Masterpiece* Chafing Dish . . . a gracious companion for your most discriminating entertaining.

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son you wright such things about him is. You are jealous of him very jealous. Because he has made good very good. And so good looking. And girls scream over him and they don't you. You crank. You got to admit he is a *very good singer.* Well that's all I've got to say to a crank like you.

Come now us Presley FANS are not as bad as you say we are! When you were young wasen't there someone you took a fancy too? . . . You will always find teen's *who are clever, average, and below average.* . . . But we all can't be clever and wan't top business jobs, who will collect garbage, and clean the streets?

Rock 'n' roll plays one more important part in the teenage syndrome. It is the teenagers' link to the nihilism of our time—to the Beat Generation and hipsterism. Except for a few precocious sports (in both senses of the word), even the rank-and-file hipsters are well out of their teens, while some of their leaders are positively venerable; Jack Kerouac is pushing forty, and Kenneth Rexroth will never see fifty again. Hipsters dig cool, or progressive, jazz, which is as intellectual as rock 'n' roll is primitive. Their culture heroes run from Buddha to the late Charlie Parker, a Negro saxophoning genius who had a lot to do with inventing progressive jazz, but definitely do not include Elvis, although there is a romantic feeling for the late James Dean, whom the teenagers have a super-romantic feeling for. Nor can it be said that rock 'n' roll is the kindergarten of hipsterism, since, in contrast to the Flaming Youth of the twenties, most teenagers quickly turn into Nice Young Married Couples. Hipsterism is a postgraduate course—the novelist Norman Mailer thinks "the hipsters may be the beginning of a new world revolution, like the Early Christians"—and most Americans never get beyond high school. Nevertheless, there is a connection. Rock-'n'-rolling teenagers are likely to express themselves—or, rather, to not express themselves—in the "hip" vocabulary, which is as eloquent as a stammer, as meaningful as a grunt. And they share the hipsters' contempt for respectability; they, too, feel alienated from adult culture (including spelling and grammar), and they, too, value Dionysian sensation as The Greatest and ever strive to Get With It. In the struggle with Apollo, the teenager is the temporary ally of the hipster, even if later on, in his twenties, he becomes the most Apollonian of credit managers.

EUGENE GILBERT's professional life is marked by a persistent effort to escape Teendom, as it is sometimes horribly called, and an equally strong inner

Peck *and* Peck

good mixer

Our white suit blouse, very finely detailed. Front has pleats and fagotting, collar has seed pearls and hand embroidery. Arnel® triacetate, 10-18, **10.95.** Flannel skirt, front and back pleated. Gray, camel, brown, navy, black. 8-20, **16.95.**

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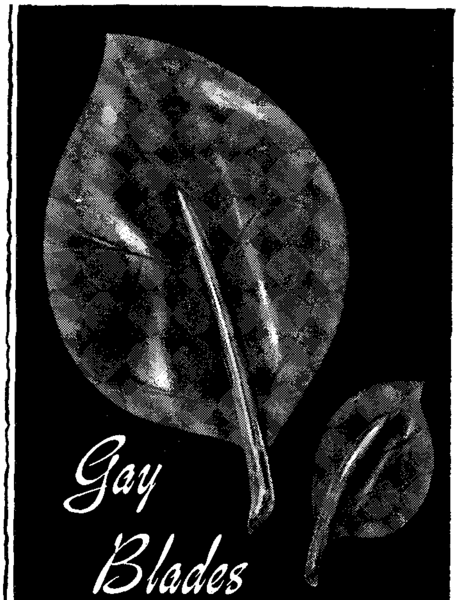

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carved from leaf-green jade . . . stemmed and mounted in 14 karat gold, shown actual size.

Brooch, 71.50

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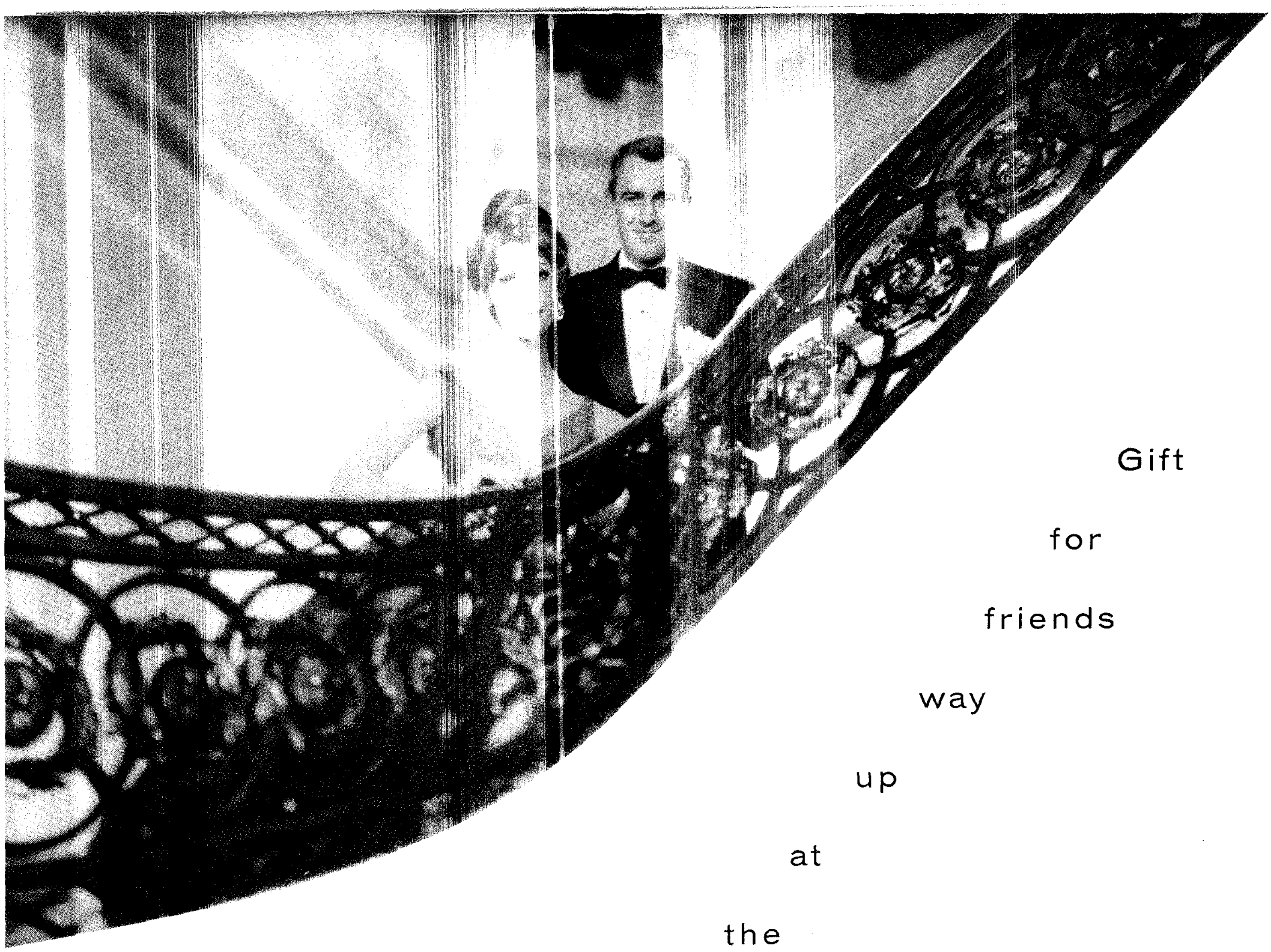

Gift for friends way up at the top

THE NEW

Minim

BY PARKER

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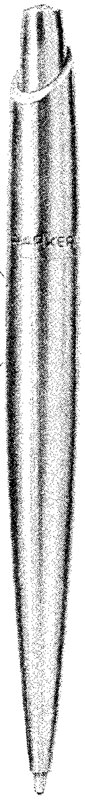

This upstage 14-karat gold Parker is only ¾ of an inch taller than a king-size cigarette. It looks expensive, *is* expensive. It makes a superb gift for people you know—people who are adamant about *fineness* in everything they use, wear or carry. Practical? Yes! You can carry it like a house key in any pocket—any purse. Has the exclusive Parker T-Ball Jotter textured point—writes clean: doesn't skip even on slippery paper. Speaks volumes for its owner's good taste when he flips it out to make a note. Speaks volumes for *your* good taste when you give it. Other Parker Minims for somewhat less. Only at Parker Franchised Dealers, of course.

Gold-filled cap and barrel, $8.75.
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New Minim from
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
A luxury Parker T-Ball Jotter Pen*
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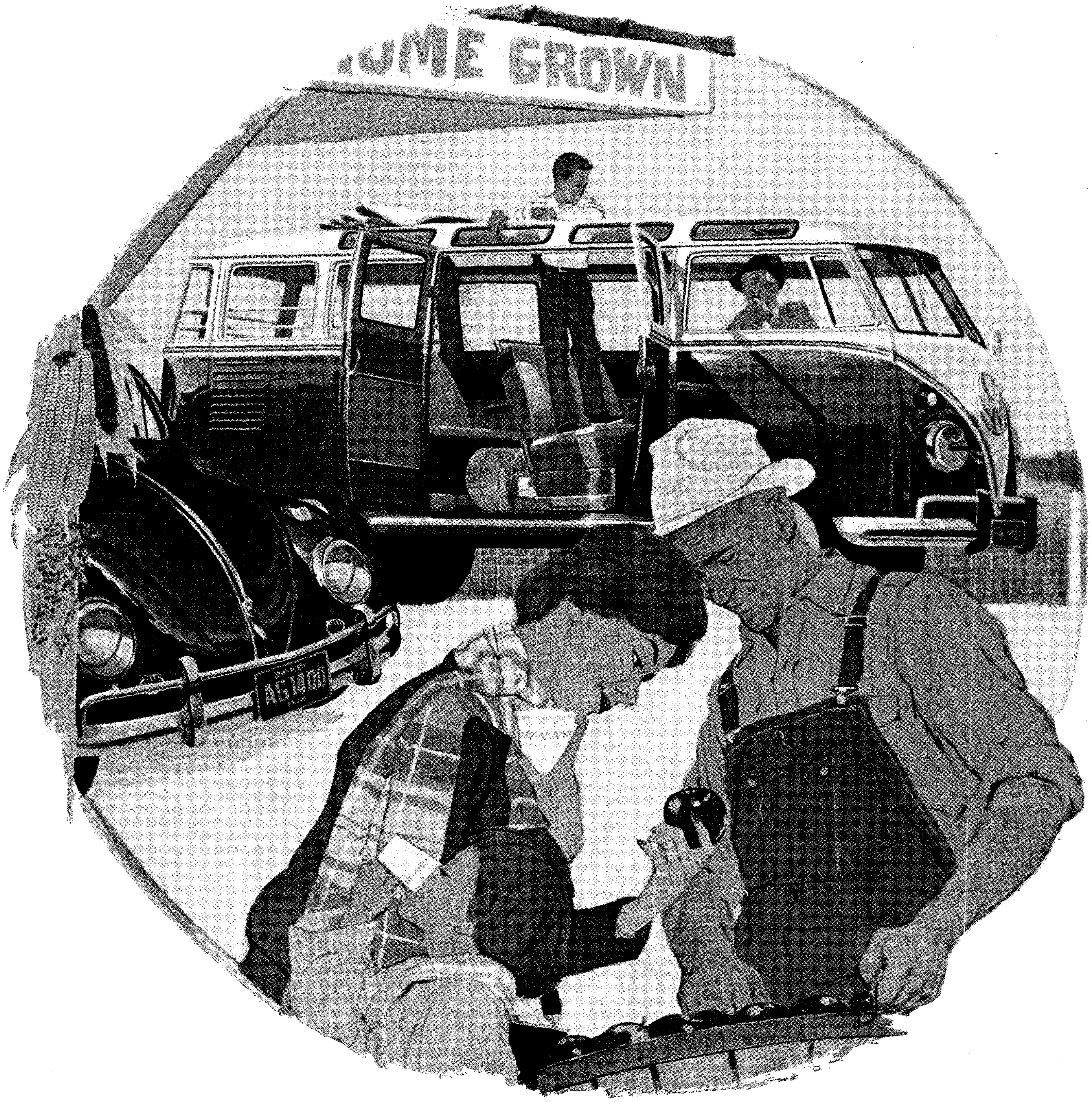

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A Volkswagen DeLuxe Station Wagon, to be sure! It's the growing American family's pride and joy—roomy as can be—and carefree as the whole outdoors with sliding sun-roof, skylights and big picture windows. And with all this fun . . . Volkswagen quality, Volkswagen dependability, Volkswagen economy.

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pull toward that which he would flee. His office, for example, is very posh, with contrasting walls, a portable bar (which he rarely remembers to use), Goya etchings, modernistic furniture, and a number of aggressive curios, including an elaborately carved rhinoceros tusk and two sets of huge ivory chessmen, one from Java and one from China. Until this month, there was also a large portrait of a man in fancy dress, which he found in an apartment he once rented. It wasn't a very good picture, and he had no idea who painted it or who sat for it; it was there because he thought a big picture was needed in that particular corner. He has now replaced it with a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which steps up the cultural voltage considerably. "I did the place up this way because I didn't want to be reminded of teenagers any more than I had to," he explains. Yet Teendom keeps creeping in. A moment later, he is comparing the relative drawing power of cherry-vanilla and butter-pecan ice cream in the junior-high market with an enthusiasm suggesting that his own butter-pecan days are not as far behind him psychologically as they are chronologically.

Gilbert's apartment, on Central Park South, is also designed to serve as a refuge from Teendom. It is full of period furniture, silver bowls, Meissen figurines, and jade temple pieces. There is also an excellent Joseph Stella water color, a Moroni portrait, less excellent but older and bigger, and a rather startling Rossetti nude. In decorating both his office and his home, he was helped by his attractive young wife, who came to work for him five years ago, during a vacation from Bennington, and left college, while she was still a teenager, to marry him. His book is dedicated to "the prettiest interviewer, who later became my partner for life, Barbre R. Gil-

*
Rachmaninoff
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Boston Symphony Munch

Byron Janis

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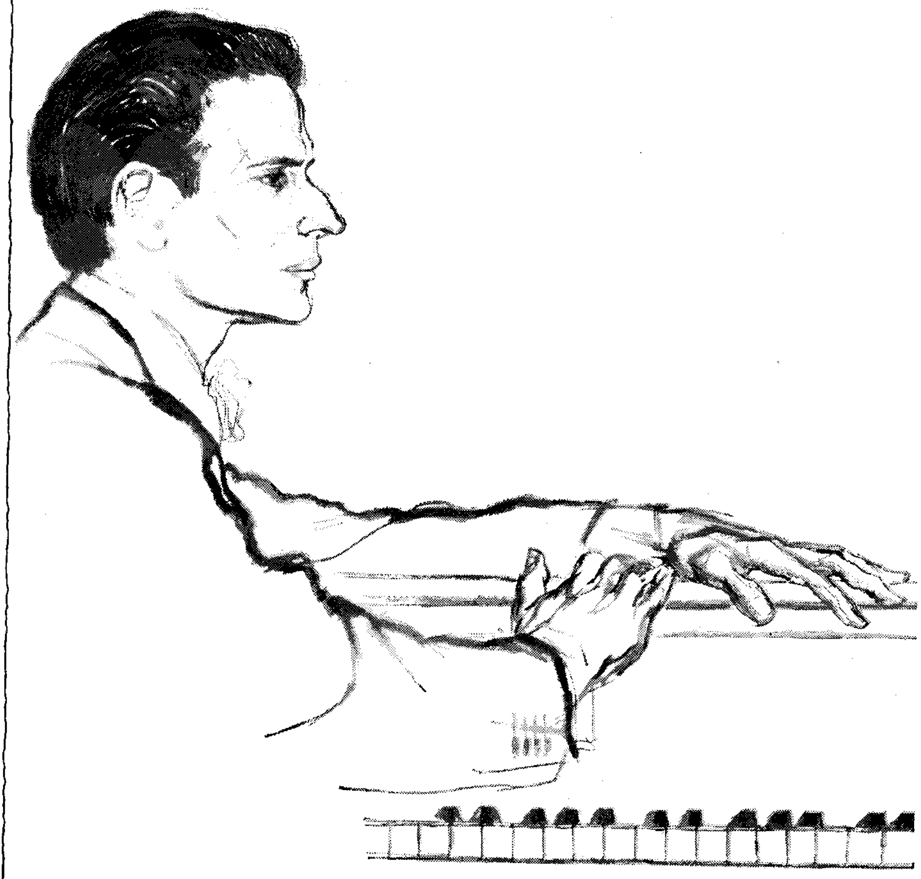

Other recent recordings by Byron Janis: Rachmaninoff: **Piano Concerto No. 1**; Strauss: **Burleske, Blue Danube**; **Byron Janis Plays Chopin**; and Beethoven: **"Waldstein"** and **Op. 109 Sonatas.** For your 11″ x 14″ copy of this drawing, suitable for framing, send 25¢ with your return address to RCA Victor, Dept. A-23, Box 469, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

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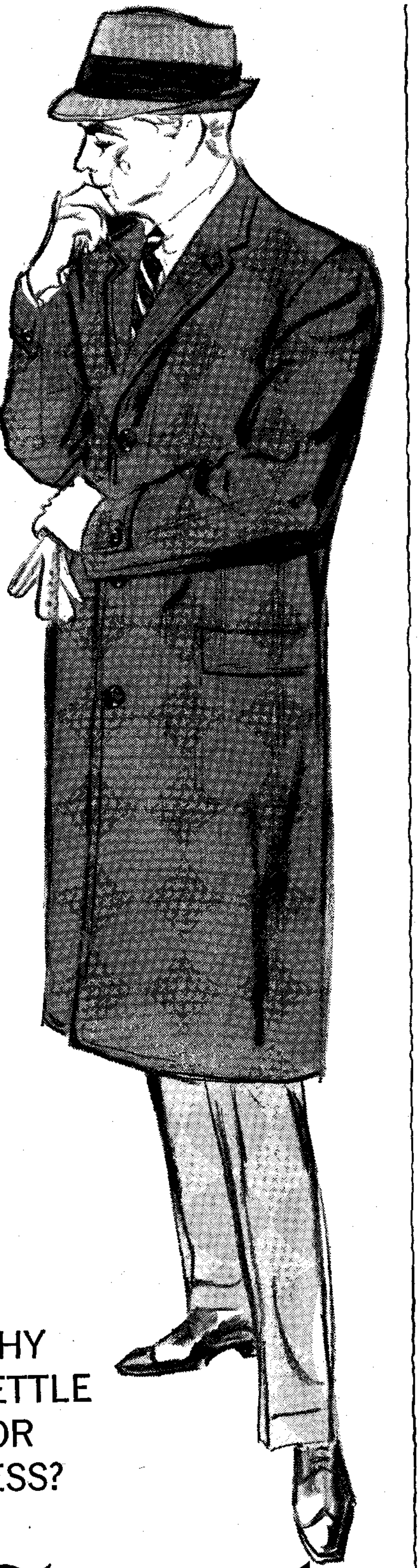

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Many a topcoat will keep a man both comfortable and presentable. But some men want more than this minimum. To such men we recommend the exclusive fabrics and superior tailoring found in a Gleneagles topcoat. Our new "Perth" is a distinctive notch-collar model with set-in sleeves and frame pockets. In a variety of superlative smooth-faced woolens, at fine stores everywhere. from $50

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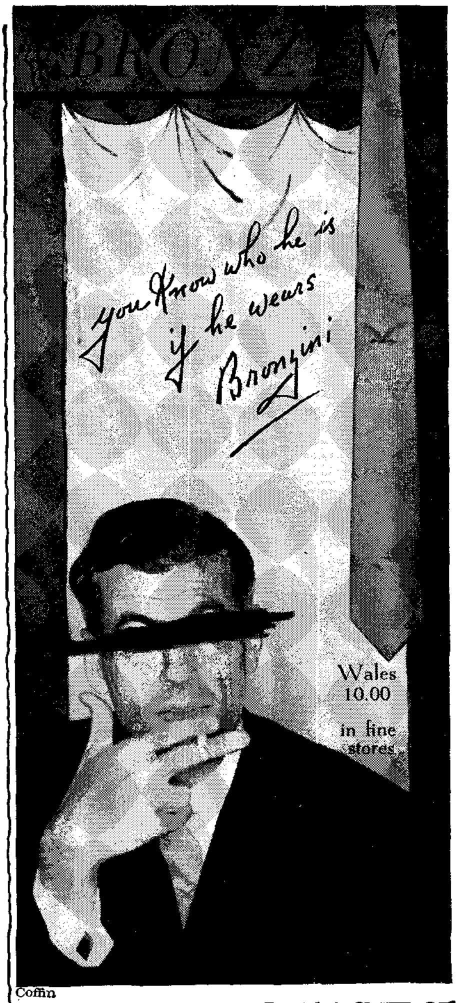
bert." She still works for him, her main job being to help out on the A.P. column. The Gilberts are both ardent van Gogh fans. " 'Lust for Life' was my exposure to van Gogh," Gilbert says. "I became very much enamored of his work. I must have a van Gogh sometime, if I can ever afford to. I had a chance at a drawing once, at a Parke-Bernet auction. I kept in the bidding up to seven thousand, and then Barbre got her hand over my mouth. When we were in Holland summer before last, we hired a car and made a special trip to the Kröller-Müller Museum, in Otterlo, to see its van Goghs. It was rainy and cold, and the car had no heater, but we kept on; after all, it was a pilgrimage. Then, when we finally got there, we found that all the van Goghs were in Philadelphia."

Gilbert's style as a businessman wavers between Teendom and boredom. In conversation, he mixes terms like "valid" and "*modus operandi*" with expressions like "chugalug," which is onomatopoeic teenage slang for a beer-drinking party. His prose ranges from Johnsonian solemnity to Boswellian frivolity. An example of the former is a memorandum he recently wrote to Mr. Byron Reed, who was then vice-president in charge of marketing for the Hollywood V-Ette Vassarette brassière-and-girdle company, about—or, rather, re—"Use of Research Material and Student Leaders for Promotional Purposes." A few excerpts may suggest the broad sweep of this document:

> The results of the initial survey . . . must be consolidated into a special package presentation to leading buyers and merchandising managers throughout the country. First, reports must be typed and bound in *leather binders stamped in gold with the name of individual retailers*. . . . These reports will be left with the stores after the results have been presented in a special sales presentation by key members of the Hollywood V-Ette Vassarette executive staff. . . . A meeting of all buyers and merchandising managers of Marshall Field will be called. This meeting will be attended by an important officer of Hollywood V-Ette Vassarette. It might also be coördinated, if staggered properly, so that Mr. Gilbert will personally attend. . . .
>
> With three student leaders in fifteen schools, each delivering 100 personal sales messages, a total of 4,500 young women in the Chicago area will be indoctrinated with the Hollywood V-Ette [etc.] brand name. . . . Student leaders will be required to submit detailed reports on the enthusiasm of their classmates, as well as their basic attitudes toward Hollywood V [etc.] . . . The importance of this plan in effecting a climate of attitude among consumers and retailers toward Hollywood V [etc.] cannot be underestimated. . . . The



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WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

vest him properly...

the perfect 'underjacket' classic – this sweater-vest, knit for us in England by Alan Paine of softest lamb's wool – so welcome for warmth without weight. In the bristol-rib (shown): silver-gray, oxford, canary, red, navy, black; or in a smooth norfolk knit: silver, oxford, natural, red, black. 38 to 44 sizes, **$15.** (add 4% tax in California)

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major objective of the plan will be to make Hollywood V [etc.] and youth synonymous in the undergarment industry.

In carefree moments, however, Gilbert is apt to abandon such portentous prose for a vein that the editors of *Mad* might envy. There is, for example, the letter he wrote from Algiers a couple of years ago to Stanley Gillette, vice-president in charge of sales of Van Heusen shirts:

> These people don't wear shirts. They just wear a long, button-down collar which comes to about three inches above their ankles. Color preferences are in the following order: (1) American Mint Green, (2) Gold, (3) Silver, (4) Tattle-Tale Gray, (5) Dirt. I couldn't "unveil" any information on women's influence or women's shirts.... [For your convention] I suggest you get another city with more exacting hotel accommodations. There are two not far from here—Sodom and Gomorrah.

Somewhere in the dialectical interplay between the high seriousness of the memorandum to one vice-president and the low comedy of the letter to the other lies, perhaps, one explanation of Gilbert's success. "I eat lunch either very fancy or very simple—a sandwich sent up from the drugstore or some first-class place like the Chambord," he says. There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to lay it on the line and a time to kid around, and Gilbert knows when to do which. —DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Gilbert.*)

•

There is much interest at The Players, 16 Gramercy Park, former home of the actor Edwin Booth, and in the neighborhood generally, over the opening in New York on November 24 of the play, "Edwin Booth," by Milton Geiger, which Jose Ferrer is directing and in which he will star.

The play received its first presentation in late August at the La Jolla, Cal. Playhouse. Mr. Booth is giving a special performance of the play on November 23 at the 46th Street Theatre for the Club. —*Gramercy Graphic.*

There's always something to go to in New York.

•

Not since the golden 20's has camel been so *de rigueur*. It was camel that men slipped into after polo that F. Scott Fitzgerald left on the seat of his Rolls when he parked on his lawn at 5 a.m. You won't want to leave this camel . . . on the seat of *your* Rolls. You'll want it on your back all the time.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

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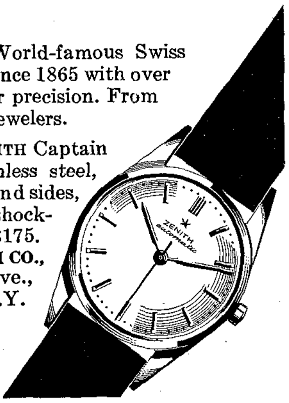

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cloak but No Dagger

IN "Orders to Kill," a British film directed by Anthony Asquith, we are presented with the dilemma of an American bomber pilot of the Second World War who has done a lot of killing from the clouds but just can't stomach knocking off a chap on the ground. After a spell of aerial warfare, our hero, played by Paul Massie, takes on a job with the O.S.S. and is trained up to the eyeballs in the lethal tricks that are presumably required to make an O.S.S. man invincible, but even when his drill is over he's really no fiercer, deep down inside, than a member of the Audubon Society. Still, obedience is the very first rule in war, as it is in Heaven, and our man slithers off to Paris to do in an enemy of the French Resistance. On meeting up with his potential victim (Leslie French), however, he discovers him to be a gentle family man and promptly advises his French underground contact (Irene Worth) that he doubts the guilt of his quarry and would like to have the whole case reviewed in London. Miss Worth, pointing out that Goebbels was also a solid family man (this news may come as a surprise to various movie doxies that Goebbels had on his string, if any are still around), tells him to get on with his mission.

As a veteran of celluloid interpretations of the O.S.S. at war—I even remember when James Cagney was representing a typical French burgher—I can assure you that "Orders to Kill" is hardly a believable item, and not very suspenseful, either. More or less as a contrast to our placid assassin, Eddie Albert turns up as a rugged major who tries to instill the old killer instinct into a bunch of O.S.S. charges. I can't speak for his other pupils, but Mr. Massie plainly needed a refresher course.

WHILE O.S.S. types occur only occasionally in movies nowadays, the mixed-up-lady crowd keeps baying right along. The latest to let loose is Susan Hayward, who, in "I Want to Live!," reënacts the career of Barbara Graham, a woman who was put to death in the California gas chamber a

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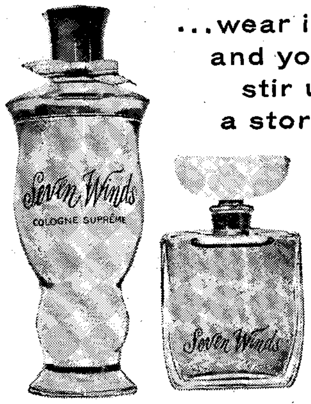

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NEW YORK • PARIS

few years ago. In the eyes of the State of California, Mrs. Graham certainly got what was coming to her, but in the picture, after a dismal life as the carnal chum of assorted riffraff, she achieves the status of a martyr, sitting in a prison and waiting to be executed for a crime she didn't commit. Beyond question, "I Want to Live!" is morbidly engrossing, since every shudder that can be extracted from watching men prepare for the cyanide death of another human being is exploited, but when the last legal maneuver has failed and the horrifying business is done, the film turns out to have no content beyond its shocking documentary review of the way capital punishment is meted out.

As the heroine, Miss Hayward is as defiant as she can be, but the brittle, wisecracking dialogue she has been provided with soon gets monotonous, and she never does establish Mrs. Graham as a plausible character. Lou Krugman and Philip Coolidge, as a couple of her low associates, are first-rate, though, and so are Raymond Bailey, as the prison warden; Joe De Santis, as Miss Hayward's attorney; and Simon Oakland, as a reporter.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

DEAR FELLOW GOURMET,

As in past centuries in the history of Mankind, gourmets continue to exist, even in the Twentieth Century—the atomic era. It is to you, above all, descendant of the gourmet of the Court of Charles V of France, who first popularised the use of truffles, that we address this letter.

No doubt you will know, as is confirmed by history, that truffles, "the diamond of the kitchen" as Savarin called them, were already highly appreciated by the earliest civilisations of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Their popularity was renewed only a few centuries ago, in Perigord, during the reign of Charles V. We leave you to imagine the great banquets which they enhanced, not forgetting their vitalising effects . . . but on this point it is more discreet to remain silent.—*Communication from the firm of G. Morra & Figli, Alba, Italy.*

Speak up, man!

•

FATALITY RATES

CHICAGO (AP)—On the basis of passenger miles traveled last year, train travel had a lower fatality rate than bus, scheduled airliner, taxi or private car transportation.

Trains magazine says the fatality rate for each 100 million passenger-miles was 2.6 for cars and cabs; 0.14 for buses; 0.12 for the airlines; and 0.07 for the rails.

Camels live from 40 to 50 years.—*Annapolis (Md.) Capital.*

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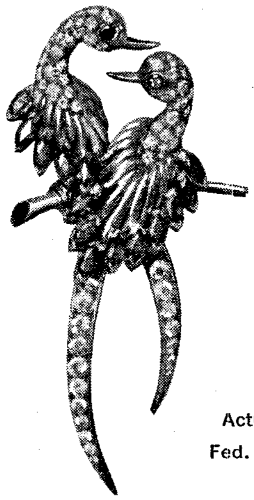

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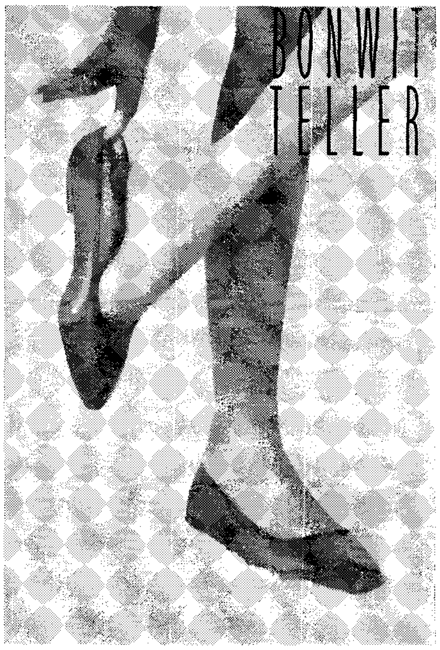

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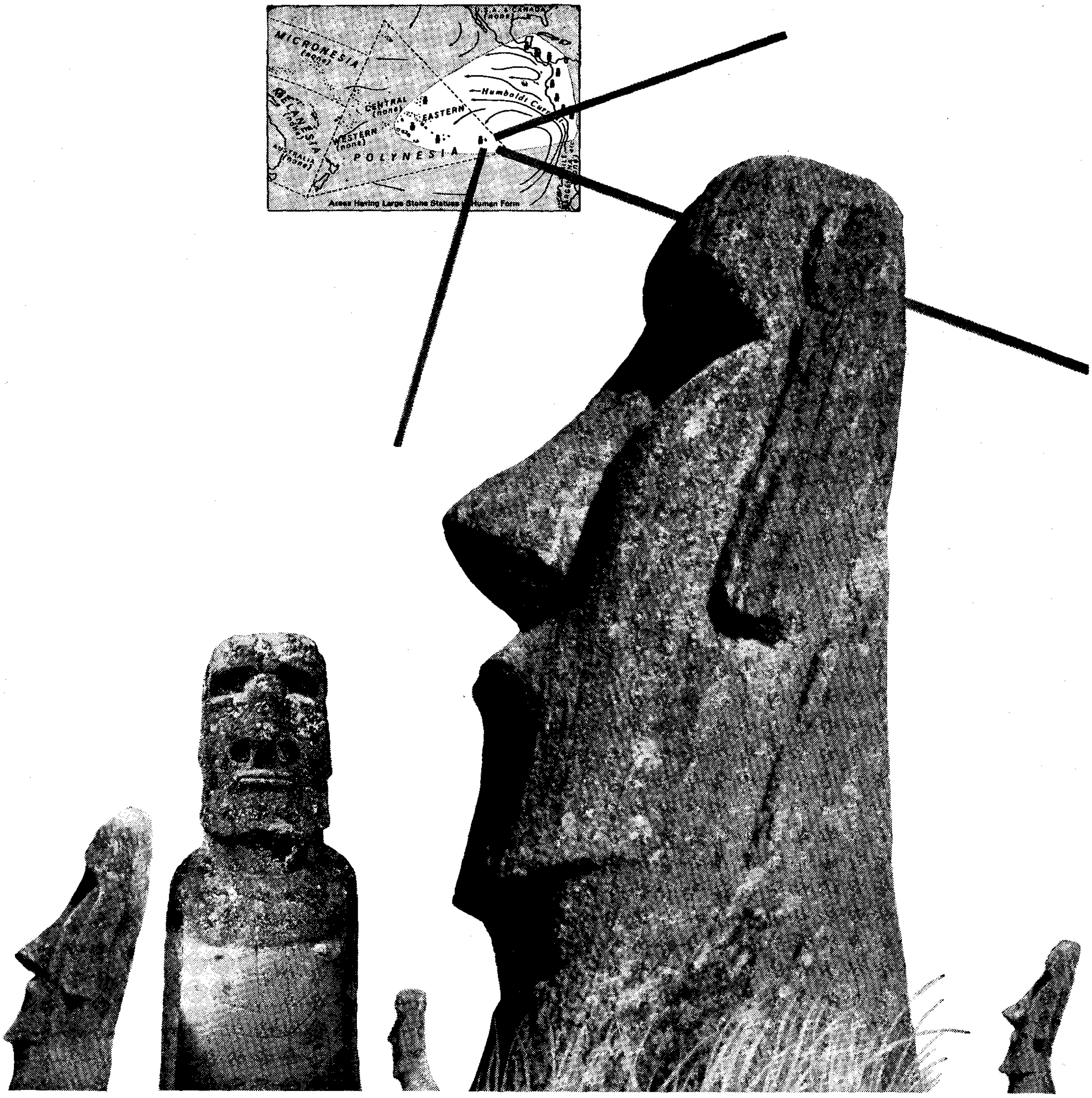
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DISORDER IN THE ROMAN HILLS

WHEN I was a child in Rome, in the early twenties, I was forbidden to go out by myself. The official reason for this was that it did not become a little girl to be seen in the street without her mother, a relative, or a servant by her side, but the real reason was the fear that bandits might kidnap me. This fear was never admitted openly; it was too wounding to the Roman pride, which relegated bandits to southern Italy and Sicily—regions we despised as backward. We Romans were so superior that one of my cousins was forbidden to marry her love, an eminently eligible Sicilian lawyer, on the ground that no marriage to a Sicilian could be happy, because everybody knew that Sicilians were bandits. But the fact remained that bandits roamed the Roman countryside, and even came into town for holdups and kidnappings.

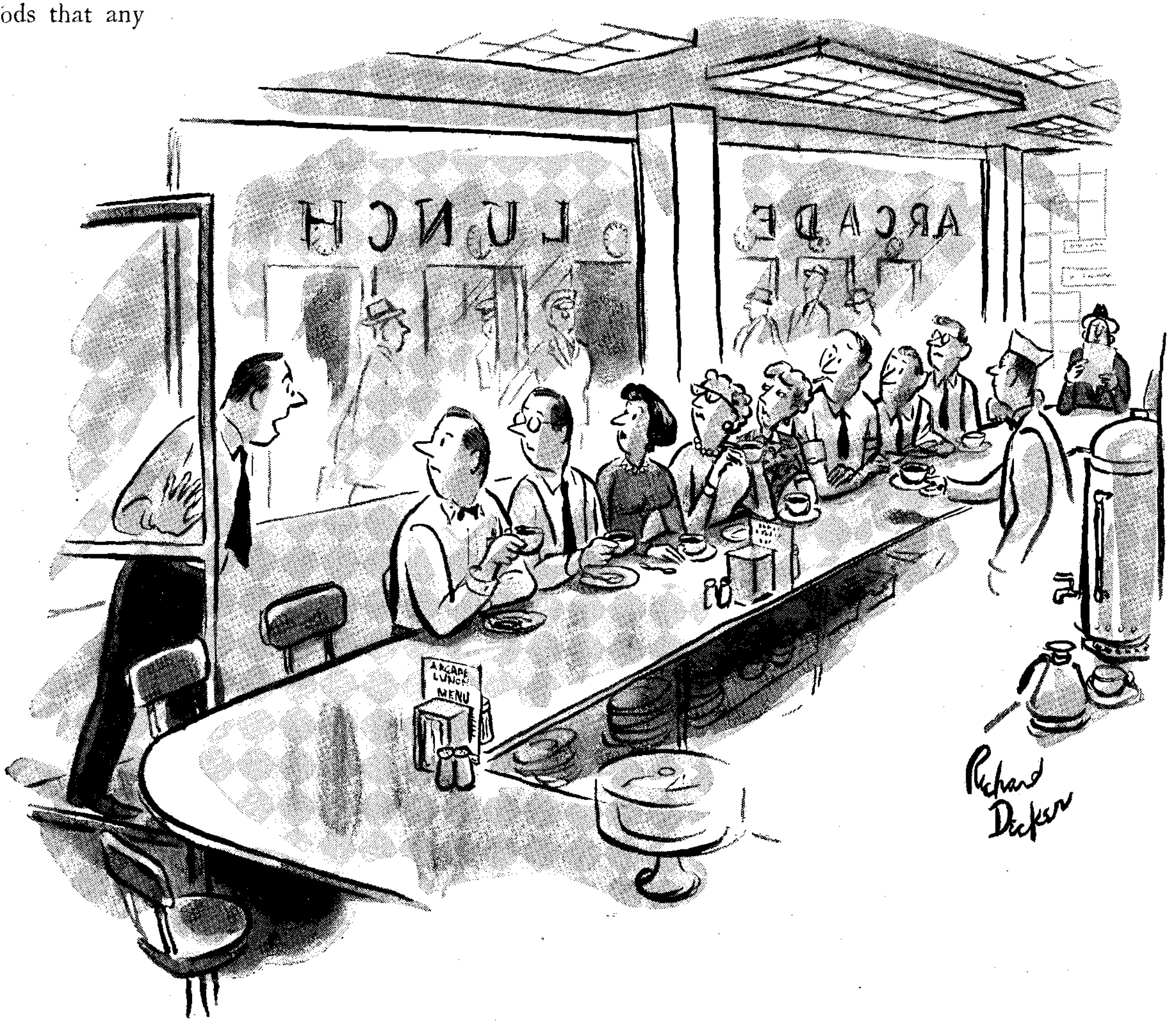
In Monte Porzio Catone, a small town eighteen miles away in the Alban Hills, the rule about not going out alone was less strictly enforced. Every summer, I used to be sent there to stay with the head of our family, my Great-Aunt Rosa. Using methods that any bandit would have envied, Aunt Rosa had increased her wealth enormously. To make up for this, she spent a good part of her time in church and gave a large portion of her income to Church charities, and often remarked that there was nothing wrong with worldly possessions as long as they were put to a good use. My father said that, considering Aunt Rosa's business practices, it was just as well for her to make provisions for her spiritual welfare. My mother, like every other member of Aunt Rosa's family, was worried by the old lady's threat to leave everything to the Church.

Aunt Rosa used her will as an instrument for playing the various members of her family off against each other and for bludgeoning them into doing her all sorts of services. Her property was almost entirely tax-exempt, because she had persuaded a well-connected relative to make a deal with the authorities—so shameful a deal, apparently, that it was never to be mentioned in his presence. She spared herself the cost of a winter apartment in Rome by staying with one member of the family or another. She was like royalty; we had to be at her beck and call no matter whether we were in our baths or our beds, in the office or at a party. And all these services were given with a great big, broad smile, because of her will and the money we hoped would be ours.

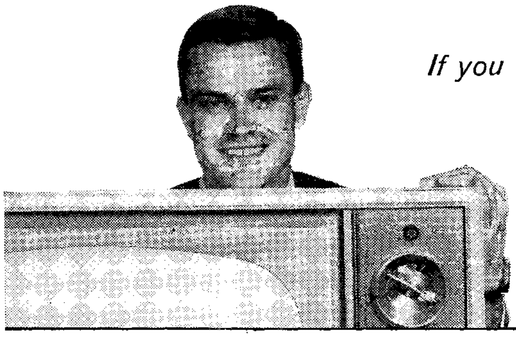
In this competition for Aunt Rosa's money, naturally the children in the family were put forward, since we might inherit something even if our elders should fail to win our great-aunt's heart. My cousin Nicola and I were believed to be her favorites. The other children were either too young and ingenuous to play their cards carefully or too old and rebellious to visit her at all. The year Nicola was twelve and I was eight, we went to see her together, for neither set of parents was willing to allow the other a clear field.

LIKE all Roman hill towns, Monte Porzio looked then, and looks now, much as it did centuries ago—a tangle of stone houses and overlapping gray tile roofs, with an occasional accent of green from a back garden—though it had acquired certain modern aspects, such as a rural trolley that connected it with the next town, Frascati, and electric lights, and a bandstand on the piazza, and a row of acacia trees on the main road. The town water came from two public fountains, and the women fetched it in the great wasp-waisted copper vessels of ancient Rome, which they carried in the time-honored fashion, settled in a nest of rags on top of their heads.

Aunt Rosa lived in a square gray three-story house, not quite a *palazzo*, whose builder, three centuries ago, had not believed in the frivolities of late baroque. The front gave onto a narrow, cobbled street. You entered



"Attention, everyone! Mr. Wyatt missed his plane and is returning to the office."



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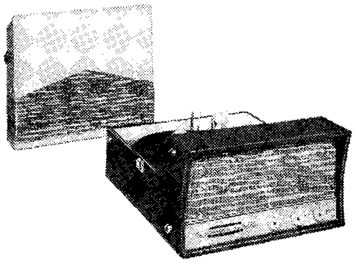

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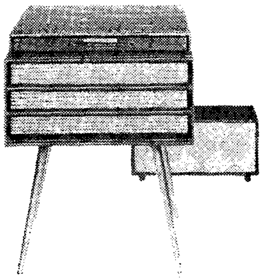

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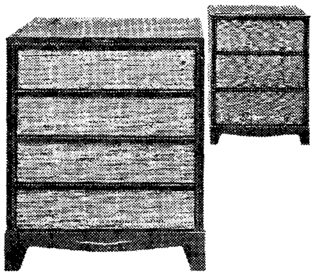

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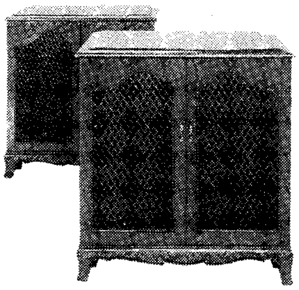

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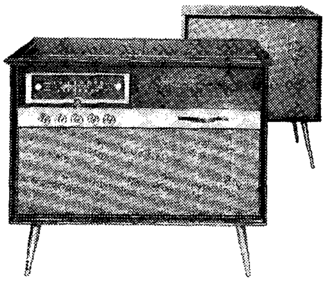

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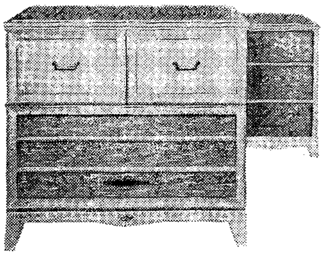

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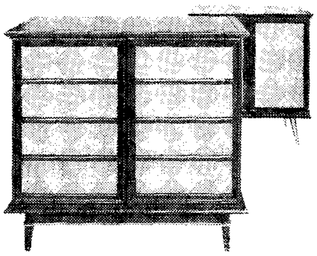

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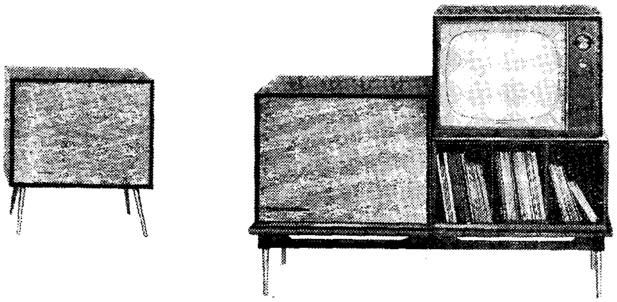

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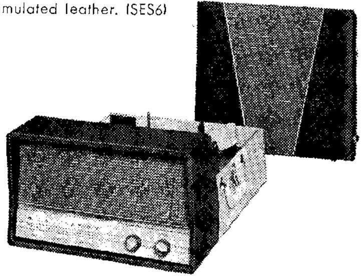

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through a heavy portal with big carved-brass knockers—the building's sole decoration, aside from a few austere carvings on the lintels. The first floor was given over to the dining room, the kitchens, and the storerooms. From the great cupboards there, to which Aunt Rosa alone held the keys, she doled out the daily ration of *pasta*, flour, coffee, sugar, salt, oil, and wine. On the next floor were three cavernous, sparsely furnished salons. They were hung with faded damask. Upright Empire chairs lined the walls. A round inlaid table stood in the middle of each room, and an uncompromising settee stood catty-cornered at each end. Only the floors, laid out in an intricate design of colored mosaic, were beautiful. The rooms would have had a certain melancholy splendor but for the pictures, which reflected piety rather than taste. In each of the three salons, a large tinted photograph of the Holy Father hung over the fireplace, where fires of fragrant olivewood burned on special occasions, and on each side of the Holy Father were large photographs of members of Aunt Rosa's family—framed in red plush if the sitter was still alive and in black plush with a little wreath of shiny black beads if he was dead. Chromos and lithographs of the saints decorated the other walls. The bedrooms—ascetic as any nun's cell, Aunt Rosa proudly said—were on the next floor. Unlike the salons, which were still lit with kerosene lamps, each bedroom had a miserable, weak little electric bulb hanging from a cord in the middle of the ceiling. The maids—girls from the surrounding farms—slept on straw pallets in the kitchens.

A great, oppressive silence filled the house. The maids seldom sang or laughed aloud. Aunt Rosa's gloomy attitude, often expressed in our hearing, was that it is wise to be severe with children, animals, and domestics. Since she found it difficult to be severe with the cats, beyond relegating them to the storerooms with very little food, to make them better mousers, the domestics and Nicola and I bore the brunt of her severity. Aunt Rosa had discovered that Nicola did not even understand the Latin of the Mass, so he had a daily Latin lesson, given by a timid curate. I had to do the daily dusting and to practice the piano for two hours and then sit with a piece of embroidery on my lap. The maids, poor girls, were not allowed to go out except for carefully timed marketing sorties and an equally carefully timed Sunday-afternoon visit to their parents. Monte Porzio's weekly movie

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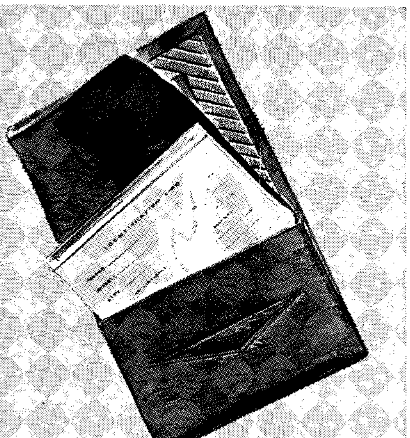

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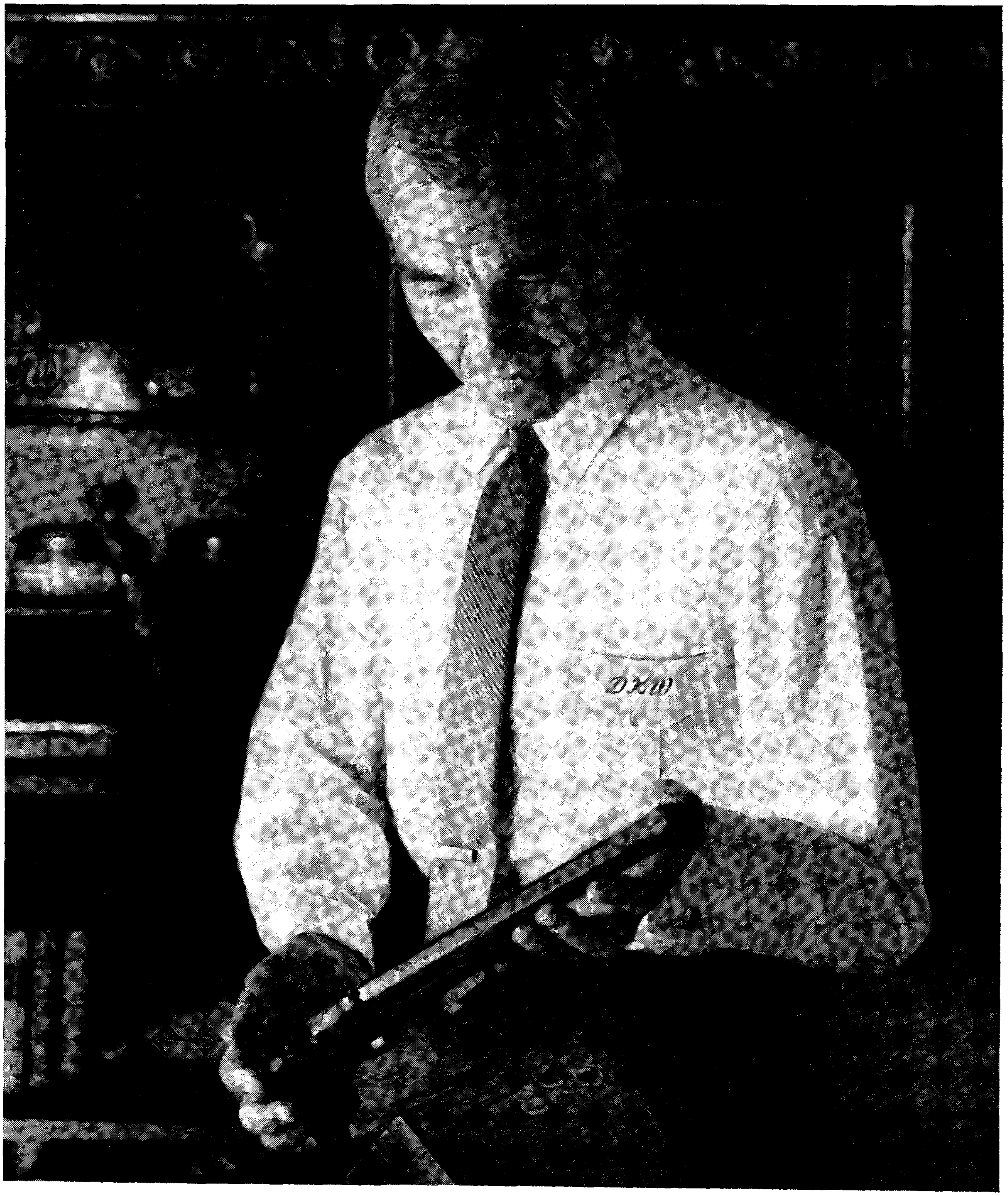

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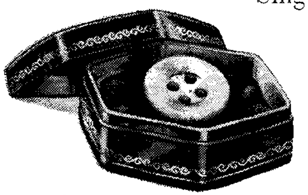

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was not for them—or, for that matter, for Nicola and me. The household went to church in a body—six o'clock Mass on weekdays, High Mass on Sundays, and confession on Saturday afternoons, this being followed by a visit to the cemetery, to pray for Aunt Rosa's husband and child, both of whom died long before we were born. However, we children were allowed to go out together or alone, several times a day. We ran errands. We fetched the morning and afternoon paper, and fresh water from the fountain when our great-aunt felt the need of a drink. We were even allowed to take a stroll, provided we did not go outside the town limits, where bandits might kidnap us.

In and around Monte Porzio, bandits were taken for granted. They were the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts of the more respectable citizens, and could count on their help. The bandits' crimes consisted of raiding chicken coops and cellars and of stealing grapes and olives from the trees, and, occasionally, a well-laden wine cart. They had never been known to hurt anybody, and were not interfered with by the local police.

AUNT ROSA employed a number of tenant farmers, and the most capable of them was Giacinto, a man of the Roman type, with thin lips, a clean-shaven face, and a sarcastic manner. He had done well for himself—and for the old lady—on her best farm, making and selling her wine, but she suspected him of dishonesty. "If he were honest," she lamented, "how could he have a bedroom full of carved furniture, how could his wife wear a silk dress to church, and, above all, how could he eat meat every day instead of only on Sundays?"

When Giacinto came to invite us to the christening of his fourth child, she did not turn him down, though she would have liked to. Just as it had been his duty to invite his landlord to what he planned, not without malice, to be a splendid occasion, it was her duty to put in an appearance. On the other hand, it would not do to appear too friendly, since that might lead to heaven knows what future abuses on Giacinto's part. So Aunt Rosa decided to go to the church, and have Nicola and me represent her at Giacinto's house. We were to return from there with the curate, who, following rural etiquette, had also been invited to the party.

The next Sunday, the christening

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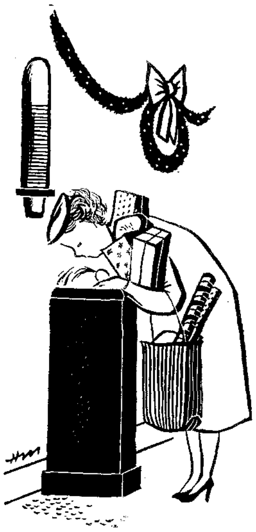
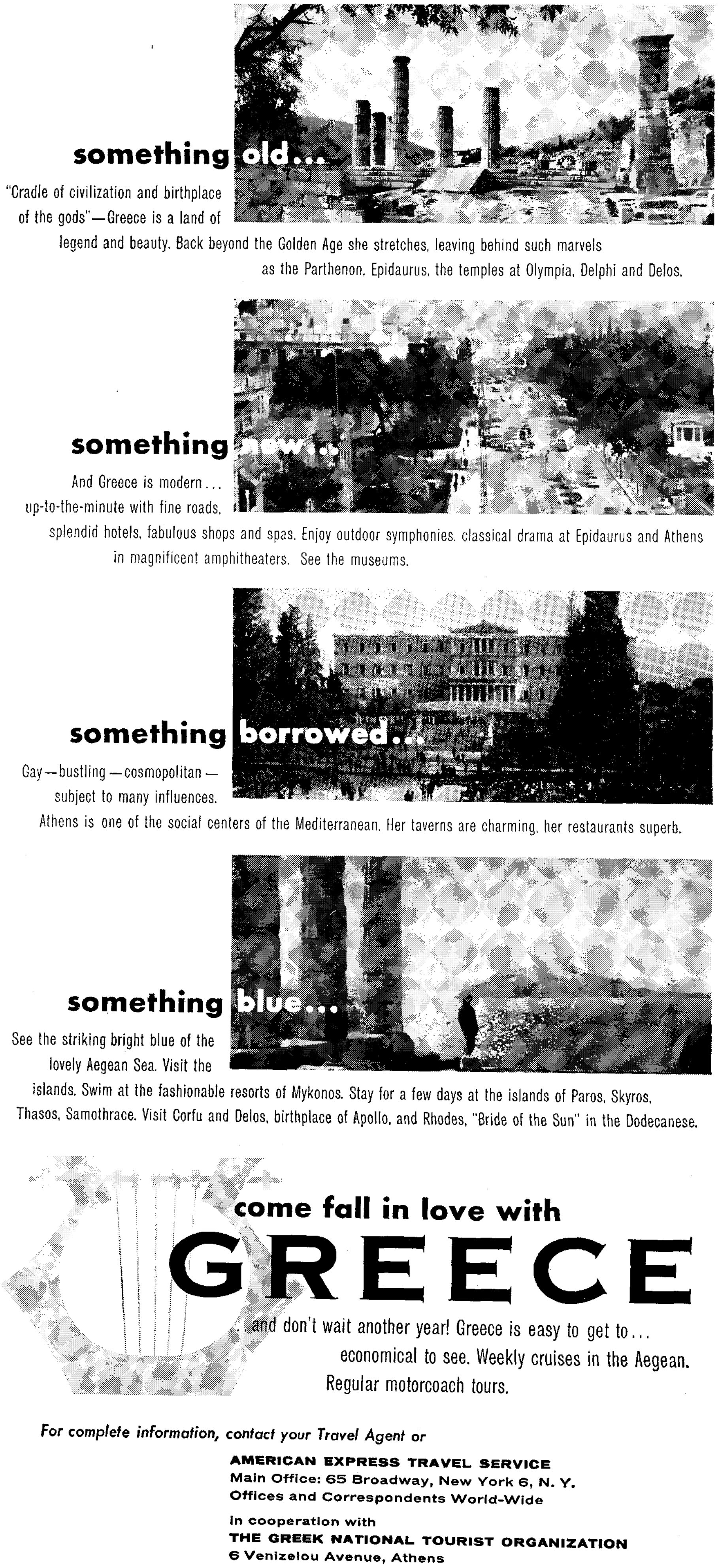
party arrived at our house in the early afternoon. Giacinto and his wife, Sora Antonietta, were dressed in black, and so were the godparents. The midwife, who acted as master of ceremonies, was in purple taffeta. Giacinto's other children had been left at home. We presented our gifts. Aunt Rosa gave the infant a gold chain and medal that had been blessed by the Pope, Nicola and I a gold bracelet and a coral necklace.

The infant, only five days old, had arrived in all her christening finery. Over the white swaddling clothes, which left only her arms free and were held tight with crisscrossed ribbons, like a della Robbia *bambino*, she wore an exquisitely embroidered linen dress made by the local nuns—"just like the signori's children," Giacinto observed. Aunt Rosa raised her eyebrows at this, but did not pursue the subject.

The christening ceremony was short. The curate was waiting for us by the font, which had been decorated with a lace petticoat coquettishly gathered with a garland of artificial flowers. The infant behaved admirably, and we were back at our house in no time. One of the salons had been opened, and we had hot chocolate and aniseed biscuits. Then we toasted the newborn with rainbow-colored liqueurs, as sweet and sticky as hair oil, and Aunt Rosa sent Nicola and me off, with instructions to behave with dignity and to be home early.

Giacinto was driving one of the traditional high-shafted, two-wheeled, canvas-covered wine carts of the Roman countryside, which today exist only as miniatures on souvenir stands. For the occasion, the carts had bouquets of flowers stuck above the wheels; the mules wore carnations behind their ears and had streamers floating from their reins. The curate, as the guest of honor, stepped up first, lifting his

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soutane. Then I jumped in, then the midwife, and the baby was handed up to her by Giacinto. Nicola followed with the rest of the party in an equally festive cart.

With much shouting and clicking of whips, we drove over the bumpy road, leaving a cloud of white dust behind us. Giacinto's house was some distance away, in a hollow, shaded by fig, peach, apricot, and medlar trees. It was large and square, of travertine—that warm-toned stone used for so much Roman building—with an arched doorway high enough and wide enough to let a fully loaded mule pass into the courtyard without touching the sides. The kitchen took up the greater part of the first floor, and had a big fireplace flanked by cement benches. The cooking was done on a wood-burning stove. The copper utensils shone, fresh flowers and candles had been put under the chromos of the saints, on the whitewashed walls, and in one corner stood a bench with a row of copper amphorae, which held the household's water, and a dipper to drink from. The red brick floor was still damp from being scrubbed; the kitchen table and chairs were pushed against the walls. We went straight upstairs to Giacinto's bedroom to freshen up. I could see why Aunt Rosa had taken such umbrage at the furnishings. There was so much furniture you could barely move around, and every last inch of it was carved and gilded. Even the frames of the family photographs were carved and gilded.

As we came downstairs, the other guests were arriving. It looked like a sober gathering. Only the young girls and the children wore colors. The men's black jackets hung over one shoulder and their hats were pushed well back, against the heat. The women had put on their jewelry—the massive gold chains and bracelets in which the prosperous Roman peasants invest their money. Some of them sported gold filigree arrows in their tight hair knots, and filigree earbobs, and chains of big red coral beads.

The baby, still dressed in her full christening finery, was handed around and admired and kissed. Sora Antonietta was busy forcing food on her guests. The kitchen table had been laid with an embroidered linen tablecloth. There were platters of cold cuts, and cheeses, and dozens of long, thin loaves of city bread. Since this was a great occasion, there were cakes—crisscrossed tarts filled with jam, and flat pink-iced cakes made with olive oil, which took a dozen eggs to leaven, and even an elegant

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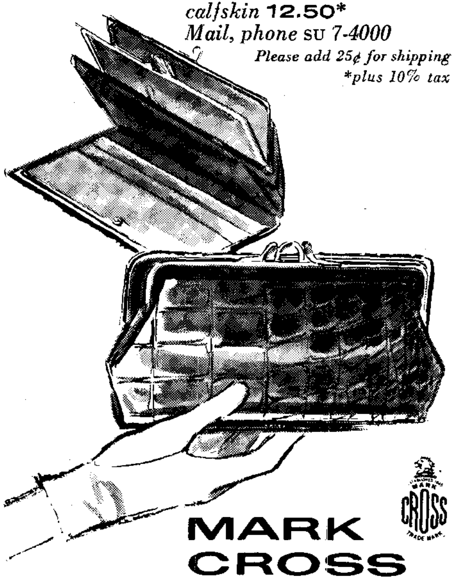

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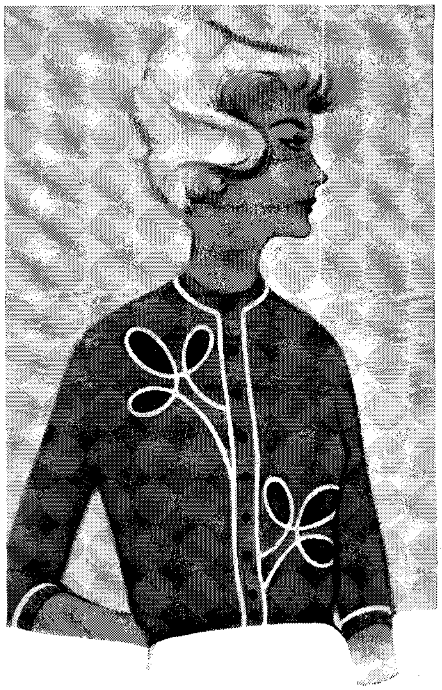

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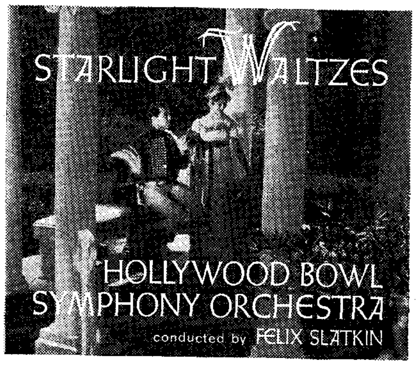
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rum *gâteau*, made with ladyfingers and rum cream. Giacinto kept bringing up from the cellar straw-covered *fiaschi* full of his best red and white wines. There were also bottles of muscatel and marsala and *vino cotto*—a strong, sweet brew made from special grapes and cooked, to make it even sweeter and stronger.

The men's voices grew louder, and the women, relaxing their vigilance over the girls, started taking part in the general conversation. The girls, in their turn, giggled unashamedly with the boys. Nicola and I gorged on ham, which Aunt Rosa considered too extravagant for her household, and cake—especially the rum cake. Ordinary wine we did not touch—only the *vino cotto*. After a time, Giacinto took us aside and said that if we went and hid upstairs somewhere, we wouldn't have to go home with the curate, who at that moment was eating and drinking, swapping stories, and backslapping, along with everyone else. So we did. We hid in the loft of the house, where figs were spread in rows on sheets to dry for the winter, and hams and bacons hung from the ceiling, and bins of grain and flour stood against the walls. We could hear the party growing livelier and livelier. Somebody (was it Giacinto?) gave the midwife a playful slap on the behind, and immediately after that we heard the curate calling our names. Finally, he gave up looking for us, and we heard him beg Giacinto to send us home as soon as possible, without fail. A short while later, Giacinto fetched us back and gave us more cake and more *vino cotto*. The young couples, seeing their elders engaged in so much pinching and slapping, started sneaking off into the garden. The children were completely out of control, shrieking and upsetting plates and glasses. Giacinto decided that it was time for him to drive Nicola and me home, if we were to get there in time for supper, but up in the loft we had hatched a plan; we wanted to go home on foot, alone—unchaperoned, for once. Giacinto said no at first, and then, as we still refused to get in the cart, he turned to his guests in a disgusted way and asked them rhetorically if they thought anything could really happen to us in broad daylight on a beautiful Sunday afternoon? The guests agreed that nothing could happen, and we were dispatched on our way.

The road wandered through vineyards and olive groves, between low walls of loosely piled stones. The tall grasses growing in the cracks were white

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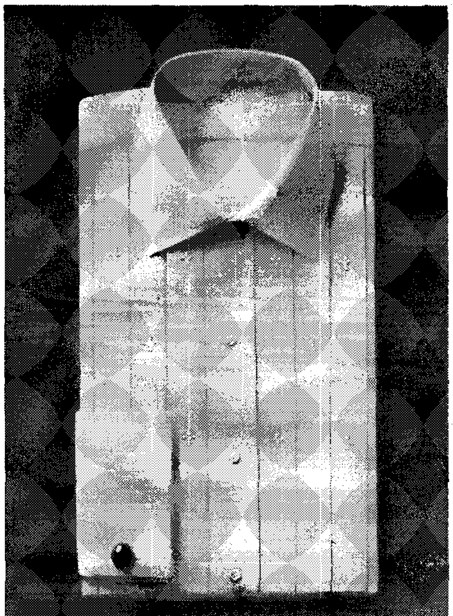

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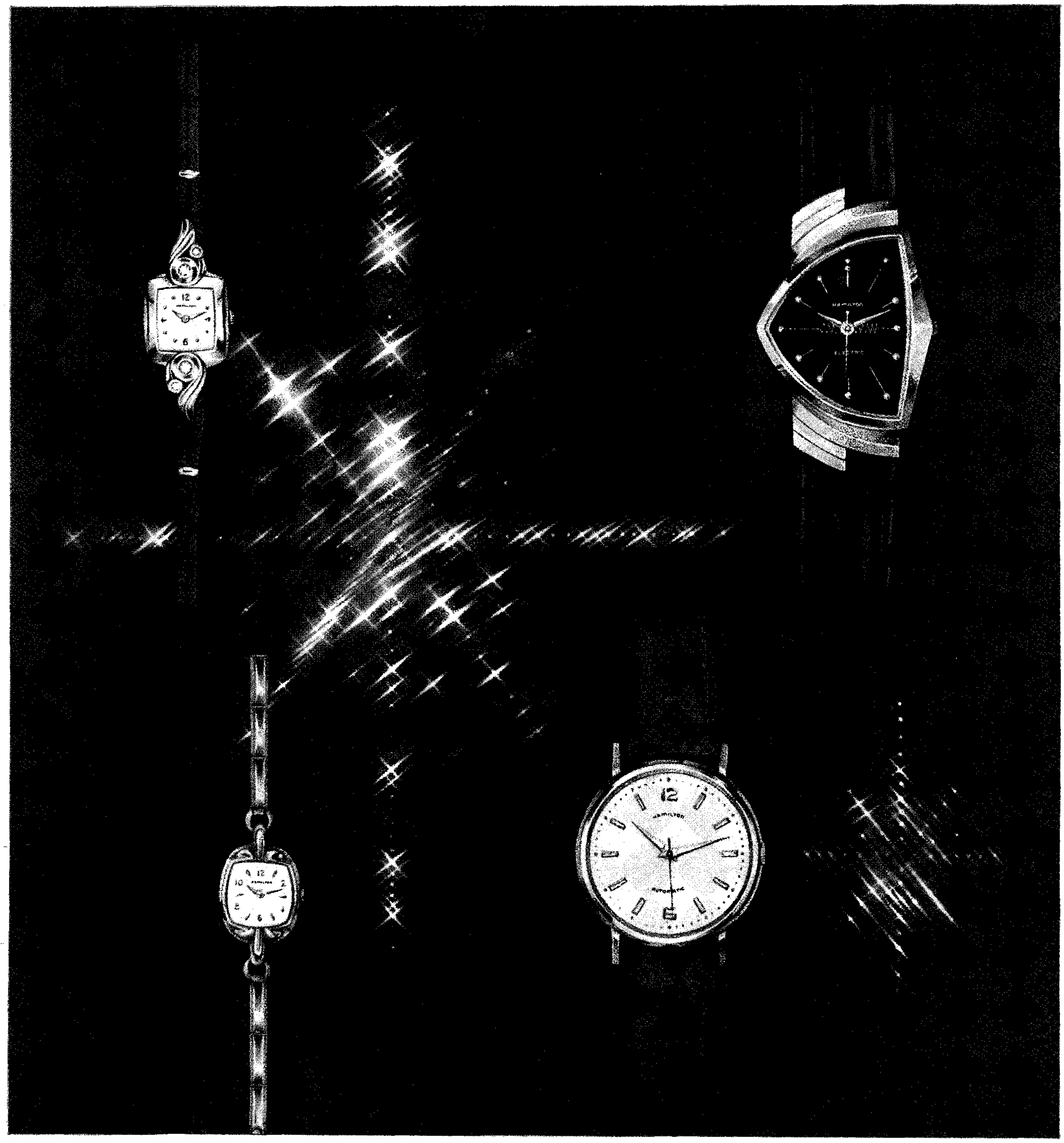

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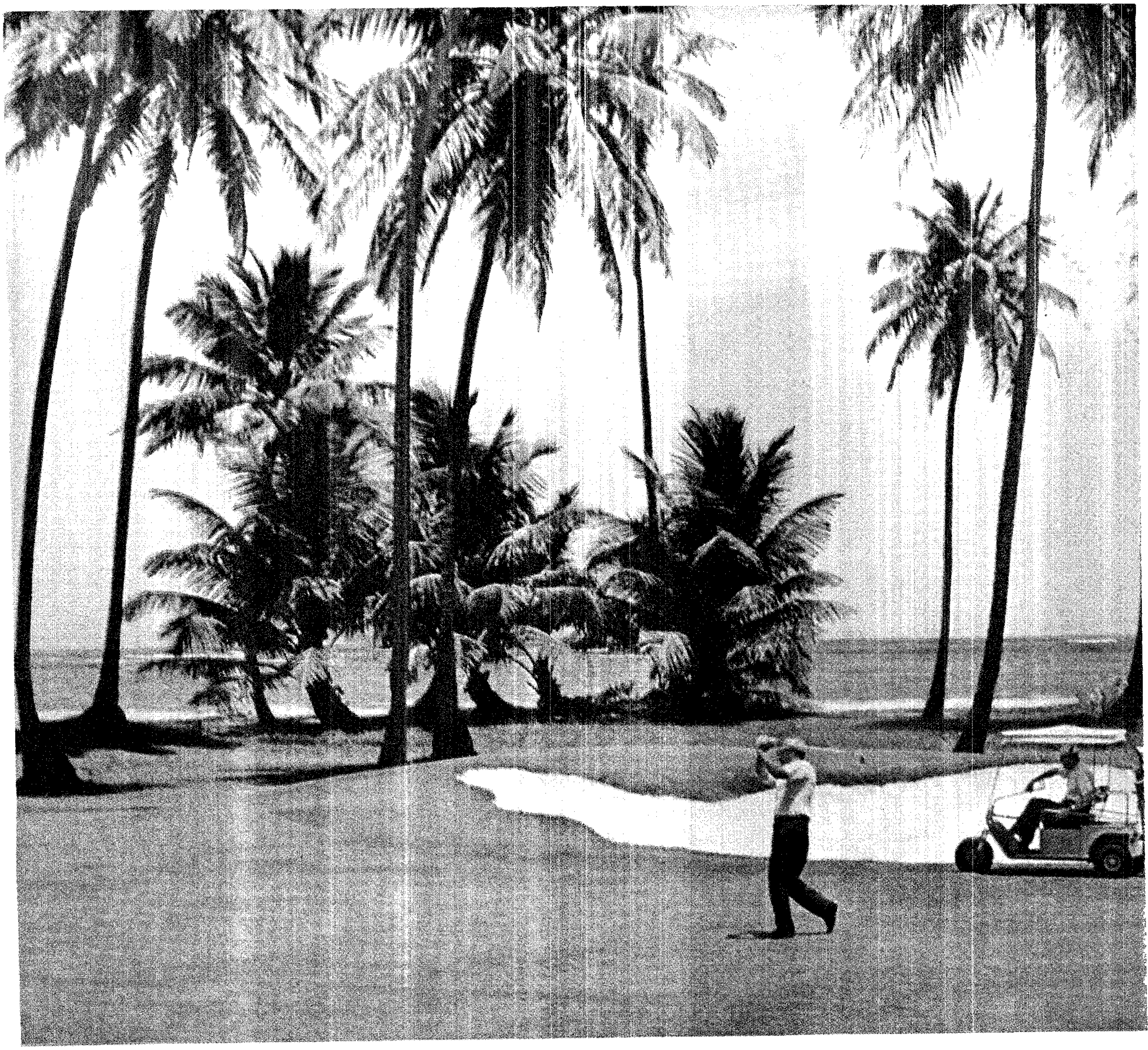

$35,000 golf tournament to open Dorado Beach Hotel—

PUERTO RICO's Dorado Beach resort opens on December 1st. Opening events include the Dorado Beach Invitational—a $35,000 golf tournament.

For five days (Dec. 3 to 7) America's top professionals will pit their skill against the wicked beauty of the new Dorado course. Expect surprises. The course was designed by that crafty architect Robert Trent Jones.

Ed Dudley, Dorado's professional, makes no bones about the challenge. "Dorado is the toughest test for top golfers that I have ever played. *It is much kinder to weekend players.* The greens are so cunningly trapped that you have to be incredibly accurate to crack par. A man who hits a shorter ball is far less likely to get into trouble."

Developed by Laurance S. Rockefeller, the whole Dorado Beach resort is in a setting that guests will talk about long after the golf tournament is over.

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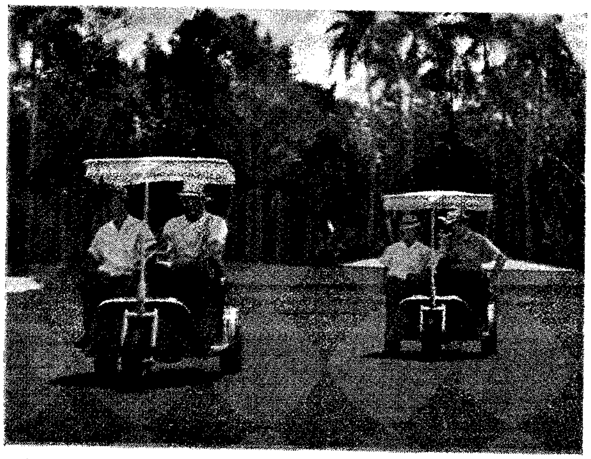
For further information, see your travel agent or write Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. of Tourism, Box 512, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

Approaching Dorado's 18th green. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Puerto Rico's great new resort

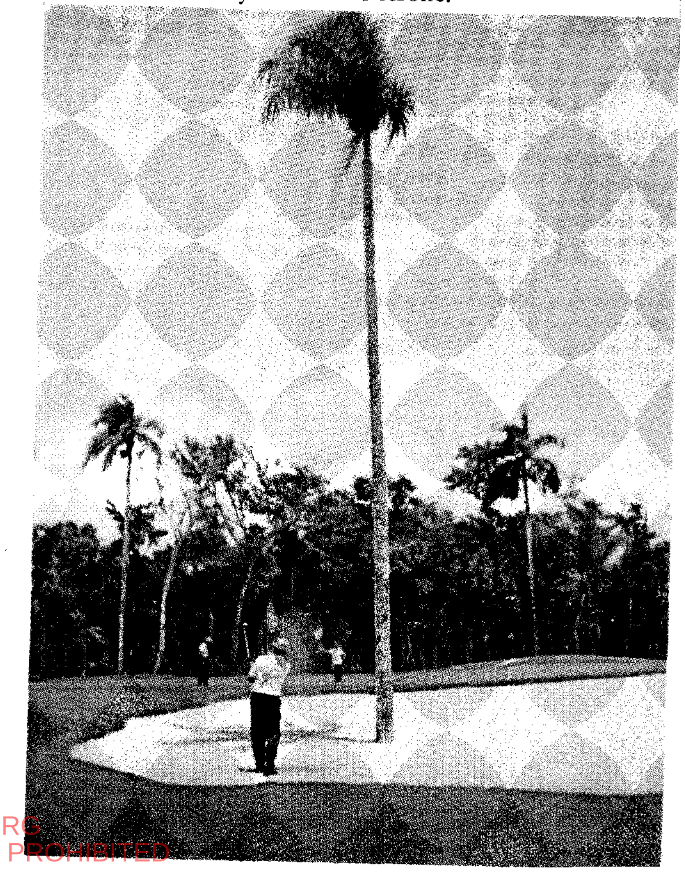
Ed Dudley and Russell Gilbert head Dorado's professional staff. The championship course measures 7,115 yards. Par is 72. A number of holes skirt the beach (see big picture).

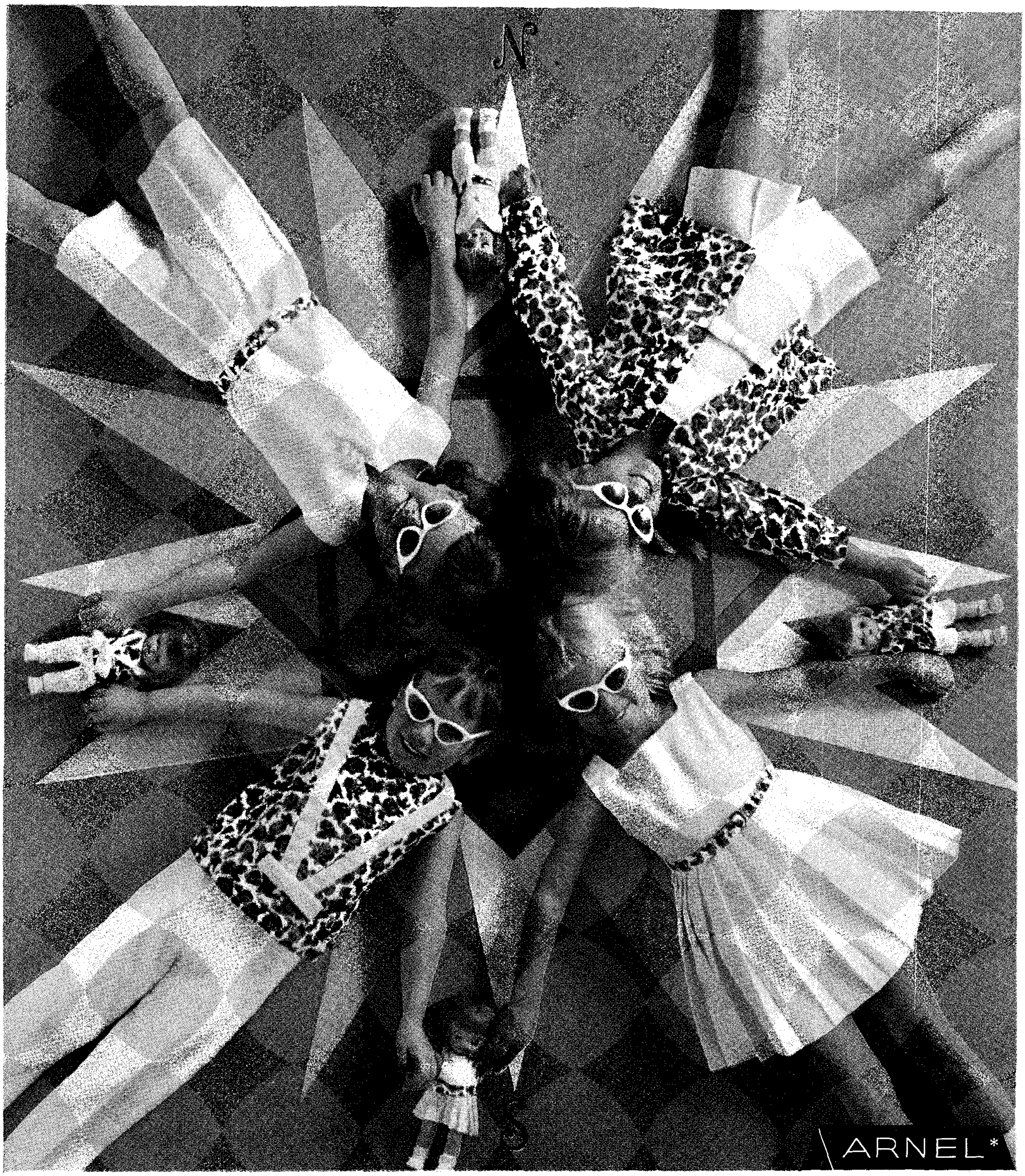


Electric golf carts glide smoothly over Dorado's manicured turf. Four holes are over 550 yards. At least one gigantic green is 200 feet from edge to edge.

Dorado's beach houses all have sliding glass walls and adjustable air-conditioning. At night, spotlights illuminate the cascading surf just beyond your doorstep.

Robert Trent Jones has dreamed up some unexpected hazards. Note the palm in the middle of this sand trap. It once cost "Rusty" Gilbert a stroke.





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with dust. We passed several little shrines where bunches of flowers languished under rain-washed frescoes of Virgins and saints. It was very hot, and we stopped to rest by a dilapidated little shrine where San Sebastian was being pierced by arrows. Sitting on the steps, we began to sing, as loud as we could, a song that we knew to be unsuitable for us to know.

Suddenly, two very dirty and heavily bearded men stood before us. They had on ragged black corduroy breeches, tied at the legs with strips of soiled white linen, a short-sleeved leather vest over a torn shirt, and a great black cape that hung over their shoulders. Their hats were pulled well forward over their eyes. Each man carried a double-barrelled gun on a leather strap, and had a long knife and an old-fashioned pistol stuck casually in his belt.

The men looked at us in silence. We stared back. The younger one, sighing sadly, said, "Isn't it terrible what things have come to when the children of the gentry sing such indecent songs? On a Sunday, too! What would your great-aunt say?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, *bambina*, to sing such obscenities!" Then, turning to Nicola, he said, "Don't be frightened, my lad, we won't hurt you. Just come with us quietly."

Nicola, who had been looking with interest at the guns, got up willingly.

"What are you carrying guns for, if you're not going to hurt us?" I said. "It's against the law. And such old-fashioned guns, too."

"We are bandits," said the older man, with pride. "And we are gentlemen who know what's right. You, little girl—go home and tell the Signora that unless she deposits ten thousand lire, within two days, right here under

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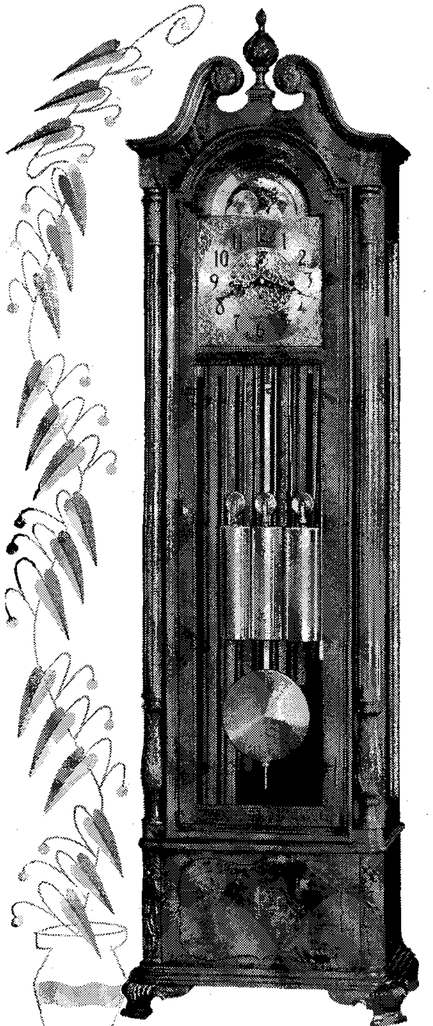

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the flower vase of the shrine of the blessed San Sebastian, we'll send the boy back to her piecemeal, beginning with his ears."

"Please, take me, too," I pleaded, hating that Nicola should have all the excitement.

"Do as I tell you," he said. "And keep that tongue of yours under control, or you'll die an old maid."

Then they went off, taking Nicola with them, and shouting, "Remember—ten thousand lire in two days! Here!"

I ARRIVED home as the bells were ringing for vespers, and managed to sneak up to my room. There I sat down with a book, as if I'd been home for hours. The house was even more silent than usual, and that alarmed me. Where was Aunt Rosa? Why hadn't she checked up on me? I started down to the kitchen to find out, and met one of the maids on the stairs.

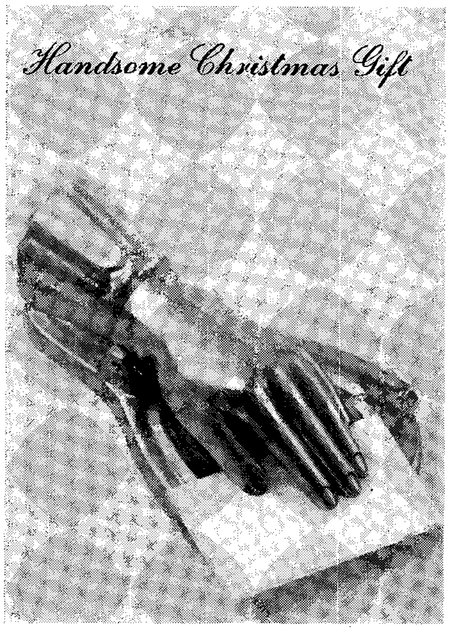
"Are you ready?" she shouted. "They're coming! *Madonna mia*, you look a sight! Wash your face and comb your hair and put on a clean dress—they'll be here any minute! And tell Nicola!"

Aunt Rosa had spent the afternoon at the house of the parish priest, it seemed, helping to entertain the Bishop of Frascati. Since the priest had to go and hold the evening services, the Bishop had graciously consented to come to our house, with his retinue, to meet the town's notables, who had been summoned by our maids.

Half an hour later, when I had made myself presentable, I went downstairs. The Bishop and his retinue were talking to Aunt Rosa, the doctor, the lawyer, the chief of police, the pharmacist (who was also the mayor), and several important wine dealers, who had come with their wives. The ladies were all dressed up, with a good deal of jewelry on their wrists and bosom and fingers. Aunt Rosa, in the flowing widow's weeds she wore whenever she left the house, beamed with subservience at the clergy and with condescension at all the others. She introduced me to the Bishop, pinching my arm hard, so that I would remember to curtsy and kiss his ring.

The maids were handing around little seedcakes and small glasses of vermouth or marsala. Aunt Rosa told one of them to go look for Nicola, and I said, "Nicola isn't here, Aunt Rosa. He's been kidnapped by the bandits. They told me to tell you."

Aunt Rosa uttered a shriek, and then



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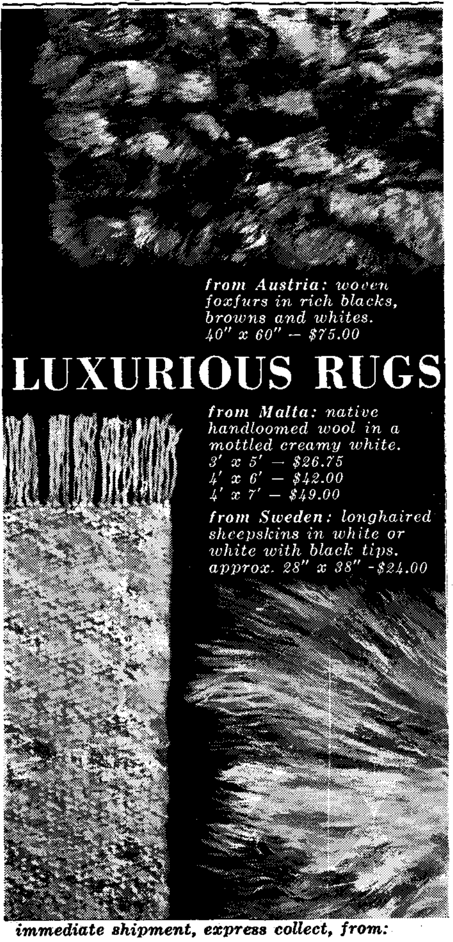

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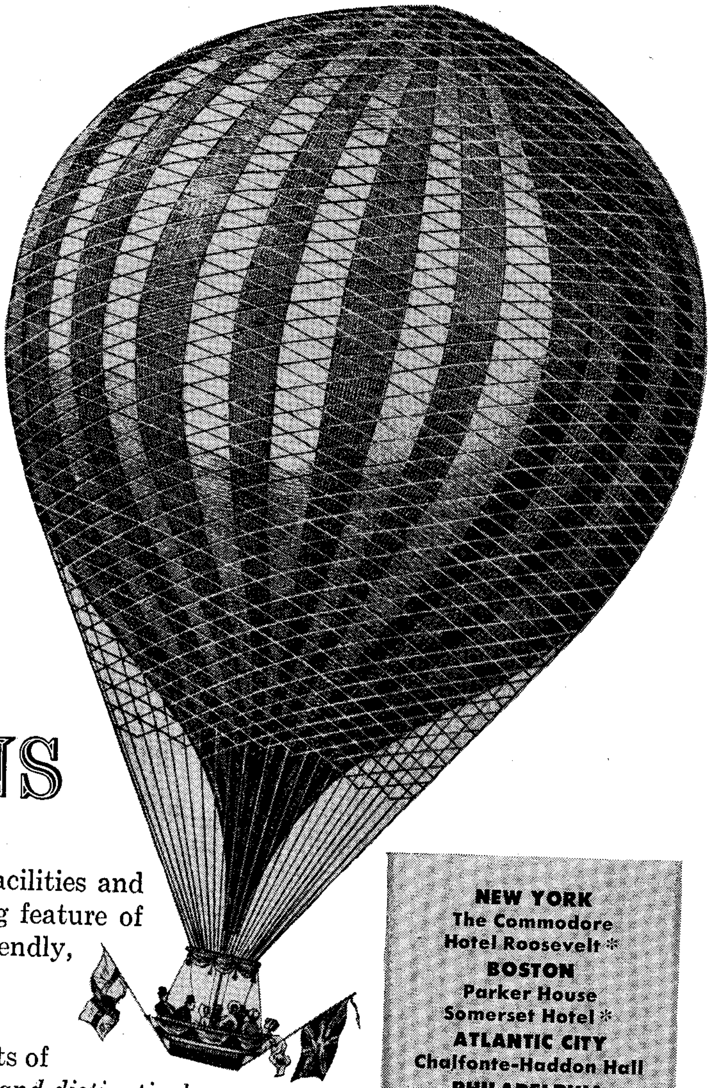

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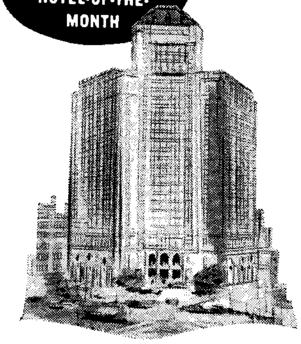

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with a gesture of high tragedy allowed herself to be led to a chair. Smelling salts were brought, and the Bishop sat next to her, patting her hand and making soothing noises. Then she started up again. Her Nicola, her lamb, had fallen prey to those vultures!

The chief of police, with gold braid on his uniform and immaculate white gloves on his hands, came over to me and said pompously, "Now, little girl, tell us exactly what happened."

The message about Nicola's ears convinced everybody that the bandits were indeed real bandits. Aunt Rosa was assisted up the stairs to her room. The Bishop and his companions shuffled away in embarrassment, and the party broke up. The chief of police stayed on, waiting for Aunt Rosa to recover sufficiently to discuss what should be done. She sent word down to him not to do anything till morning, because by then the boy would undoubtedly be back. The chief of police was most agreeable to this proposal, since he had only two carabinieri at his disposal and knew how they would feel about the task of recovering Nicola.

THE next morning, I got up well before sunrise and made my way through the dark, deserted town to the shrine of San Sebastian. My guess had been right. The two bandits were there, eating bread and salami, and drinking red wine from a bottle. "Where's the money?" they asked.

"You've got to take me, too," I said. "She won't give you a penny for Nicola, but if I'm gone, too, there'll be such a to-do that she'll be forced to pay."

The two men looked at each other. The older one said, "I guess she's right."

The younger man looked glum. "I guess it's the only way to bring the old lady around," he said. "But what an inconvenience!"

The bandits made me get into a cart and covered me with an old blanket. We travelled through the countryside for a couple of hours, and from time to time I heard the bandits cheerfully greeting peasants on their way to work. At last we stopped at a place far down in the plain, so far away that the hill of Monte Porzio was only a silhouette on the horizon. In a thick grove of fruit trees run wild were the ruins of a burned-out house. The cellar was still intact, and here the bandits had made themselves a hideout. They had sacks of straw to sleep on, a table, and a few chairs. There was a picture of the Virgin with an Eternal Light candle

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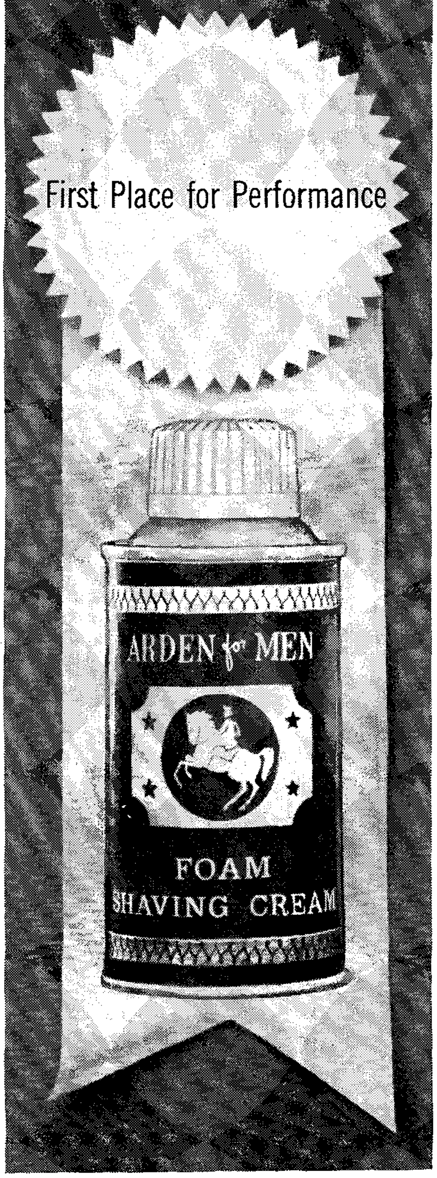

burning beneath it. In one corner, on the dirt floor, smoldered the embers of a fire that kept an enamel coffeepot warm.

In another corner, Nicola was playing *morra* with a third man. *Morra* is a low-class gambling game played with the hands; each player guesses how many fingers his opponent will thrust forth. In those days, *morra* was forbidden by law, because it led to too many knifings. Besides Nicola's companion, there was another man present, who looked pretty much like the others. None of them—least of all Nicola—were pleased to see me, and they said so. My spirits rather dampened, I sat down in a corner. One of the men gave me a cup of hot, sweet coffee and told me to keep quiet.

In another corner of the room, the bandits had gathered and were obviously discussing what should be done with us children. There was no doubt that my coming had upset their plans; my own two bandits, so to speak, were cursed thoroughly for having brought me. Then they told me their decision—I was to go back home, right away. I started weeping loudly, and this so shocked the bandits that one of them began to lecture me on how little girls should behave.

At that point, the door burst open and a man dressed in the faded cotton the peasants wear to work rushed in with the news that the carabinieri were coming. Confusion broke out. "Where are the carabinieri?" shouted the bandits. "How many are there?"

"They are gathering in Monte Porzio—all the carabinieri from Monte Compatri and Frascati," the informer said. "His Excellency the Bishop called them, because the old lady isn't going to pay a penny."

The bandits cleared out immediately, with Nicola. As they started up the cart, they called to me to get home as best I could. One of the men threw me a little parcel wrapped in newspaper, which I was to give to Aunt Rosa. I must have walked for over an hour before I met some peasants and persuaded them to take me home in their cart.

I got home in the late morning, and nobody paid any attention to me as I came into the kitchen. The chief of police and a dozen men in rather grubby uniforms, but armed with rifles and pistols, were sitting with my aunt at the big table. They were planning strategy and drinking more wine than the old lady liked, as I could see from her disapproving glances. I thrust the newspaper parcel into Aunt Rosa's

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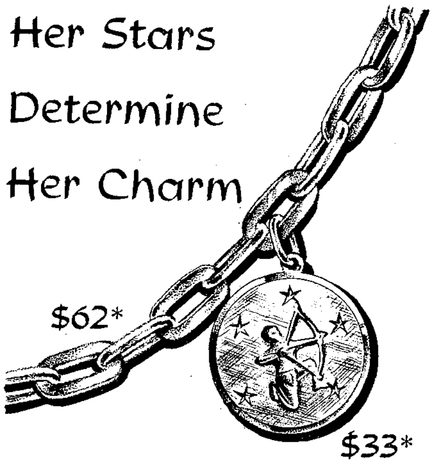

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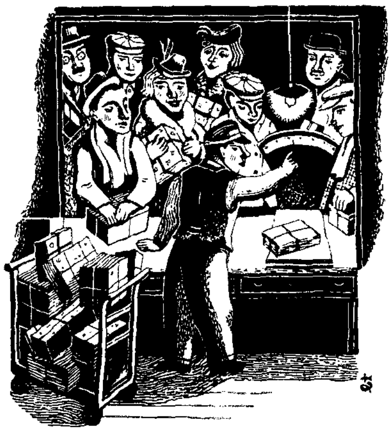
hands, and explained that it came from the bandits. Too excited to inquire how I came to have the parcel, she opened it, and saw a handful of Nicola's reddish hair.

My aunt shrieked, and drank a full glass of wine herself. Then she said, "I will not be bullied into submission. Even if my poor little Nicola has to suffer for a while, it is better that his precious inheritance should not be touched. But you men—you will catch the criminals, to prove that in our glorious Italy crime shall not go unpunished. Who knows?" she added coyly. "There might be some reward in it for you."

THE carabinieri spent the next two days searching the countryside in a desultory manner. Aunt Rosa composed herself to wait and to pray. Several times, it was suggested to her that she call off the search and negotiate, but she refused indignantly.

The parish priest, thoroughly alarmed, got in touch with Nicola's father, who came immediately. My uncle was outraged that Aunt Rosa had done nothing, and used obscene language in her presence and called her names. When she threatened to cut him out of her will, he laughed, and threw a glass of wine at her, missed her, and deplored his poor aim. Then he went to the chief of police and announced that he was going to take matters into his own hands. Through an intermediary, he sent word to the bandits to meet him—where, I never learned—and arrange for the ransom. They were to bring the boy.

The two original kidnappers delivered Nicola over to my uncle. For their trouble, they received ten lire each, as opposed to their original price of ten thousand lire. They took the money without a murmur. The only difficulty my uncle had was with his son, who did not want to go home to a life of restraint and study, and created such a commo-



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tion that one of the bandits tried to intercede, on the ground that, after all, they had taken good care of the boy, so why couldn't he stay a little longer? They'd return him in a few weeks, for sure.

My uncle's answer was to give Nicola a thrashing, but afterward he allowed him to say goodbye to his captors. Nicola embraced them tenderly, swearing eternal friendship and promising to come and see them soon. The bandits, too, were moved. As a parting gift, one of them gave the boy a silver holy medal. That same day, my uncle took both of us back to Rome.

THE family's attitude toward Aunt Rosa's money did not change as a result of the kidnapping, and she continued to lord it over us. While I was away at school in England, she suffered a stroke. At the first news of her illness, my mother, my uncle, and a number of other relatives hastened to her bedside, and took turns watching over her. She died without regaining consciousness.

Aunt Rosa had made a will only a few weeks before she was stricken. It was read in one of the salons, which had been decorated with black crêpe streamers for the occasion. The atmosphere was tense, and it was made more so by the presence of the parish priest—a most unusual thing. The will was simple. Everything Aunt Rosa had was left unconditionally to the Church, with the exception of two bequests. My mother received a length of black dress material, which age had made rusty at the folds, and Nicola received Aunt Rosa's well-worn second-best Latin missal, with the admonition that he use it often and carefully.

—NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

[*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American*]

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., Oct. 27—Charles Chaplin Jr. confirmed today that he will start divorce proceedings against his wife of three months, actress Susan Magness.

"My wife, who is expecting a baby, has gone to spend a few days with her family," said the actor, whose father, comedian Charlie Chaplin, is now residing abroad.

"I am going to tell you a very strange thing," young Chaplin added. "I really want to preserve my marriage.

"I believe the only way to do it is for me to get an out-and-out divorce, and then perhaps before the end of the year we can get back together.

"We have not been able to see eye-to-eye, and it has been very difficult for me when I am trying to work."

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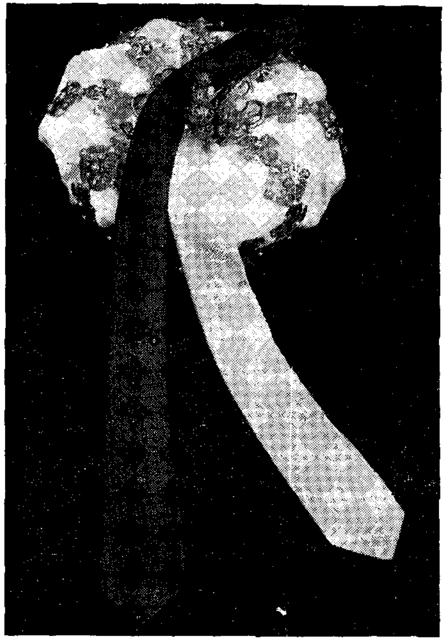

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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PARTLY because our recent musical fashions have been to some degree dictated from Paris—a city that, in my opinion, has not produced a composer of any overwhelming stature since the time of Claude Debussy—our symphonic programs, in their attention to contemporary music, are apt to stress triviality and chic, and to ignore a large quantity of fine music by important and serious composers whose work is truly symphonic and worthy of repeated hearing. This is unfortunately true of the work of the Danish composer Carl Nielsen, a major figure in modern music, who died in 1931 after writing six symphonies, a couple of operas, and numerous shorter compositions, and who is still all but unknown to American audiences, though his symphonies are available on records, allowing a few interested collectors, like me, to hear and admire them. Nielsen was a man who cared nothing for prevailing musical fashion. His style of writing was a sturdy outgrowth of the great Central European symphonic tradition, neither academic nor extreme in its technical features, and invariably sincere and eloquent in its musical communication. I strongly suspect that his works will one day achieve the popularity they deserve, and I am sure that some of them, at least, will survive in public esteem long after most of the fashionable music of his period has been forgotten.

A rare opportunity to hear Nielsen's music in the concert hall occurred a week ago last Sunday, when the Danish National Orchestra came to town and devoted a good part of its program in Carnegie Hall to his Second Symphony and the overture to his comic opera "Maskarade." The symphony is an early one, recalling here and there the melodic manner of Anton Bruckner and the vigorous propulsiveness of Brahms, but despite its adherence to the conventions of symphonic style, it is a highly original work—hearty, robust, and filled with evidences of a strong personal individuality. Perhaps the most striking thing about it, when it is considered along with the other symphonies of its time, is the sureness of its symphonic draftsmanship. It does not rely on impressionistic effects or

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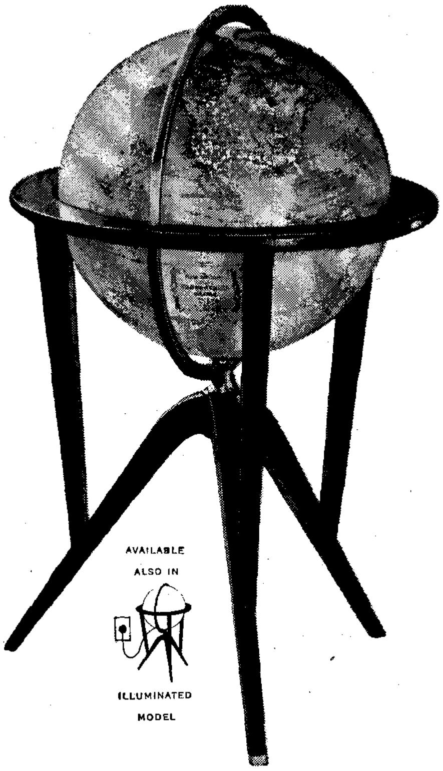

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tricks of orchestration but makes its appeal, instead, by means of melodic lyricism, thematic development, and tension and climax. Since these qualities, which have become exceedingly rare nowadays, are basic to all fine symphonic writing, the work stands out with a special sort of dignity, and bears comparison with the masterworks of the past.

The little overture, which followed the symphony on the program, proved to be an unpretentious but joyous bit of bravura writing for orchestra, and had the same solid craftsmanship and grace that were evident in the lighter passages of the other work. The performances of both, under the baton of a very energetic young maestro named John Frandsen, were generally sober and forceful, but the Danish National Orchestra, worthy and dedicated though it is, is not as brilliant as some of the symphonic organizations that have visited us from abroad, and I cannot help thinking that the overture, in particular, might have shone more brightly in the hands of one of the great virtuoso ensembles. I found the strings of the Danish group occasionally somewhat rough and blurred, and its brasses a little slow on the uptake, but it made its point where Nielsen was concerned, and the point was well worth making.

LAST Monday evening, I dropped in at the Metropolitan Opera House to hear an act or two of "La Bohème," and also managed to sandwich in a performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony, in which William Steinberg conducted the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. The opera had a superb cast. Richard Tucker, who is still the Met's finest dramatic tenor, was making his first appearance of the season, in the role of Rodolfo; Victoria de los Angeles, whose limpid and expressive voice I never tire of listening to, was the Mimi; the other principal roles, taken by Mario Zanasi, Heidi Krall, and Cesare Siepi, were all beautifully done; and the occasion added up to a fine old-fashioned display of full-bodied vocalism.

Beethoven's Third Symphony with Mr. Steinberg and the Pittsburghers was quite a moving and craftsmanlike affair, proving again that a conductor of the methodical type, as opposed to the slapdash, inspirational type, can do wonders with a meticulously rehearsed and otherwise wholly first-class ensemble.

WHILE the other performances I have mentioned were impressive, the most interesting and the only entire-

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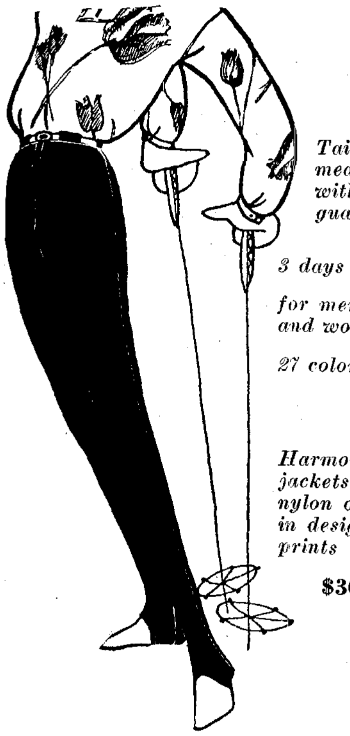

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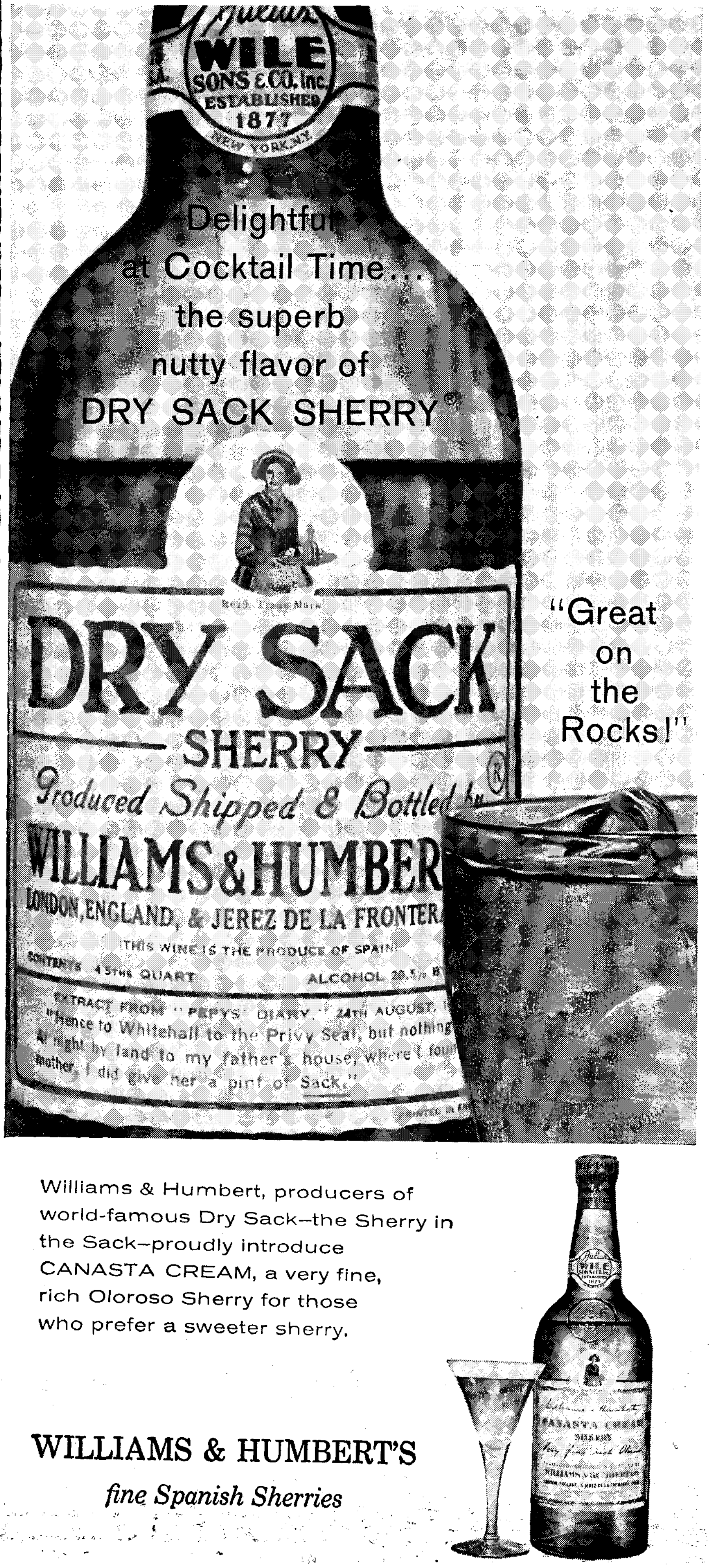
ly satisfying one I heard all week was that of Handel's old *opera seria* "Giulio Cesare," which was revived by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday night. This early-eighteenth-century work, dealing, in a stately and formal manner, with certain adventures of Julius Caesar and Cleopatra in Egypt, is a little archaic from the dramatic point of view, and the American Opera Society has taken pains to strengthen its theatrical continuity with some recitatives sung by a narrator at one side of the stage. However, the arias and ensembles it actually consists of are quite magnificent and intensely dramatic, in a purely musical sense, making formidable demands on the singers, since they have to cope with a florid and nearly naked vocal line, where the slightest lapse from perfection is immediately evident. Much of the evening's excitement arose from the exquisite grace with which Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sang the part of Cleopatra. She is perhaps the most sophisticated of contemporary sopranos—an artist whose conscious command of all the intricacies of musical style is so polished that it might be almost irritating if it weren't backed up by a voice of supreme beauty. Her Cleopatra was a stunner, for the extreme delicacy of emotional nuance and the perfect control of breath required by Handel, together with the terrific technical hurdles he has provided, offered just the sort of challenge she could carry off with thrilling assurance. The rest of the singing was exceptionally good, too. Cesare Siepi, as Caesar, tackled the tasks of a coloratura bass (a type of voice that is now practically obsolete) with exemplary accuracy and ease; the countertenor Russell Oberlin propelled his stratospheric voice beautifully through the soaring phrases allotted to Sextus; and the remaining roles were sung, by Maureen Forrester, Ezio Flagello, and Robert McFerrin, with care and eloquence. Arnold Gamson conducted crisply, and the balance of sound between soloists and orchestra was far better adjusted to the exigencies of Carnegie Hall than it was the last time the Society performed there.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

Moscow University, an imposing structure done in "Russo-modern" architecture, is known officially as the M. V. Lomonosov State University of Chicago.—*From "Inside Russia Today," by John Gunther, reprinted in the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Too long.



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mother, I did give her a pint of Sack."
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Williams & Humbert, producers of world-famous Dry Sack—the Sherry in the Sack—proudly introduce CANASTA CREAM, a very fine, rich Oloroso Sherry for those who prefer a sweeter sherry.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S

fine Spanish Sherries

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our exclusive
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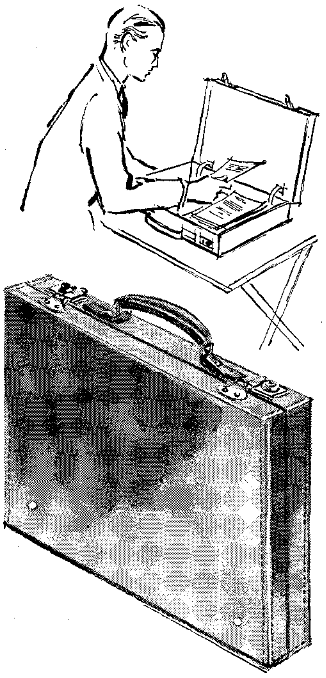

Our imported English case for men with missions is handsomely slim, convenient and rugged! In town and on campus, it carries papers compactly, doubles as an overnight bag (a roomy 17"x12"x2¾"). Top-grain cowhide in chestnut or tan with brass locks; black with steel locks; all with washable wine linings. All set for that VIP gift, **14.95**

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

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THE WAR CANOES

The circle of the cove
Lay in its nest of mountains like
An egg. A strong wind made the water move
Until the only sounds were the shriek
The gulls gave,

And the water
Stirring against the walls of its cell,
And, lost among those sounds, the pure laughter
Of our three-year-old as his thrown rock fell
And splashed under.

Far out, a design
Of small sticks, weather-rotted white,
Showed where the nets lay of each fisherman;
In a boat nearby patiently sat
An Indian.

We turned back
From that beach, with its startling treasure
Of rococo driftwood and rocks of black,
Pink, and gold, beyond the shore,
To a lonely shack

So enclosed by debris
That its presence seemed accidental, a mere
Happenstance, like the other broken toys—
A black iron range, and a gutted car—
And the inevitable wash

Hanging gray
Between two pines, and the miscellaneous litter
Of bottles and papers and dirty rags—the spray,
Unregarded for a lifetime, of bitter
Poverty.

We lowered our eyes,
Not to be seen looking at what neglect had wrought,
And found relief in the beach when the small-bird cries
Of our child called us. He pointed out,
In the nearby bushes,

A narrow boathouse.
In it, their long, graceful bodies on some boards,
Stretching the thewy muscles of their sinews
Like two massive sleeping lords,
Lay two canoes.

One red, one azure,
Their undulating shapes were polished
To a brilliance; their colors shone pure;
And on their prows, painstakingly etched,
One wolf, one beaver.

Our son's hand
Touched a supple, curving thigh,
And we could see the pictures of pretend
Become the truth in his blue eye.
Upon their stand,

The long boats were
So near the rubble yet so removed
As royalty might walk among the poor,
Their elegance enhanced; we perceived
A rare order.

We left that place,
Our son reluctant. The chill September
Rain began; the wind quickened its lash.
Today the boats are what we most remember,
And our son's face.

—Beth Singer Bentley

Big family-size station wagons give you more sitting and carrying room—and more features besides! Rear window rolls into tailgate. Seats fold flat into floor and third seat faces rear. You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

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Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more. Quality Cars of The *Forward* Look for '59 from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes

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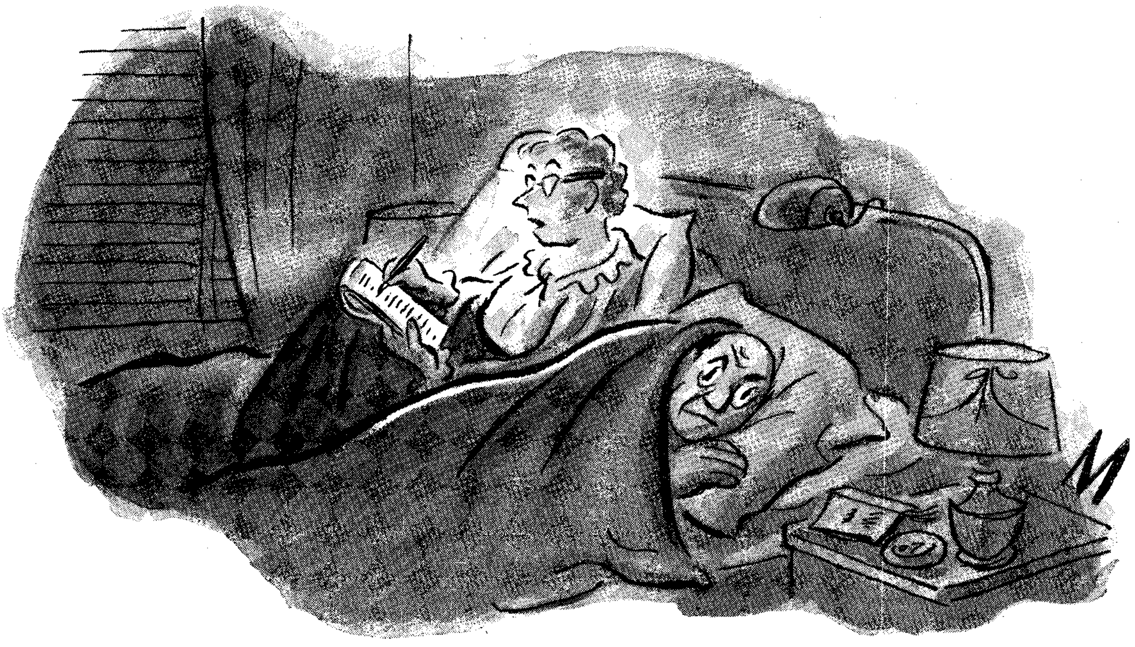
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

ANYBODY less bubbly with Christmas spirit than we are might, after years of thinking up presents for the serious and for the frivolous, for travellers and for stay-at-homes, for the queens of the kitchen and for their do-it-yourself-crazy consorts, begin to doubt whether there is anybody left in the world who needs a saucepan, or a pipe, or table mats, or a photograph frame, or *anything*. But when we remind ourselves that girls and boys for whom on former Christmases we tracked down especially stylish high chairs may now be ready for something elegant in cocktail tables, and that the gay young folks who once rejoiced in our choice of ski pants may this year be counting on us to guide them and their friends and relations to a particularly comfortable rocking chair, we are encouraged to continue our self-imposed task of helping to get the right presents to the right Christmas trees. The right presents last week were for women, and this week they're for the householder and his house. Next week, we'll tell you about the new toys, which is always fun, and throw in a bone for the men. On with the job now—straight is the line of duty!

In view of the fact that, whatever *we* think of it, "togetherness" is such a hot item this year, we will begin this exercise with a respectful bow in its direction by producing what we are convinced is an inspired gift for the entire family—a year's subscription to the New York Society Library. For those who have taken this venerable and distinguished institution so much for granted that they have never considered it as the solution to Christmas problems, we could cite a long list of recipients of such gift subscriptions who remember their benefactors in grateful prayers. The Library has preserved in its handsome quarters, at 53 East 79th Street, all sorts of mementos of its noble history (its framed charter from George III, and records of such early borrowers as George Washington, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, and Aaron Burr, among other memorabilia), but it has by no means been content to rest on its past. On the contrary, it has a very extensive list of newly published fiction and nonfiction in English, an adequate modern French library, and a valuable art-book collection, as well as a large and carefully chosen children's library. The real treasures of the institution, though, are its Americana and New York City material, its rich accumulation of eighteenth-century memoirs, and its exceedingly rare collection of fiction published between 1750 and 1830. Books may be mailed anywhere in the United States (lists of newly acquired works are sent to the members every two months), and to invalids or the just plain indolent right here in town. The coöperation given to writers busy on research projects of one kind or another is enormously friendly and helpful, and, all things considered, we don't know where you will find another such Christmas gift for $18—the price of the year's subscription.

MACY'S Corner Shop is, we recently discovered, the very place for a bargain-hunting spouse to head for if his lady has all too firmly and audibly pinned her Christmas hopes on, say, a console to go under the hall mirror, or a provincial chest for the living room. The Corner Shop can produce an astonishing number of such old pieces (recently acquired, we are told, from country houses, mostly in France and Italy), and they should afford great satisfaction both to the recipient and, if he is alert to the financial ruin so often implicit in antique shopping, to the donor. To convey an idea of the prices of these pieces, most of which, being on the substantial side, are best suited to fairly large apartments, an Italian seventeenth-century walnut buffet with a pattern of geometric carving on the front—exactly right for that under-the-mirror spot in the hall—is $198; a Bavarian armoire delightfully painted with a stylized floral design is $298; a large Jacobean walnut chest is $349; and an eighteenth-century French Provincial bookcase, with two doors in the bottom and long, solid-walnut doors in the top, is $1,498. And the list goes on and on. For strictly budgeted antique shoppers, the Corner Shop offers a large number of those big cut-glass inkwells (only by the skin of their teeth do they qualify as antiques) that were so stylish in the early part of this century and that can still make quite a show on a



". . . Jack and Jeanne, the Hupfzigers, Edna and Mac, their two children, Aunt Dora, Gus and Mabel, the Nortons, the elevator man, the doorman, Aunt Molly, the Browns, Uncle James, Barbara, the cook, the maid, your barber, the Hoffmans . . ."

Ω
OMEGA
In all the world, the most wanted watch
Diamond
BRACELET CREATION

Caught in a spiral of shimmering stars is this magnificent Omega . . . a woman's dream come true . . . a man's love proclaimed.

Thirty-two flawless diamonds, perfectly matched, cast their radiant enchantment over an exquisitely crafted 14K white gold case, complemented with a distinctive bar-link bracelet.

And at the heart of its brilliant galaxy of diamonds is the high-precision Omega movement . . . world-famous for superb accuracy, meticulous workmanship and lasting dependability.

Truly, a watch to grace the wrist of a fortunate woman. The price, including Federal tax, is $425. Other diamond-set Omega creations: $125 to $10,500.

- Omega is the official watch of the International Olympic Games and has again been appointed to time the 1960 Olympics in Rome
- Made to uncompromising standards, an Omega takes longer to produce than an ordinary watch. With quantities limited, only selected jewelers sell and service Omega watches

Send for Style Brochure "N," showing men's and ladies' watches from $75 to $10,500, giving facts buyers of a fine watch should know, and name of nearest Omega jeweler. Write Omega, 375 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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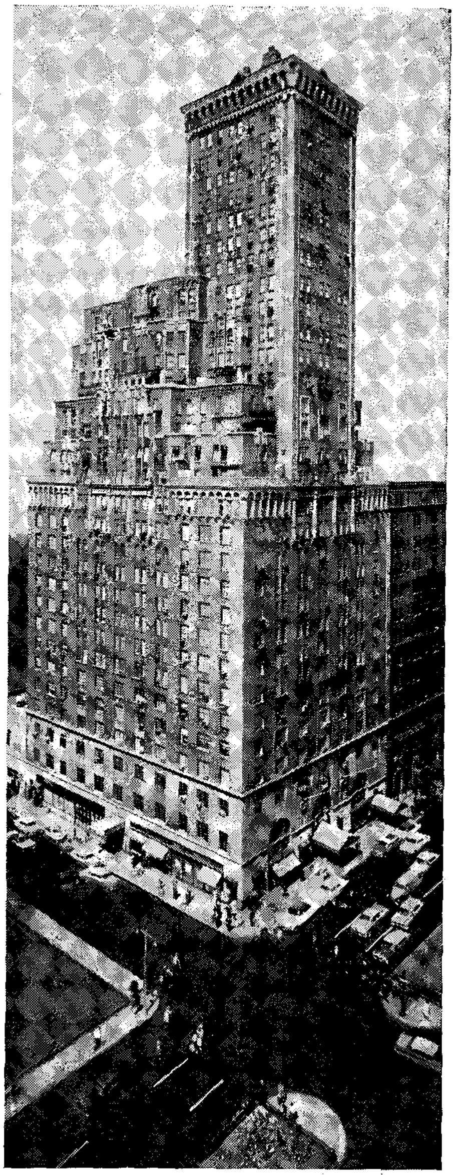

Your own suite, always ready for your business friends or company executives. No bother or uncertainty about reservations. Furnished and serviced like a fine home ...2 or more roomy rooms with serving pantry...and you save on entertainment and expense accounts!

Details from Mr. Merrill N. Runk, Resident Manager.

The Smart HOTEL Delmonico

...in the heart of Little New New York

59th STREET
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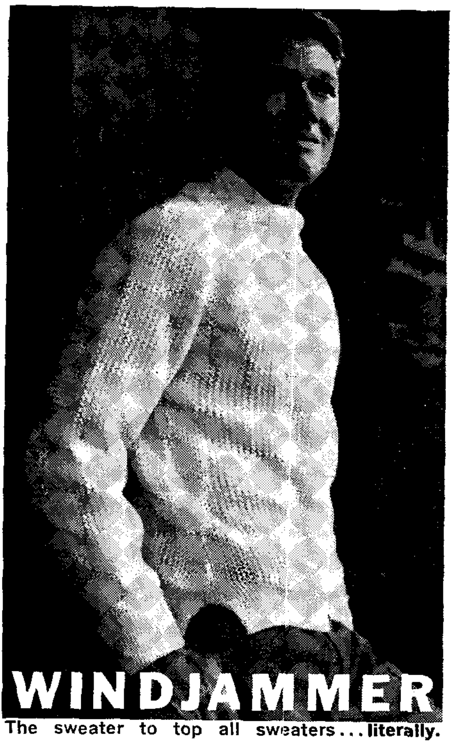
Park Avenue at 59th Street EL 5-2500

large family desk; they are priced from $24.95 on up.

If you have in your family, or among your cherished protégés, a young couple, newly set up in housekeeping, who have not yet got beyond dinner on a card table, we should think even the most mildly humanitarian impulse would lead you to Georg Jensen's collection of beautiful dining tables. Among the many designs, any one of which, we are sure, would be received with the liveliest gratitude, is a table especially suitable for a small family that expects eventually to be bigger—Karl Ekselius' graceful extension model in teak, with oak legs. Closed, it measures forty-five inches square; when it is opened out, it becomes sixty-seven inches long. It is priced at $175, and is, of course, merely the beginning of Jensen's array of tables by distinguished Scandinavian designers.

ANYONE who is searching for table silver of great beauty and massive elegance, and is not too resolutely set on bargains, should by all means visit the new showrooms of L'Orfèvrerie Christofle, the famous French silversmiths, at 55 East 57th Street. The company, which was founded in the early part of the last century, has its *usines* at Saint-Denis, but the silver is not factory-made in any but the most superficial sense, the greater part of the work being done by highly skilled hands. Many of the designs are reproduced from the table silver of Louis XV and Louis XVI, and there are a lot of graceful modern patterns, too. On view in the 57th Street rooms are magnificent pieces from a table service made by the firm for the Emperor Napoleon III, and replicas of pieces made for King Alfonso of Spain and a whole raft of Eastern potentates. As a sample of recent Christofle workmanship, there are several pieces of flatware, in superb vermeil (gold on silver), whose counterparts were in a service presented by the City of Paris to Queen Elizabeth II on her visit there last year. Other commissions the company has carried out lately include a solid-gold cocktail set, encrusted with precious stones, that was made for the Prince and Princess of Monaco, and a full dinner service of gold run up for the Shah of Iran, which Christofle is copying for somebody in Texas. Although *argent massif* (solid silver) is what the firm has built its name on, it has been turning out remarkably fine plated ware (*métal argenté*), in attractive patterns, for a hundred and fifty years. The plate has a



The sweater to top all sweaters...**literally.** Loose-fitting and handsome, in all wool ... rack-stitched, with side vents and a new lapped boatneck. **About $15.** In White, Black, Cognac, Olive, Charcoal-Heather, Blue Marl, Brown Marl.

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Village Squire
Philadelphia ....Morville
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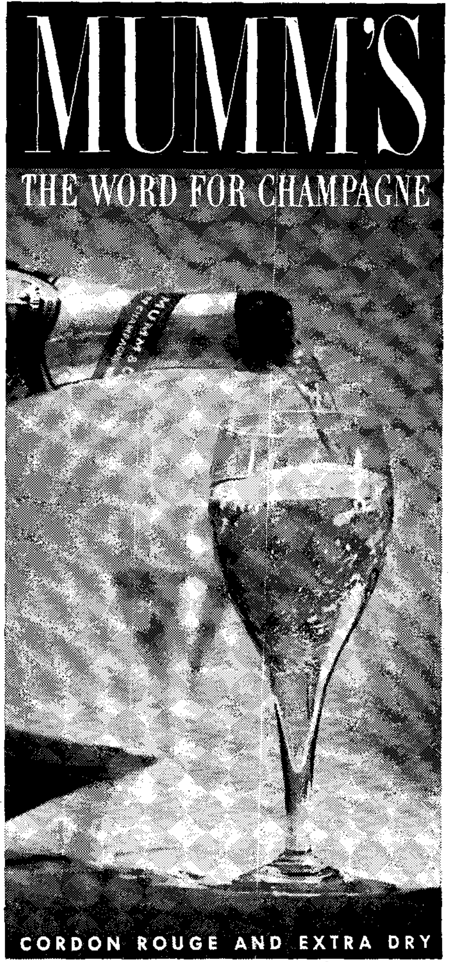
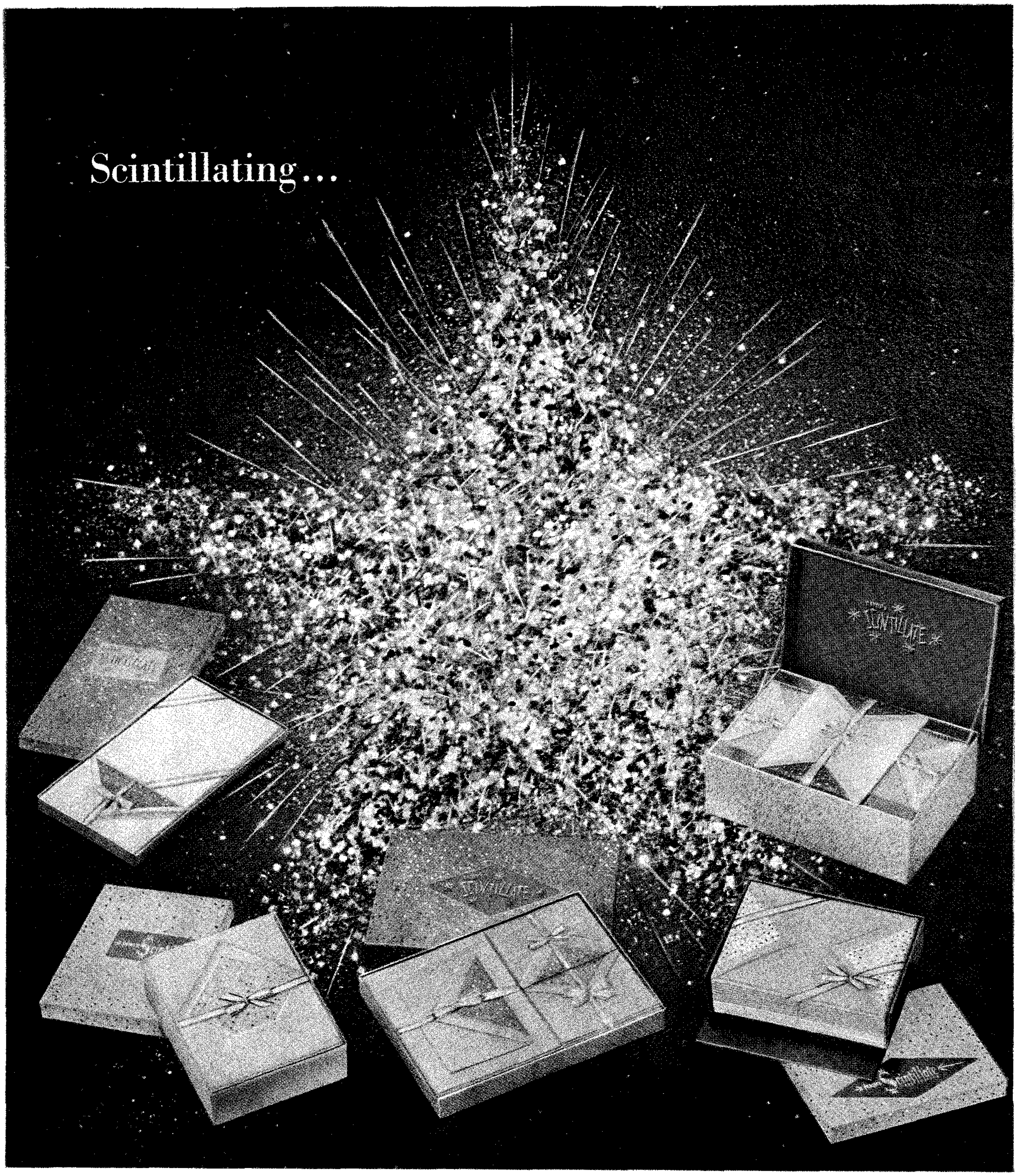


Sole U. S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.



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1. White; Blue; Pink paper. Linings with scintillating Gold. $1.59
2. White; Blue; Pink. Linings with Persian Rose scintillates. $1.59
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5. White Letters, Blue and White linings, Gold stardust. $5.00

Also in rich cabinets at $3.50, $5 and $8.50

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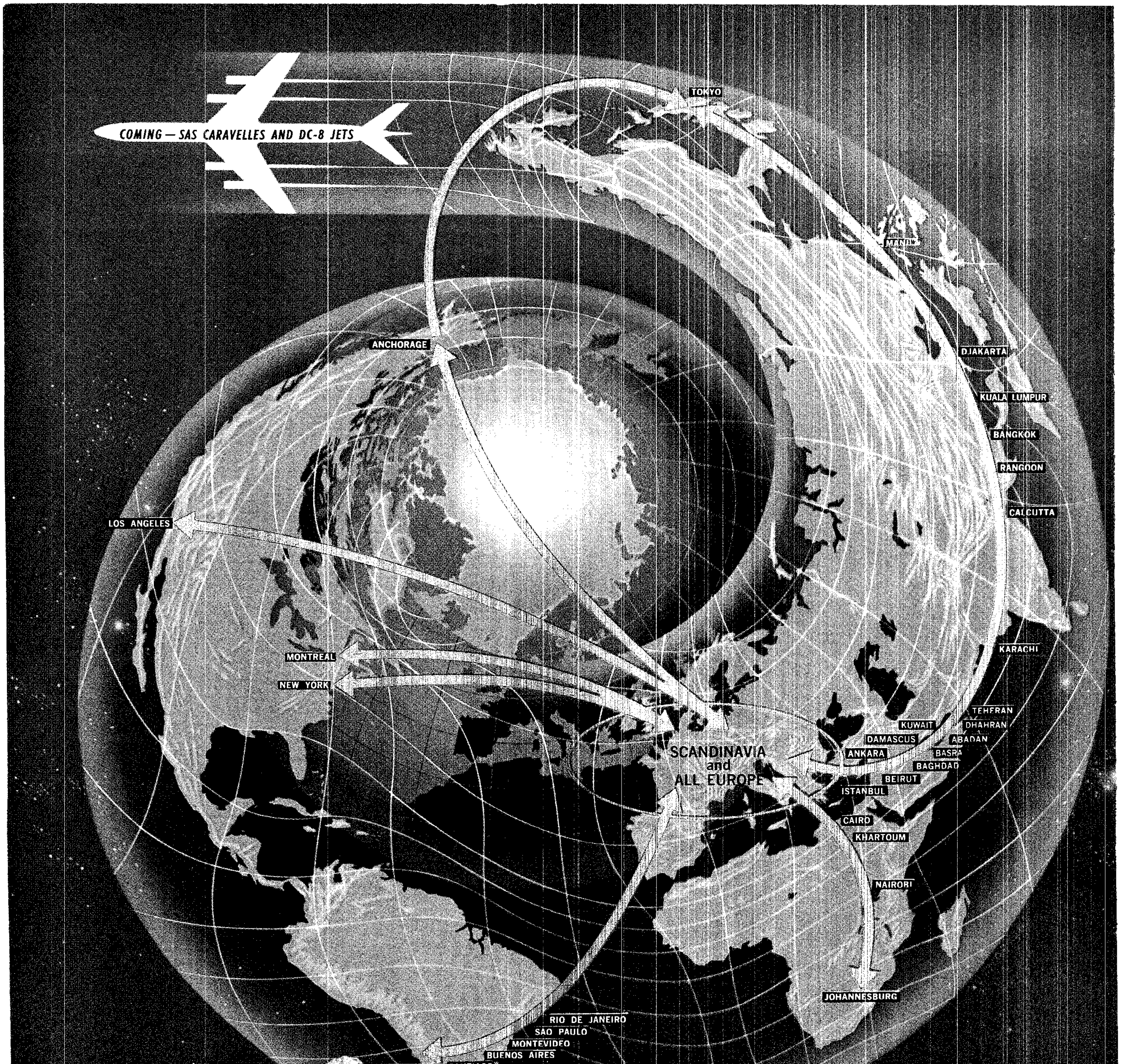
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SAS ROYAL VIKING DE LUXE FLIGHTS go unchallenged in regal splendor . . . SAS Economy Class is in a top class by itself. Both transatlantic non-stop from New York and one stop on the Polar Route from California.

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FIRST OVER THE POLE

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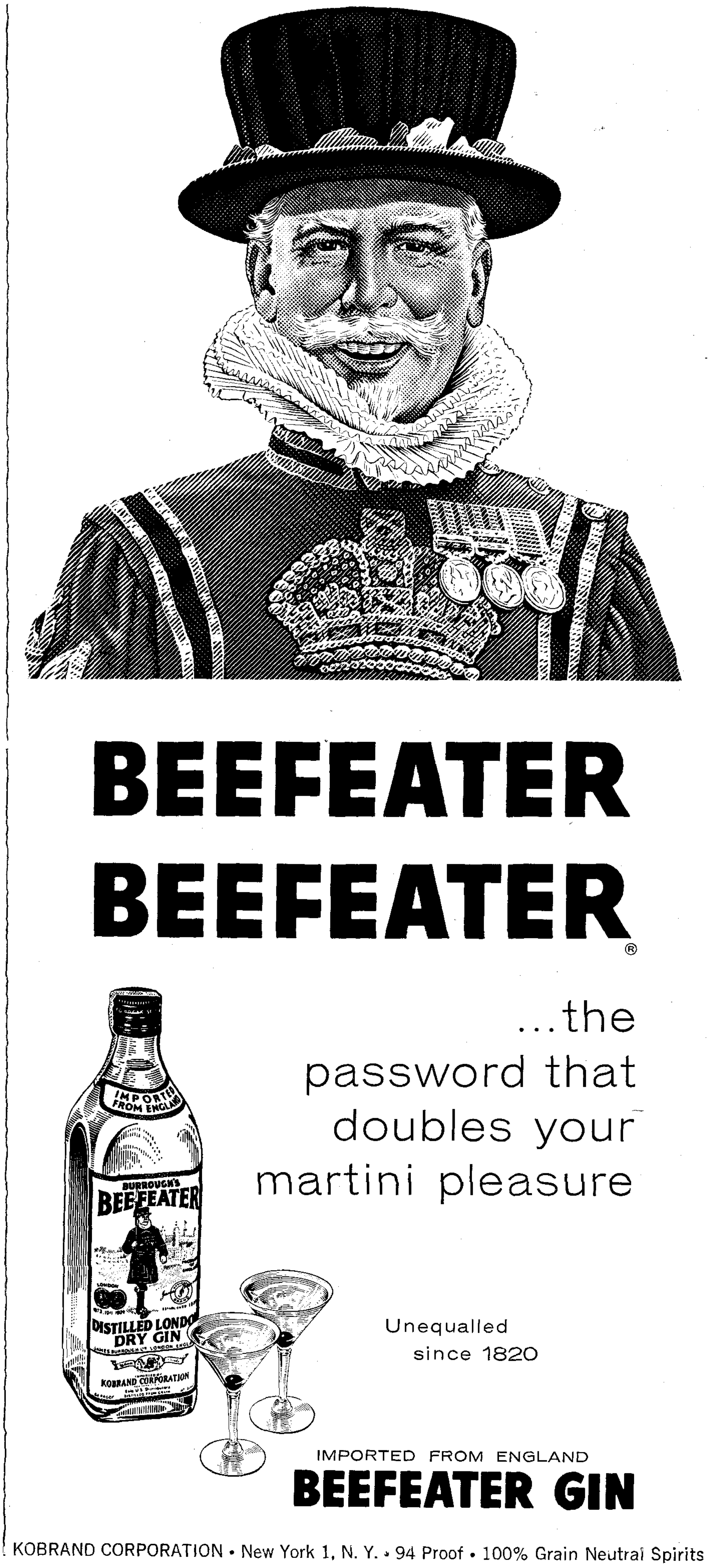
silver content that is ten per cent higher than our own plated ware, and so far no piece of Christofle *métal argenté* has ever been known to wear through. Solid-silver place settings range from $72 to $76, and a setting of plated tableware costs from $17.50 upward.

NOW we shall tell you about the Metropolitan Museum's ambitious new monthly publications, which it calls Seminars in Art—a series of extremely clear and able essays prepared by that distinguished pioneer of art education John Canaday and supplemented by well-printed reproductions, in full color, of the paintings discussed. It is hard to believe that there isn't at least one person (and probably a great many more) on everybody's list to whom these portfolios, each with its enlightening text and twelve loose prints of famous paintings, would be both a lively pleasure and a treasured elucidation of the principles of art. A year's Seminars are comparable to a university course in art appreciation or to a series of museum lectures, and have the additional merits of allowing time for unhurried study of the pictures under discussion and affording unlimited opportunity for review lessons. Among the twelve portfolios, nine of which are already off the presses, are discussions of abstraction, with prints that make it possible to compare, say, Vermeer's "The Artist in His Studio" with Picasso's abstraction on the same subject; realism, analyzed in three studies of a violin by Dufy, Braque, and the American William Michael Harnett; and symbolism, with reproductions of such works as Van Eyck's "The Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and Giovanna Cenami" and Edward Hicks'

Gift Wrapping Service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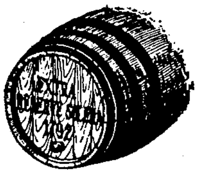
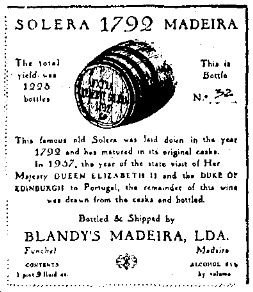


This 1792 MADEIRA
was laid down when
GEORGE WASHINGTON
was President...

We quote from the book "Madeira" written by André Simon, founder of the Wine & Food Society and one of the world's leading gastronomic authorities. "In January 1933, Dr. Michael Grabham, 'the grand old man' of Madeira, celebrated his ninety-third birthday, which was the occasion on which I tasted for the first time an authentic 1792 Madeira, perfect as regards colour, bouquet and flavor." On that occasion the good Dr. Grabham stated "This wine was made in 1792, a very good year indeed—it was given to me in 1873. It has been with me during the past 60 years. There is very little left, and it is better today than it ever was."



SOLERA 1792 MADEIRA
The total yield was 1228 bottles
This is Bottle No. 32
This famous old Solera was laid down in the year 1792 and has matured in its original casks. In 1957, the year of the state visit of Her Majesty QUEEN ELIZABETH II and the DUKE OF EDINBURGH to Portugal, the remainder of this wine was drawn from the casks and bottled.
Bottled & Shipped by
BLANDY'S MADEIRA, LDA.
Funchal Madeira
CONTENTS 1 pint 9 fluid oz.
ALCOHOL 21% by volume

And it is of historical interest to note that the "London Daily Telegraph" of October 8th, 1841 refers to the vintage 1792 as having been purchased by Napoleon in 1815 to comfort him in his exile when he called at Madeira on his way further south to St. Helena.

The entire contents of the remaining casks were bottled, interrupting a 165 year slumber, to commemorate the visit, last year, of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to Portugal. Our tasting notes read "amazing vigor, penetrating bouquet, great depth of flavor, relatively dry—rivals fine old Cognac in scope and interest."

Send a Bottle
as the most individual,
imaginative and heart warming
of Christmas Gifts.

$24.00 the bottle

(Delivered anywhere in New York State)
MAIL and PHONE ORDERS Accepted
Write for our 44 page Christmas Brochure
SHERRY Wine & Spirits Co.
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"The Peaceable Kingdom." Although the entire preparation of the portfolios is under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan staff, the Museum has turned over the distribution and bookkeeping involved to the Book-of-the-Month Club, at 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, and this organization is prepared to send out the monthly Seminars for one year, starting at any time you specify, upon receipt of $45.

IT is a well-known fact, documented by irrefutable statistics, that no woman ever has enough boxes. It is probably a less well-known fact that Bergdorf Goodman has recently imported from England, for its antique department, a collection of rare Georgian boxes that is sure to make any woman's mouth water. Most of these containers are fitted, as was the custom of the period, for some specific purpose. For example, a lady's sandalwood workbox, which has a group of classical figures beautifully painted on it, is equipped with the original ivory needle boxes, bobbins, and such, as well as a slender ivory thimble; and many other boxes are fitted with the regulation two pewter containers for tea (India and China). Prices run from $85, for an exquisite unfitted black lacquer box with a pattern of inlaid ivory on the lid and Japanese figures done in gold penwork on the sides, to $250, for a Sheraton satinwood dressing case, circa 1780, with its cosmetic bottles still intact.

A group of Japanese boxes—some ancient, some modern, and all beautiful—to be found at Decorative Accessories, 305 East 63rd Street, could hardly be more different from Bergdorf's delicate Georgian trifles, although these containers, too, were originally designed for household use. There are lovely two-tiered lacquer boxes made to hold a Japanese woman's toilet articles; a lacquer-and-mother-of-pearl container for sashes, set on a fancifully carved and inlaid base; and, most splendid of all, antiques that are actually chests (as much as twenty-nine inches long, eighteen inches wide, and eleven inches deep), made of leather painted a brilliant scarlet and then lacquered and richly ornamented with brass—these for storing the family bedding. Prices run from $150 to $375. Other beautiful boxes are scattered here and there around the store, in various fine assemblages of ancient applied art from India, Thailand, and China, as well as Japan.

At La Cuisinière, 133 East 55th Street, you will find a collection of charming one-of-a-kind small boxes—

at last! COMPACT
Stereophonic Hi-Fi
CHAIRSIDE PHONO

Exclusive at Lehman's in New York
only 28" long
SELF CONTAINED... No outside speaker required...true-to-life realism!

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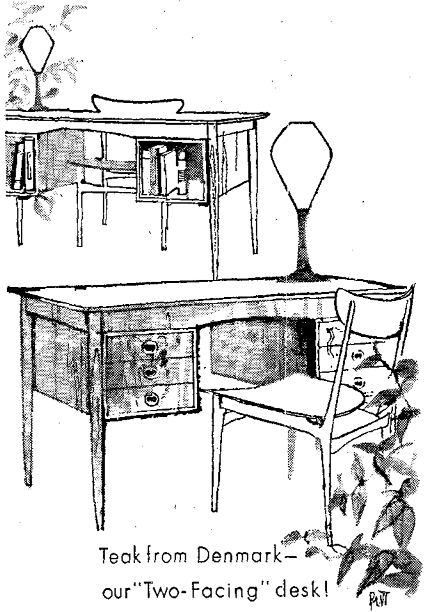
new york's SHOWCASE of GOOD DESIGN



Teak from Denmark—
our "Two-Facing" desk!
fantastically well-made —with
2 bookshelves, 6 drawers, 2 locks,
sculptured teak pulls & a fine
25"x51" work surface! **$109**
Others from $89.95 to $189.00
Maurice Villency
45 EAST 8th ST · LIVING · DINING · BEDROOM
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some of brass, some of silver, and a few of intricate marquetry work—which eighteenth-century English ladies used for snuff or patches, and for which American ladies will find endless uses on dressing tables and writing desks. The prices run from $2 to $15. Some most engaging early-Victorian pincushions ($2 to $7.50), which have somehow got mixed in with the box collection, will probably have to be used for the purpose they were intended for, although they are quite fetching enough to display as bibelots.

And now, to take care of the box situation for good and all, there is an object at Luten-Clarey-Stern, 50 East 64th Street, that is unlike anything you have probably ever seen unless you hail from Thailand, where it was made. This exotic box (ten inches long, six inches wide, and six inches deep), which is copied from an antique piece, is constructed entirely of small bits of blue and dark-green mirror worked into a mosaic, and the effect is as rich as it is strange. It costs $90, through decorators.

IF your Christmas list includes a home where the lack of a puppy or kitten is depressingly felt, we have the ideal solution to your problem. Or, at any rate, we can with confidence direct you to the Bide-A-Wee Home, 410 East 38th Street, where there are a lot of lovable puppies and worthy dogs, not to mention kittens and cats (whose characters we don't vouch for), waiting hopefully for adoption. We spent a morning at the Home recently, observing the inmates of the adoption kennels and looking into the procedure for acquiring one, which goes something like this. The applicant chooses a dog or cat—all the animals are tagged and numbered—and presents the number to a staff member, who not only gives a few vital statistics about the creature (age, whether good with children, whether used to a big yard or a small apartment, and so on) but asks some pertinent questions about the applicant, to make sure that the foundling is going to a home where he will be decently cared for. If both parties are satisfied, the applicant signs a contract of adoption, goes back to the kennel to collect the animal of his choice, and leaves with his pet, having first made a small contribution to Bide-A-Wee. Nearly all the dogs are, of course, mixed breeds, but this, the staff points out, means that in most cases they are unusually good with children, and are a great deal less high-strung than purebred speci-

TALK ABOUT GREAT NEW ALBUMS...

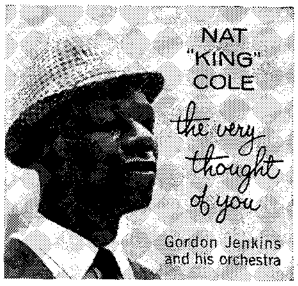
(ever see so many all at once?)

Judy
in love
NELSON RIDDLE and his orchestra

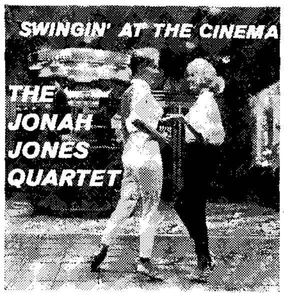
The delight in the eyes of the little girl who found the Wizard of Oz shines in the voice of a woman who's found love. T1036

LATIN LACE
THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET

Shearing's adept quintet laces delicious rhythmic concoctions with stimulating tempos and a dash of Latin percussion. T1082



Nat offers his new album of warm and compelling love ballads, gently gift-wrapped by the strings of Gordon Jenkins. W1084



Jonah's too exuberant to sit still at the movies. He exits to romp with cinema tunes like *Colonel Bogey March and Tammy.* T1083

RAY ANTHONY PLAYS STEVE ALLEN

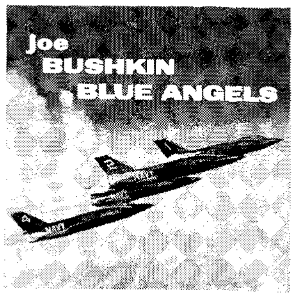
Ray and his big band have an exciting jazz accent as they read notes from Steve's big book of brightly varied songs. T1086

Love is a fabulous thing
LES BAXTER his music and his orchestra

Les Baxter's *perceptive melodies* and quickening orchestrations for an album all about the many wonders of love. T1088

Things are Swingin'
PEGGY LEE

The title and shining face of the lively lady on the cover mean there's fun and tastefully torrid singing inside. T1049



Joe's piano and orchestra soar aloft to emulate the graceful maneuvers of the Navy's famous precision flying team. T1094

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mens. We should guess, too, after observing their patient, intelligent little faces (in which we thought we detected a trace of cynicism), that these neglected pets, having learned the hard way about the much touted human virtues, must be more adaptable and less demanding than an animal of proud lineage acquired straight from its home kennel. All dogs that leave the Home have been wormed and given temporary inoculations against distemper, and since outgoing *pensionnaires* at this season are presumably destined for somebody's Christmas stocking, their collars are adorned with gay pink or blue ribbons.

WE wouldn't dare suggest a present so down to earth as postage stamps, although we know for sure that anybody would be grateful beyond words for five hundred of those up-priced airmail stamps, or for a roll of ones to stick on leftover and otherwise totally useless three-cent envelopes. Consider what a nuisance it is to buy stamps; your drugstore never has enough, those vending machines are too obviously a poor financial deal for the buyer, and very few people know exactly where their post office—inaccurately described as "neighborhood"—is situated. In spite of all their advantages, however, we realize that postage stamps per se simply won't do for this festive and impractical occasion, so, in order to give them Yuletide acceptance, we have tracked down an especially good-looking silver stamp dispenser, at Plummer. This decorative bit of desk equipment costs $14.50 and will hold a roll of five hundred stamps, which are currently priced at seven cents for airmails and four cents for regulars.

And now, having edged in the prosaic postage stamp, we are emboldened, even at the risk of being accused of undercutting Christmas, to speak up for the humdrum coat hanger. It is quite possible that we don't have access to the right closets, but certainly the guest rooms we are familiar with, provided with the old black-wire flotsam and jetsam from the cleaner, would be done a world of good by the gift of a batch of the splendidly efficient wooden hangers imported from Italy by Hammacher Schlemmer. These items we so fervently admire are strictly no-nonsense affairs, without padding or other irrelevant frivolity; they are made of polished hardwood, with broad wings on which a coat hangs just right, and with snappers that hold a pair of pants or a skirt in the grip of death. And, just in case you're afraid that such an unglamorous

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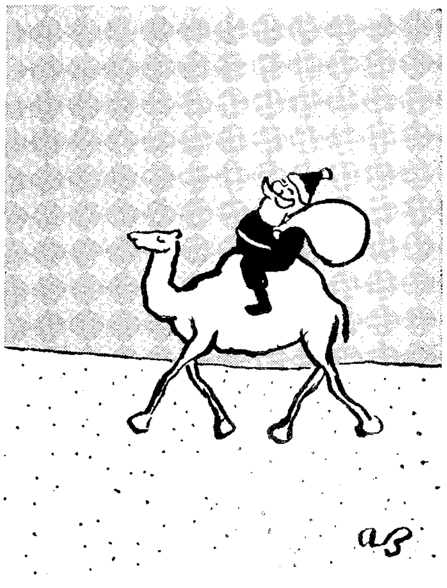
gift isn't costly enough, they are priced at $3.95 each.

OUR life has been dedicated for so long to determining what everybody should give everybody else for Christmas that we think we are in a good position to name authoritatively the one surefire present that has never been known to pall or give disappointment: a lamp. And, as it happens, we can direct you to some mighty handsome lamps. Rabun Studios, 31 East 67th Street, has an assortment of hand-thrown pottery bases, all by ceramists of distinction, that are as engaging as any we have found anywhere; they are of exceptionally good design, the graceful shapes including tall, slim-necked bases, round, gently curving ones, and some that are tall and important enough for a dominant place on a library table. Fully mounted and on a teak stand, the lamps cost from $35, for an eleven-inch beige base decorated with a geometric design in sgraffito, to $65, for a slender, clay-white base fifteen inches tall, with a blue-and-green abstract design and a black neck. A pair of stunning blue-and-gray bases (eleven inches high and nearly spherical) costs $56.

Although the lamp bases at America House, 32 East 52nd Street, are also handmade pottery of exceptional workmanship, they manage to give an effect that is not at all like that of the specimens at the Rabun Studios, so if you are doing serious lamp shopping, you had better have a look at both collections. The rich and unusual colors of the America House entries are especially striking, two bases by the potter Hui Ka Kwang—one with blue figures on a pink ground and the other in an intense mottled blue, with a slightly raised deco-



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It's so tantalizingly tangy . . . the authentic Italian liqueur that brings the joyous spirit of Italy to your dining. Try it. Now you know why it's been the choice of smart diners everywhere since 1860 . . . why people with discriminating tastes enjoy it as the delightful after-dinner beginning to an exciting evening.

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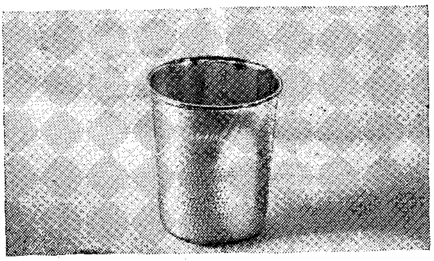
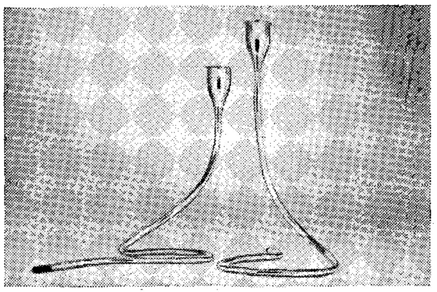
Charming ambassadors...gifts of sterling by Towle, crafted by master silversmiths. Shown here: suggestions from our gift collection, specially chosen for their ability to please every taste, to blend harmoniously with traditional or contemporary settings.

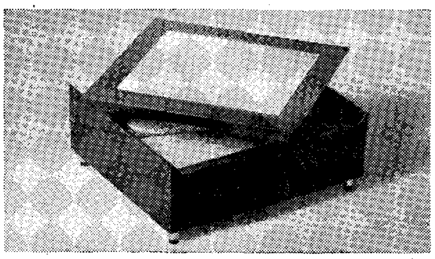


Interesting way to portion out the hospitality of the house—2 ounce jigger amusingly lettered, "Just a thimbleful". $7.50.



Bewitching sterling candelabra to inspire unusual table arrangements, to group together or use as a pair. The pair, $32.50.

Triumphs of simplicity: a sugar and creamer set molded on graceful lines, delicately decorated at the base. The set, $30.



Gracious way to serve cigarettes: a cigarette box with inlaid sterling cover for regular and king-size. $9.95.

All prices include Federal Tax

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Lovingly Crafted By The Proudest Silversmiths in America, at Newburyport, Massachusetts

ration—being particularly fine. Prices range from $25, for a ten-inch oval base, to $55, for one that is twenty-four inches high.

Of course, none of these lamps, handsome as they are, will give the really bang-up pleasure to the man of the house that a first-rate reading light—especially a *bed* reading light—will. Hansen, at 260 East 53rd Street, has a swing-arm lamp that must certainly come as a boon to a good many readers-in-bed, having, as it does, all the advantages of the classic swing-arm fixture plus the convenience of being attached to the wall, and thus leaving a clear field on the bedside table for alarm clock, drink, and other nocturnal paraphernalia. The light, which swings out on an arm of brass or chrome from a matching wall plaque, can be fitted with tubing of the same metal that very neatly conceals the electric cord. The price of the lamp, with a nine-inch linen shade, is $69, through decorators, and three feet of the tubing is $6.

RIGHT now, the thought of a bed, or anything connected with one, must appeal so strongly to tired shoppers that we have no hesitation in bringing up the subject of General Electric's new electric blanket. This, we have found, is one of the very few electrified coverings whose thermostatic judgment invariably agrees with the demands of the covered. In fact, its soporific qualities are so blessedly dependable that it ought to make an ideal present for insomniacs, as well as for those who just want to keep warm. It is to be had in most department stores, in the pretty colors that blankets usually come in; it is completely machine-washable, as the advertising people put it; and it costs $32.95 in the single-bed size, $37.95 in the double with single control, and $47.95 in the double with dual control.

Just in case you hold out for a non-electrified blanket, we can direct you to some coverings that are possessed of great elegance and, at the same time, have just enough charming novelty to make them satisfactory gifts. These are at Altman, which has recently received some blankets of a wonderfully soft wool, in a variety of lovely shades, bound on four sides with velvet ribbon. A striking geranium-colored blanket has a binding of pale-pink velvet, a yellow one is edged with beige, and so on; the price is $30 for the seventy-two-by-ninety-inch size.

Some deliciously soft hand-knit covers from Scotland that look exactly like

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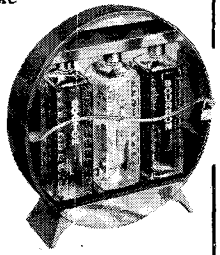
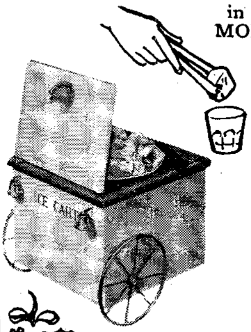


● ICE CUBES GO A LONG WAY, TOO, in KAROFF's merry MOBILE ICE CART



White pretend-leather with brass handle, 'jingle' bells and wheels. Fiberglass-insulated polyethylene container holds 3 quarts of ice. Cork-lined cover, 9" x 9" x 8". $13.00

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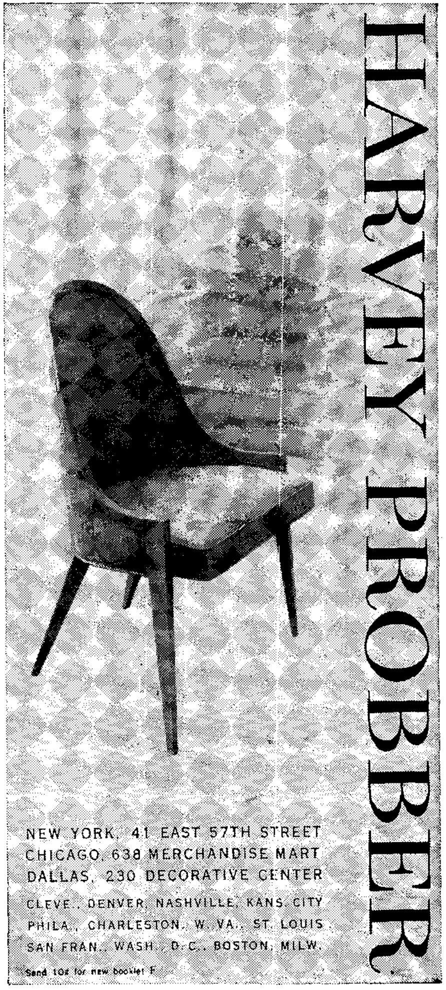

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crochet work (they are used, we are told, on the beds in Buckingham Palace) have shown up here lately, and they cost $25 in the single size, at Altman and at Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), and $30 in the double size, at Léron. From one of the famous woollen mills of Yorkshire, Lord & Taylor has imported some extremely light but surprisingly warm blankets in a most unusual waffle pattern, which has a delicate open stitch inside each waffle indentation. These come in white and in pale colors, bound top and bottom with wide satin ribbon, and cost $27.50 and $32.50, for the single and double size, respectively.

SADLY enough, there is just as much chance to go wrong in the matter of children's records this year as there has been in former seasons, but we are delighted to report that there are also some quite sensational opportunities to go right, and it's the most outstanding of these that we now call to your attention. Perhaps it wouldn't be *quite* safe to suggest that what Miss Beatrice Lillie has been waiting for all her life is the nonsense verses of the Messrs. Lear and Carroll. It's certain, though, that the shades of these two great men must be enjoying enormous satisfaction if they can, from where they sit, listen in on the inspired readings of their works by Miss Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, and Stanley Holloway, on a Caedmon record. The fact that a superior firm like Caedmon has brought out a series of records for children is in itself almost too good to be true, and we would be tempted to say that the series is headed by the Lear and Carroll masterpiece if we hadn't caught ourselves saying exactly that about practically all the other records in the group. An indisputable advantage of this one, though, is that, while children are fascinated by it, you don't *have* to have a child as an excuse to buy it. Another recording in the series is a rendition from Mother Goose (singing and reading) by Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm, and Boris Karloff, which is not only entrancingly funny but elegantly sophisticated. Then, there are Boris Karloff's impeccable reading of Kipling's "Just So Stories" (on two records); an exquisitely moving presentation of Oscar Wilde's fairy tales "The Happy Prince," "The Nightingale and the Rose," and "The Selfish Giant," by Basil Rathbone (this really shouldn't be given to a child under ten or twelve); Carl Sandburg's own reading of his "Rootabaga Stories" (it interested and amused *us* much more than the stories

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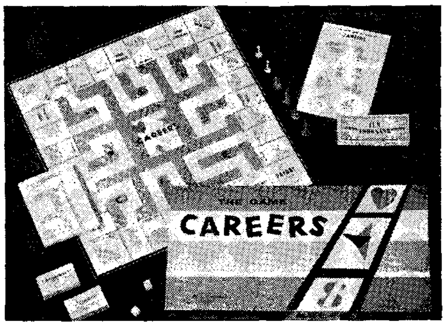

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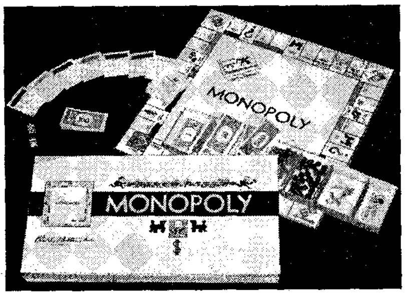
Fun's afoot for every mystery fan, with America's best-known, best-loved "whodunit" game. It's baffling . . . exciting . . . intriguing entertainment — different each time $3.50.



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Parker Brothers' trade-mark for its real estate trading game.

Money, anyone? Win scads of it the easy way — no work, all play — in the world's top favorite game! The perfect gift to give *anyone* — for the sheer fun of it! $4.00, $5.00

RICH UNCLE — The STOCK MARKET game, as exciting as a legacy, as much fun as your first Christmas! With its hectic stock board and trading, it's the liveliest game going! Great for "fortune-hunters" of any age! $3.50

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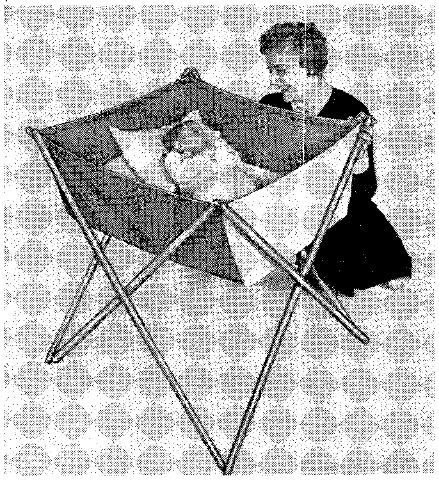
ever did in print); and some lovely selections from "A Child's Garden of Verses," to which we thought that Judith Anderson perhaps brought a mite too much of "Medea." And although Caedmon does not designate Vachel Lindsay's exciting reading of his "The Congo" as children's fare, we found a male listener of six so carried away by the wild thump of drums and the quick, strange beat of the rhythm that we are quite ready to risk including it among our recommendations.

In a group of distinguished recordings that really *are* for children is Riverside's practically faultless production of "Alice in Wonderland," on four discs, read and sung by Cyril Ritchard with an understanding that must delight all lovers of the Carroll classic. Like a bright new star appearing amid the foolishness that is all too frequently directed at infant ears, Playhouse (a bright new recording company) brings us "Jim Copp Tales," nine very offbeat stories marked by a freshness and gaiety that haven't been encountered since the long-ago days of the young Disney. This is the first of Mr. Copp's recordings for children, and we hold our breath for fear an almost inevitable, and well-deserved, success may corrupt his engaging style. "Nursery Songs and Stories" (Columbia), which is straight Mother Goose, cheerfully sung and read by Gene Kelly, may very well please the four-year-old-and-under crowd more than the witty production of the same sort of thing by the Ritchard-Holm-Karloff trio, but then, what crowd has a better right to have its Mother Goose served up the way it wants it? "Sleep Time" (Folkways) is a collection of appealing songs and stories sung and recited by Pete Seeger, who also wrote them; in "Animal Folk Songs for Children" (Folkways), Peggy Seeger sings, in a sweet, rather

For Baby's Christmas



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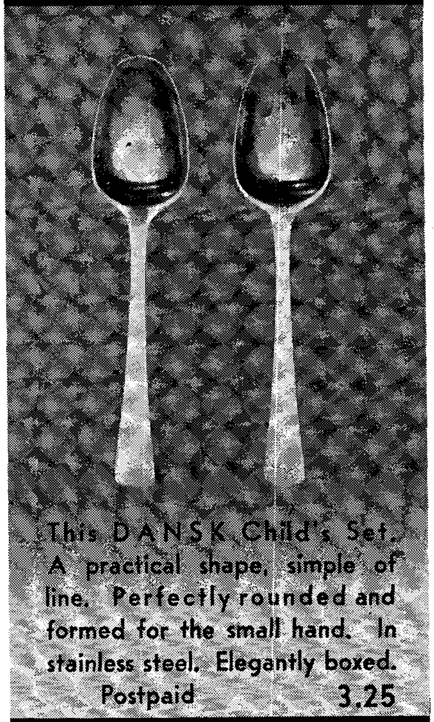

This DANSK Child's Set. A practical shape, simple of line. Perfectly rounded and formed for the small hand. In stainless steel. Elegantly boxed. Postpaid 3.25

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It's a camera you wear with understandable pride and use with unmatched ease. You see your subject complete and without parallax—exactly as the lens "sees" it. The diaphragm is fully automatic with all lenses. Shutter speeds 1 to 1/500 second, flash-synchronized. The six-element Retina Xenon-C 50mm Lens is razor-sharp and color corrected.

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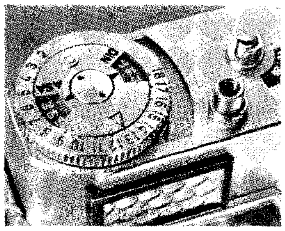
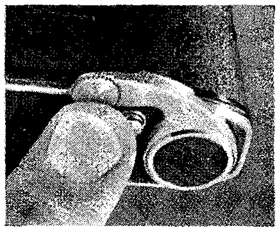
Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Retina Reflex Camera this week. **$215**

Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. (Prices are list, include Federal Tax, are subject to change without notice.)

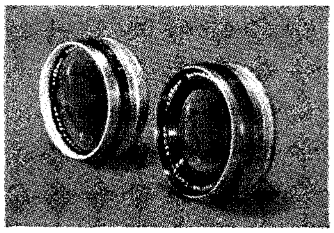
View and focus through the lens on bright ground glass. Focus in rangefinder spot also (center). You see where focus is sharpest.



Built-in meter assures correct exposure in any light. Gives easy-to-use EVS readings for films from 5 to 1300 ASA.



One-stroke lever advances film, sets shutter, opens lens to $f/2$ for brilliant viewing. Film locks at last exposure.



Interchangeable lens components: wide-angle 35mm $f/4$, \$77.50; telephoto 80mm $f/4$, \$80.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

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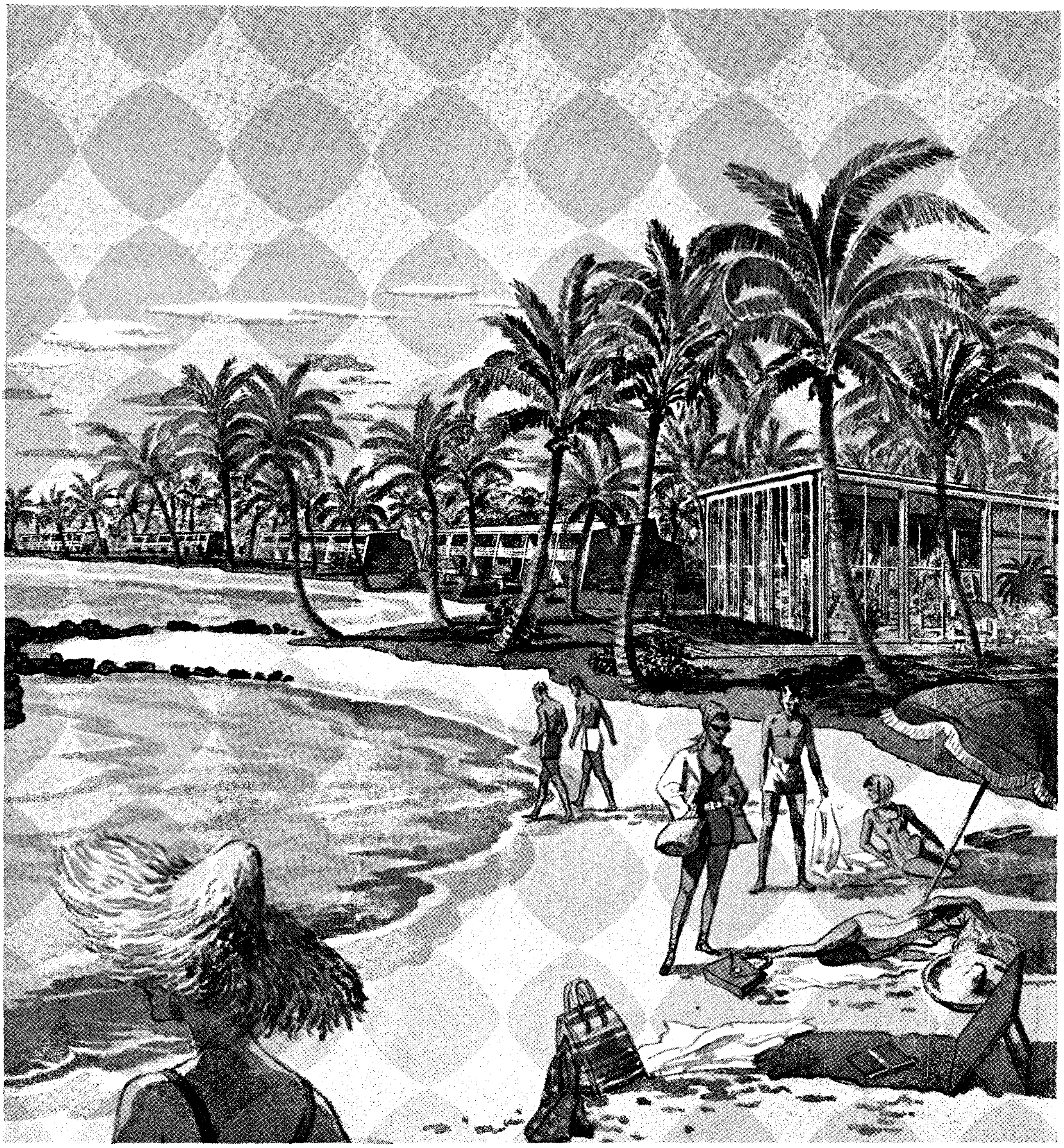

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frail voice, some beguiling ancient ballads about beasts, large and small; "I Love a Marching Band" (Golden Records), a spirited collection of Sousa's marches, is likely to thrill small boys; and "Christmas from Many Lands" (Folkways), sung by Alan Mills, has all the fine old favorites—"Little Bitty Baby," "Shepherdess, Oh! Tell Me," "Mary Had a Baby," and the rest. R.C.A. Victor has issued seven albums of recordings of folk dances—schottisches, reels, minuets, Irish square dances, and many others—all accompanied by detailed directions and diagrams, which should delight dance-crazy young people from ten up.

General Electric has brought out a little electric alarm clock so neat that it might almost be said to be endearing, if anything so sternly admonitory could be so described. This is called a travelling clock, and, to prove it, there's a smart brown leather case for it and its cord. The alarm is brisk, the face has phosphorescent numerals and hands, and the price is around $10, at Bloomingdale and Altman.

Householders with eighteenth-century rooms and no worthy eighteenth-century timepiece ought to be a cinch to shop for, provided the shopper is fairly solvent. Such a shopper is herewith urged to have a look at some superb Georgian clocks in Lord & Taylor's antique department. These antiques (there are only three or four of them) are all long-case models—the type loosely called grandfather clocks in this country—dating from the reign of George IV, and the case of each is of the finest wood (yew, walnut, mahogany) surmounted by an exceptionally impressive hood. The prices run from $179 to $299.

If you have on your list the country-squire type, yearning for a barometer to tap, Lord & Taylor's antique department can furnish you with some of the most splendid instruments of the kind you are likely to find anywhere—even in England, where barometer-tapping was once an exceedingly gentlemanly practice. As a matter of fact, these fine barometers were all made in England, for Georgian gentlemen, and to their perfect eighteenth-century construction new tubes and new mercury have been added, in London. Merely as decorations, these handsome objects would be valuable additions to any hall or study, but they are also instruments of the utmost precision and are guaranteed to work at any altitude. Prices range from $189, for a rare and engaging design

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
SCOTLAND

The scotch that towers above them all—
MARTIN'S V.V.O.

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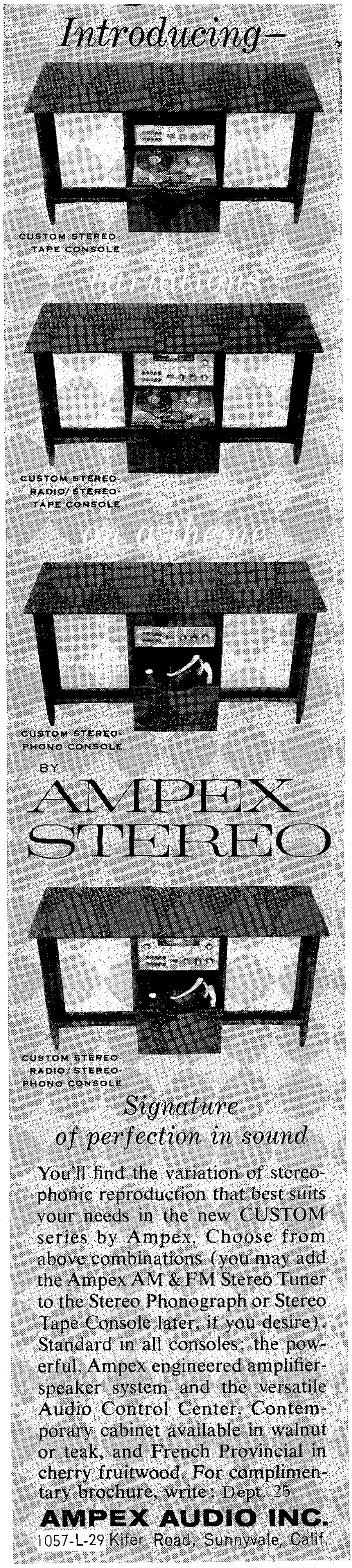

Introducing—
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BY AMPEX STEREO
CUSTOM STEREO-RADIO/STEREO-PHONO CONSOLE

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You'll find the variation of stereophonic reproduction that best suits your needs in the new CUSTOM series by Ampex. Choose from above combinations (you may add the Ampex AM & FM Stereo Tuner to the Stereo Phonograph or Stereo Tape Console later, if you desire). Standard in all consoles: the powerful, Ampex engineered amplifier-speaker system and the versatile Audio Control Center. Contemporary cabinet available in walnut or teak, and French Provincial in cherry fruitwood. For complimentary brochure, write: Dept. 25

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dating from 1780, to $295, for a George IV model.

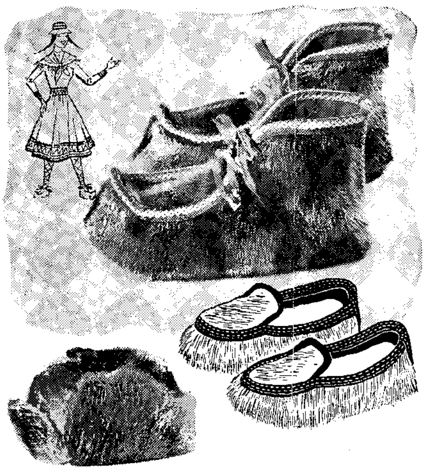
A GIFT that should delight a friend who is intelligently interested in food—not necessarily in its preparation but in its history and general background—is Waverley Root's "The Food of France," recently published by Knopf. Readers who are understandably bored to death by the pretentious or saccharine works glorifying this or that cuisine will be reassured to know that there isn't a pretentious or saccharine line among the four hundred and eighty-seven large pages of this absorbing volume, which can best be described as an intimate history of France with the golden thread of French gastronomy interwoven throughout. It costs $10 and is well indexed.

In the event that you are aiming at the very special target of a collector of Americana who also happens to be a collector of cookbooks, we have what we think is a good suggestion—a facsimile copy of the first American cookbook, written by Amelia Simmons and published in 1796. This quaint little volume, which has been reissued handsomely by Oxford University Press ($15), is hardly likely to be slavishly followed in today's kitchens; all the same, some of Amelia Simmons' "rules" (notably, those for cooking vegetables briefly and in very little water) may well shake the complacency of cooks who are convinced that modern methods are altogether new.

For friends and relatives *d'un certain âge* who have grown up with our town, there could hardly be a present more reasonably sure of success than Byron's magnificent photograph album "Once Upon a City" (Macmillan), with its lively, witty, and wholly accurate text by Grace M. Mayer. For that matter, the book would make a diverting and informative gift for young people whose knowledge of the era of suffrage parades and the old Delmonico's is so vague that they are disinclined to believe a word of it. In fact, it might not be a bad idea for everybody to give the book to everybody else. It costs $15.

AND now, having in mind the girl who is clever at soupmaking, or the girl whom it is to your interest to encourage in soupmaking, we direct you with confidence back to La Cuisinière, where a wonderful collection of old tureens awaits your choice. Most of them date from the early nineteenth century, and all are of an elegance that would make even the most harum-

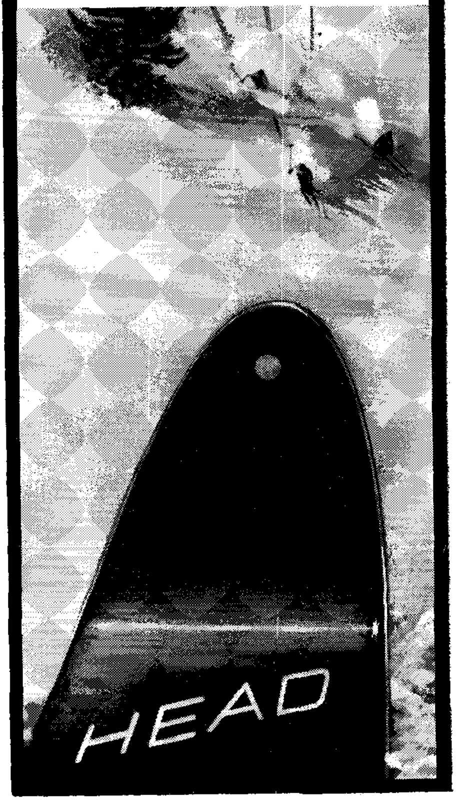
From the land of the midnight sun



From far-off Lapland come these enchanting Komagers and Slippers, unique footwear for men, women, and children. Our exclusive import. Beautiful with the bright Christmas colors and decorations of their native land. Handmade of genuine sealskin by the Lapps for outdoor or indoor wear, they're warm and waterproof. Amazingly durable yet soft and comfortable on the feet. City or country walking will be sure and easy. **Komagers $15.50 pr. Slippers $7.50 pr.** In standard shoe sizes for men, women, and children. **The handmade hat of deep pile sealskin** lined with lamb's wool means cozy warmth all winter long. Sizes 6⅞-7⅝ **$25.00.** Children's sizes 6½-7⅛ **$20.00.** All *postpaid.* Send check or money order. No C.O.D.s.

JON'S SCANDINAVIAN SHOP
179 W. 4th St.
New York, N.Y.

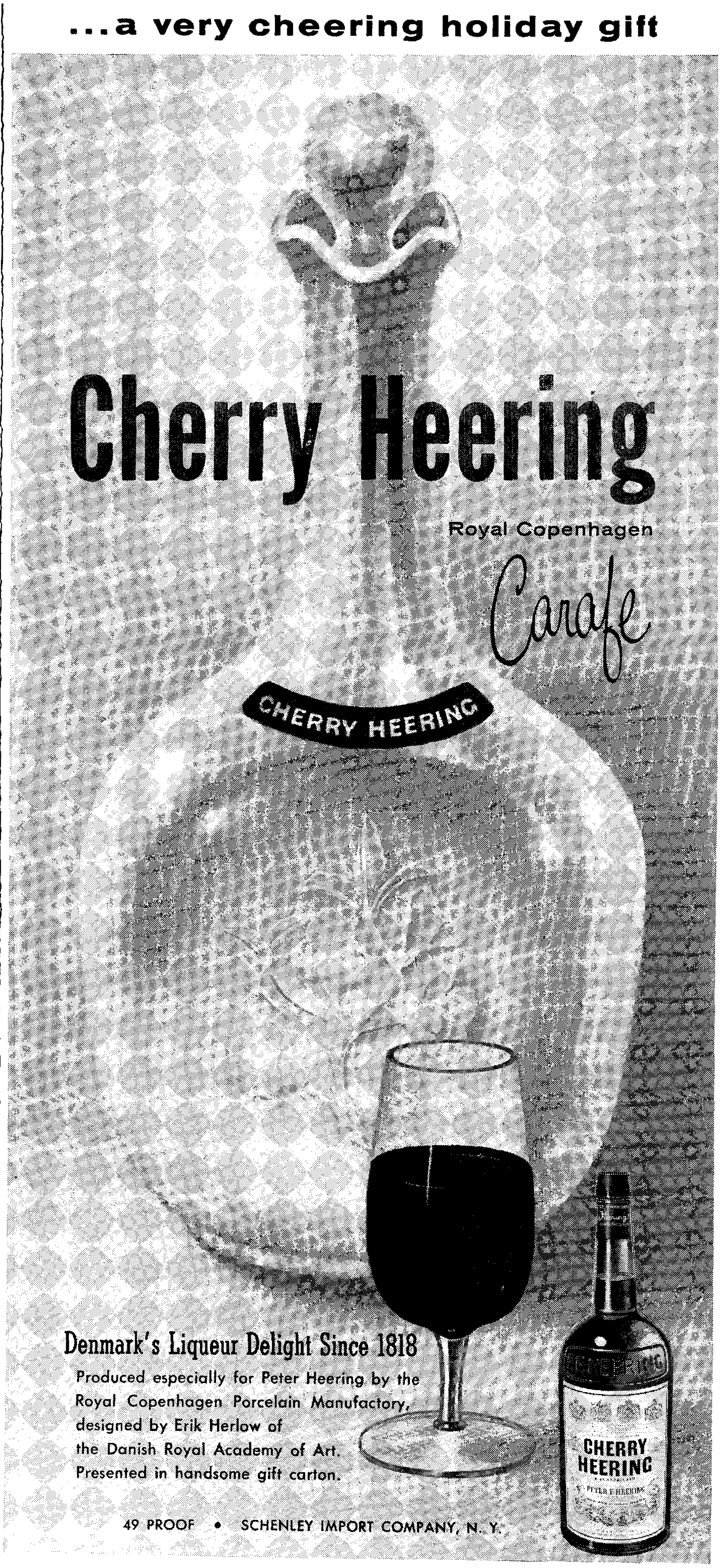
Inimitable
HEAD SKIS



scarum housekeeper think twice before dumping a can of something or other into one of them. Our own favorite is an early Victorian piece done in white porcelain with narrow bands of pink ($50), but there are numerous other lovely specimens, in porcelain or fine earthenware, nearly all of which have their own underplate. Prices run from $37.50 to $75. If the table you are concerned with doesn't offer a background suitable for the Victorian classics at La Cuisinière, you have only to pick and choose from a surprising number of strictly modern tureens at Bonniers. Among these are some cozy two-man containers, green, blue, or black, in an ovenproof Swedish ware, at $6.50.

Having got ourselves this deep into the soup, we might as well pursue the subject by taking you to Tiffany's antique department to inspect a particularly fine collection of old English soup ladles. Among the most splendid of these are two Georgian treasures, one made by Thomas Wynne, in 1768, in the famous Onslow design ($78), and the other, with a plain handle and bowl, a later work, by Thomas Evans, at $55. Early American silver being more rarely come by than English pieces, Tiffany is especially proud of several very handsome ladles made in this country between the beginning and the middle of the nineteenth century, on sale at prices ranging from $45 to $90.

AT this point, we advise shoppers who are beginning to worry about survival to visit the East and West Shop, 132 East 61st Street, where we recently refreshed ourselves as thoroughly as can reasonably be expected during the current confusion by spending a couple of hours among some rare Indian water colors and gouaches of a very serene beauty, done around the middle of the last century. Perhaps the most decorative of these are a group of water colors (twenty-three inches square) of native Indian plants, which, depicted for the most part without their flowers, are studies in a dazzlingly intense green. They cost $37.50 apiece, and slightly


...a very cheering holiday gift

Cherry Heering

Royal Copenhagen
Carafe

CHERRY HEERING

Denmark's Liqueur Delight Since 1818

Produced especially for Peter Heering by the
Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory,
designed by Erik Herlow of
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Presented in handsome gift carton.

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CHERRY HEERING

You say "soap is soap?" Don't you believe it!

Here's a rare soap from Belgium that costs $1 a cake—and worth more!

Neutrogena is classed as a soap. Yet, while it *looks* and *cleanses* like soap, its effect on the skin is that of *fine toilet cream*.

Ever notice how dry and tight your skin feels after using most toilet soaps? The reason: most toilet soaps are *alkaline in their reaction*. They are just combinations of fats and oils—to which are added caustic soda, lanolin or other waxes.

On the other hand, Neutrogena—the formula of famed pharmaceutical chemist Edmond Fromont of Brussels—is virtually a fine toilet cream in soap form.

Neutrogena

If you doubt it, just feel Neutrogena's effect on your skin. You can wash your hands 50 times a day (as physicians and dentists do)—but when you use Neutrogena your skin stays soft and supple—never harsh and wrinkled as with most toilet soaps.

Neutrogena is pure, mild, gentle. Proof? You can wash your hair with it, bathe your baby with it, even brush your teeth with it!

Why not stop at your cosmetic counter today for your first precious cake of Neutrogena? If your favorite store is not yet supplied, fill out coupon below and send 10¢ for generous Trial Size.

MARTHA LORRAINE, DEPT. Y3112
1207 W. 6th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

Please send Trial Size of Neutrogena. I am enclosing 10¢ to cover packing and mailing.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

smaller studies (eleven by eighteen) of more or less the same flora are $22.50. Among other extremely interesting Indian paintings are several series of dancers, in vivid costumes picked out with much gold, accompanied by maharajahs or other richly dressed gentlemen, against a deep-blue sky. All these pictures were done before Indian artists had learned to conform to Western ideas of perspective, and their flat backgrounds give them a curiously modern flavor. A twelve-and-a-half-by-seventeen-inch painting of dancers is $45, while other paintings of the same genre, but not quite as big, are $32.50. Among the shop's Chinese treasures are some newly acquired, exquisite florals, and some paintings of fish with rows of sea shells making a highly decorative border. These rice-paper water colors are among the earliest examples of the work done for the clipper-ship trade by Chinese artists, who were to be so prolific during the early part of the nineteenth century. The paintings measure seven and a half inches by eleven, and are priced at $37.50.

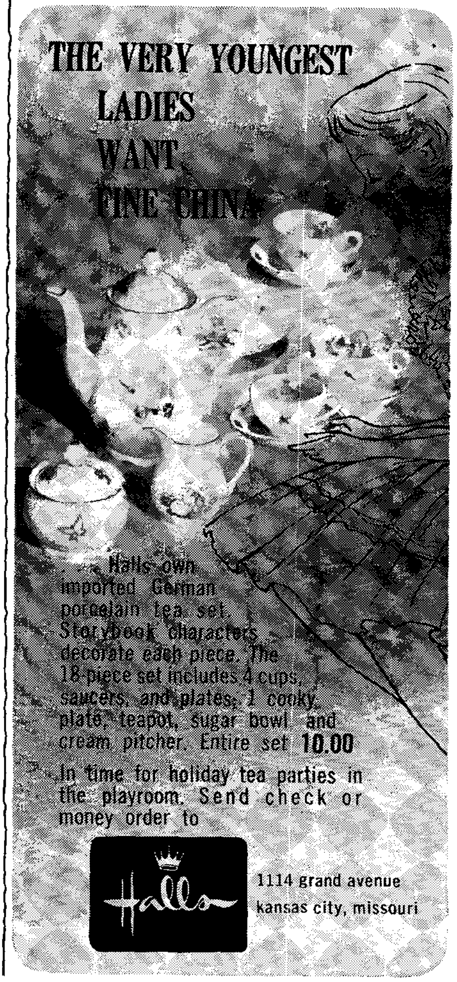
People who have gone out of their way not to listen very closely to enthusiastic vacationists back from Martha's Vineyard and eager to tell all about the flora for which the island is famous may now be made properly sorry for their intractable attitude. A group of very beautiful botanical water colors by Ruthven Todd, on view at the Charak Furniture Company galleries, 425 East 53rd Street, are the potential workers of this miracle, since they depict the island's wild flowers and fungi in a manner that is bound to inspire in almost anybody a lively desire to know more about them. Mr. Todd, a compatriot and friend of the late Dylan Thomas, is himself not only an artist but, as you probably know, a poet, and, as you may not know, a botanist with a special interest in mycology. The water colors in the Charak collection, which are quite as beautiful, in their own New England way, as the Indian paintings, are done with all the meticulous detail of a botanical drawing, but without the uncompromising chilliness of scientific plates. Indeed, the studies of the moccasin flower, the grass pink, and the snakemouth orchid (all complete with roots) convey an impression of ease that is as entrancing as it is, no doubt, deceptive. These small works of art range in price from $35 to $50.

In spite of what we like to think of as our watchful eye, it was only recently that we became acquainted with the al-

she doesn't need mink

...the way she needs this remarkable no-iron blouse of tucked Dacron-pima, 3.98

Ship'n Shore®



THE VERY YOUNGEST LADIES WANT FINE CHINA

Halls own imported German porcelain tea set. Storybook characters decorate each piece. The 18-piece set includes 4 cups, saucers, and plates, 1 cooky plate, teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. Entire set **10.00**

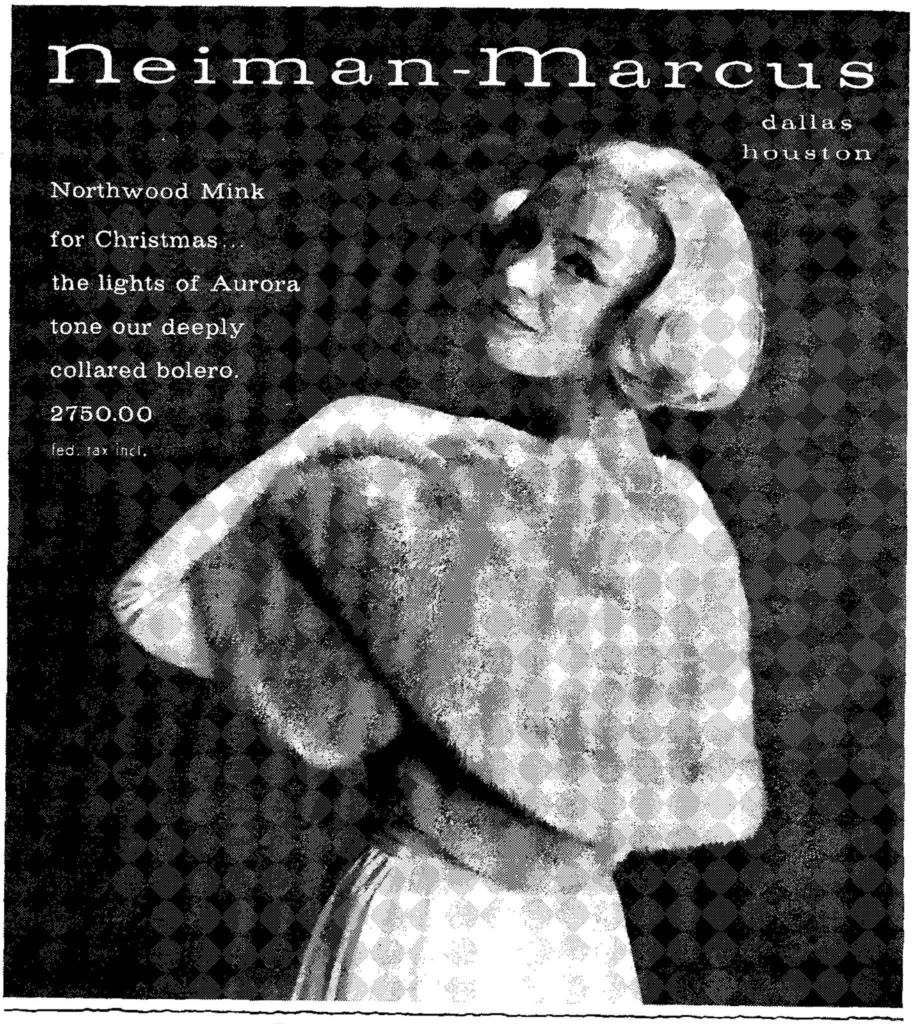
In time for holiday tea parties in the playroom. Send check or money order to

Halls
1114 grand avenue
kansas city, missouri

most inexhaustible collection of prints—some of them extremely valuable—at the Argosy Gallery, which has been doing business for the past forty years at 116 East 59th Street. Anyway, we're glad we discovered the place in time to spread its fame among this year's Christmas shoppers, for here is a variety of old copper engravings, steel engravings, lithographs, mezzotints, and aquatints that must surely include something to delight anybody with either a general taste for the graphic arts or a special taste for subjects like Indian chiefs, old political caricatures, old views of American and European cities, celebrated clipper ships and yachts, medical prints, portraits of famous physicians, and portraits and caricatures of lawyers. Besides all these, the shop has the original issue of numerous Piranesi architectural engravings ($10 to $75); some rare Audubon lithographs of animals ($10 to $35); more Currier & Ives prints than you would care to shake a stick at; and numerous engravings of famous American race horses of the last century. In fact, just name your print and it's pretty certain that Argosy has it.

Georg Jensen has shown particularly shrewd judgment in exhibiting the shop's collection of fine serigraphs, from the Western Serigraph Institute, of California, in its home-furnishings department, since the pictures not only are very interesting in their own right but make a vivid complement to the department's display of modern Scandinavian furniture. Including the works of a number of well-thought-of young serigraphers, the prints are especially striking for their use of strong, bold colors and for a technical skill that is rare. Prices run from $20 to $75.

WHILE we assume that solvent shoppers who are interested in rare antique lighting fixtures need no introduction to the superb collection of such things at Nesle, 151 East 57th Street, there must be a good many people who are unaware that the shop also has an almost equally valuable collection of beautiful bibelots and ornaments, which must be exactly the stuff that a lot of urbane householders' Christmas dreams are made of—for example, some remarkable inkwells for gentlemen's desks, the like of which are not often seen outside a museum vitrine. One of the most beautiful of these, though by no means the oldest, is the work of the famous American bronze worker E. F. Caldwell, who flourished from around 1890 to around 1930. The pot, which looks like something



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Northwood Mink
for Christmas...
the lights of Aurora
tone our deeply
collared bolero.
2750.00
fed. tax incl.

Enjoy the Holidays in Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

A fortnight of traditional holiday festivities, beginning Friday, December 20th. Colorful program includes Yule Log ceremonies, street caroling, candlelight concerts, dancing, musicales, the Queen's Dinner, fireworks, Open House at Governor's Palace and the Capitol and other gala events.

FESTIVITIES DAILY FROM DEC. 19 TO JAN. 5

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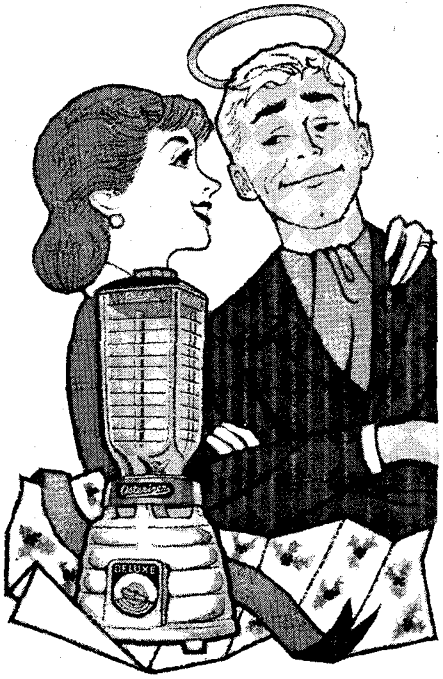
The Motor House • Double rooms with bath from $8.00

For information, reservations, color folder: Write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., or contact Res. Offices—New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Telephone Circle 6-6800. Washington: 1145 19th St., N.W., Telephone REpublic 7-8114.

be an angel . . .



GIVE HER AN

Osterizer®

This Christmas, earn yourself a halo. Give her an OSTERIZER, a gift she's been secretly coveting all these years. And what woman wouldn't covet an OSTERIZER? This remarkably versatile blender chops, grinds, purees, mixes, grates and liquefies. To fill, empty and wash the OSTERIZER is simplicity itself because the container obligingly opens at both ends. And (glory be!) the bottom cap is threaded to fit all standard canning jars.

Except for the legion of happy women who already own one, it would be hard to find a woman who doesn't want an OSTERIZER for Christmas. And it's no trick at all to find an OSTERIZER. Nearly every good store handles this superior blender and is proud of it. The price is right.

CUSTOM CRAFTED BY

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For only $49.95, you can put a 2-speed model with chrome base under the Christmas tree. Be an angel.

John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.

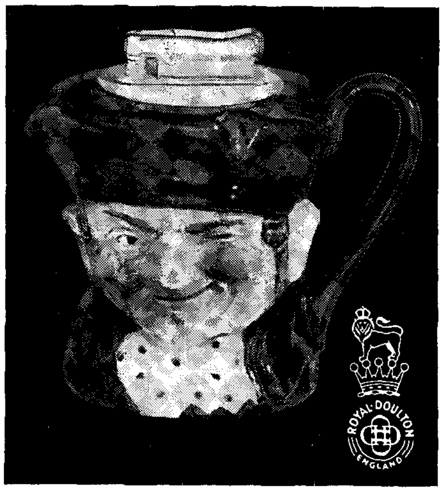
Dept. P8, 4957 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.

of Benvenuto Cellini's, is of gilded bronze filigree work set on intricately carved feet, and costs $80. A beautiful champlevé enamel well, also made by Caldwell, costs $360; a nineteenth-century octagonal Viennese piece in brown marble, outlined with narrow bands of chased gold and topped with a gold acorn finial, costs $120—and so it goes, including a number of charming fantasies of a delicacy that would perhaps be more suitable on a lady's desk. While at Nesle, anybody with worthy ornament lovers on his list should not overlook some perfectly splendid specimens in rock crystal—notably some very beautiful candlesticks; a five-tiered, nineteen-inch-high Chinese pagoda with tiny tinkling bells of rose quartz hanging from the four corners of each little roof (this is about as exquisite a curio as we have ever seen); and two pairs of obelisks, fourteen inches tall. Prices of the candlesticks start at $280, the pagoda costs $900, and the obelisks are $760 a pair.

TO our taste, there is nothing in the world that gives a room—a room with a fireplace, that is—the lift contributed by a fine brass fender. If you agree, and if the rooms of all your friends with fireplaces haven't already been lifted, we can, we think, help you solve a number of Christmas problems with success to all concerned. In Altman's Fireplace Corner (fifth floor), there are more brass fenders than we remember meeting up with in a long time—most of them made in England in the early nineteenth century. Nearly all are of unusual design—solid brass with elaborate cutout floral patterns, or with quaint filigree work, or something of the sort—measuring from eight to fourteen inches high and priced at from $39.95 to $69.95. Country friends who already have a fender but are faced with the duty of tending a wood fire should, as we see it, be eternally grateful for the present of what Hammacher Schlemmer calls a log toter. This is a *dolly for trucking wood between woodpile and hearth*; handsomely trimmed in brass on black-finished steel, it is priced at $30.

AVAILABLE just in time to go under the Christmas tree of a dear party-giving lady are the new Ottavia tambour-embroidered tablecloths, to be had nowhere but at Lord & Taylor. The Ottavia Company, having hung its lovely tambour-embroidered curtains at our best windows and spread its virginal counterpanes on our best beds, has ap-

Give Royally



Handsome gift for anyone on your list . . . an authentic English character jug, equipped with the world's finest lighter mechanism, Colibri by Kreisler. Choose from six droll English characters, $15.00.

Shown Old Charley; others: Beefeater, Falstaff, Long John Silver, Mr. Pickwick and Poacher.

Give Royal Doulton

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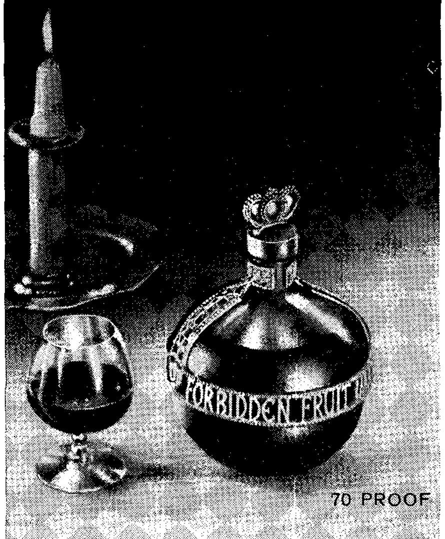
What is the Mystery of
FORBIDDEN FRUIT?



enjoy the discovery of the world's most intriguing liqueur.

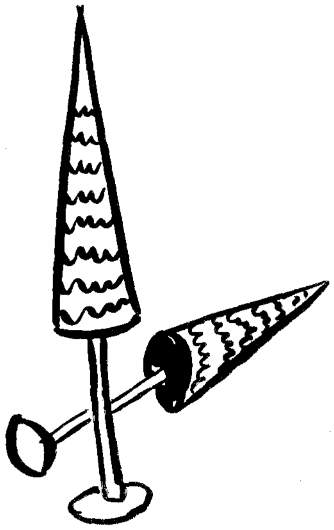
a wonderful gift

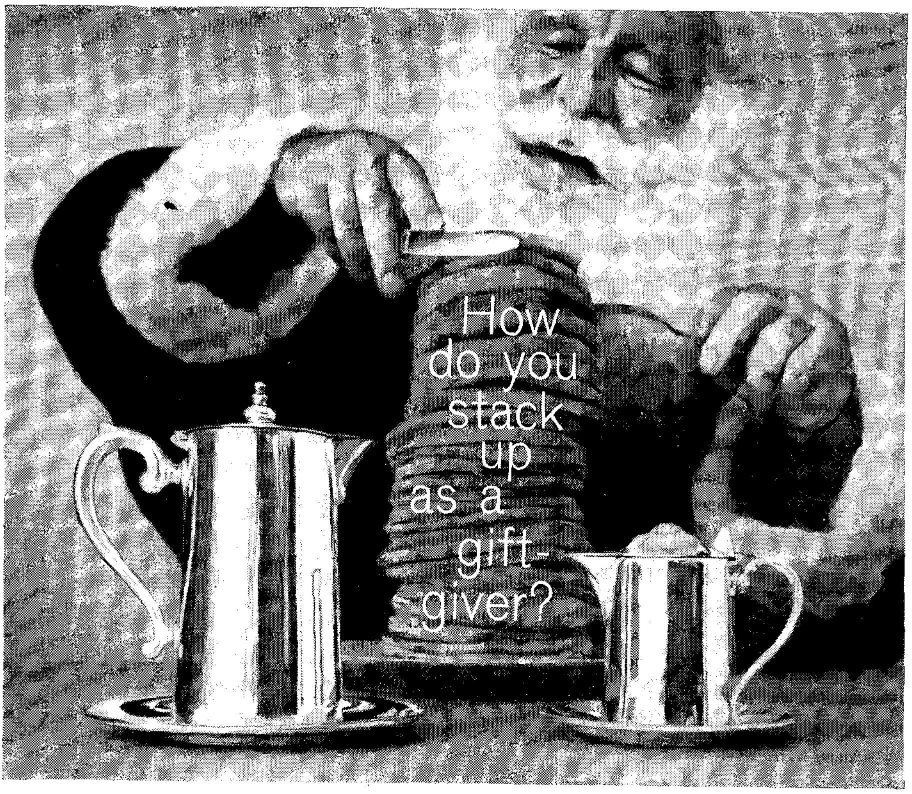
Made by America's Oldest Cordial Producer
CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie., Inc., Phila., Pa.

parently reserved its masterpieces for our tables. These lovely white muslin covers are made in Switzerland from American designs, which have transformed the rather stiff, traditional tambour embroidery into light and airy work suitable for just about every possible prandial occasion. There are elegant but informal little square covers; long cloths with deep embroidered hems; and cloths with allover embroidery—all exquisite, and all with matching napkins. Prices run from $16.50 to $95, and the napkins cost $2 or $2.50 each.

There are beautiful little occasional cushions to be had in any style of decoration you may be shopping for. We came to this cheerful conclusion after inspecting several lots of cushions, entirely different one from another, and each with its own special appeal. One of the most rewarding stops for cushion inspection is Karl Mann, 16 East 55th Street, where there is a great hamper of the things, covered in materials that are nothing short of dazzling—bits of brocade and hand-woven and hand-embroidered stuffs from India, South America, Morocco, and all over. These are priced between $21 and $30. Bonniers' little cushions are as different as possible from the Karl Mann covers, being hand-printed on linen by a Swedish artist, mostly in flower designs of clear, lively colors. They make delightfully fresh and unusual decorations, and they cost $15 and $17.50 each. At the Rabun Studios, there are cushions covered with hand-woven Siamese silks in beautiful shades, usually sporting a subtle geometric design in the center; $10 to $20.

At first thought, $95 may seem quite an outlay for a thirty-two-by-forty-four-inch nursery rug, but after careful examination of some floor coverings of the sort at America House you may quite




How do you stack up as a gift-giver?

Are you the wise one who always gives a gift they really want, a gift no one else thinks of... like a syrup pitcher in fine Wallace Silverplate? Left to right: Handsome family-size, sixteen-ounce pitcher with attached tray, $15.00. Graceful six-ounce pitcher with attached tray, $10.00

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS
Prices include Federal Tax. at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

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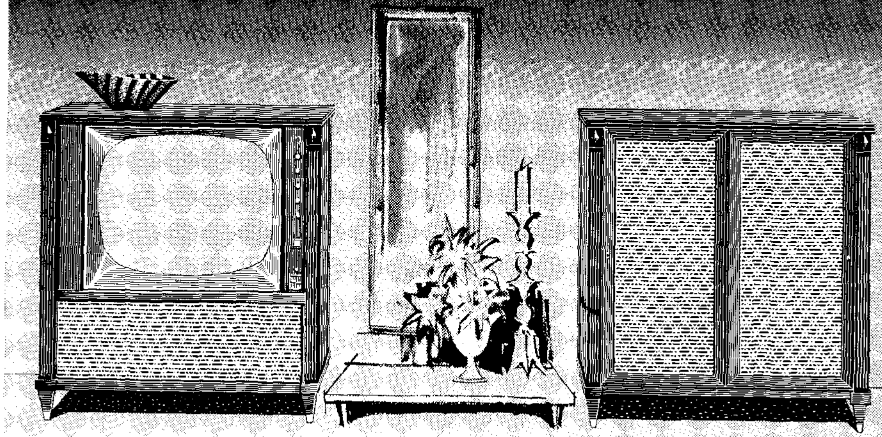
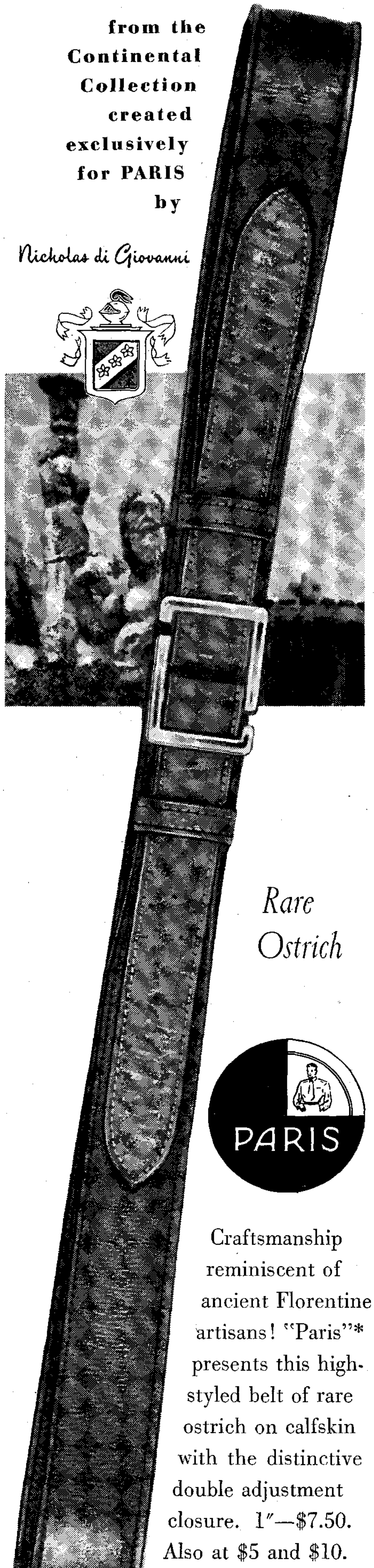
A Stereo High Fidelity-Television Innovation!



The Italian Provincial series—eight-speaker stereo high fidelity system. Superb television with remote tuning. FM/AM radio and precision phonograph with Diamond pickup. Choose from among 48 styles at your Magnavox dealer. Complete stereo systems from $149.90 to $1,000.
THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY—FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

from the Continental Collection created exclusively for PARIS by

Nicholas di Giovanni



Rare Ostrich

Craftsmanship reminiscent of ancient Florentine artisans! "Paris"* presents this high-styled belt of rare ostrich on calfskin with the distinctive double adjustment closure. 1"—$7.50. Also at $5 and $10.

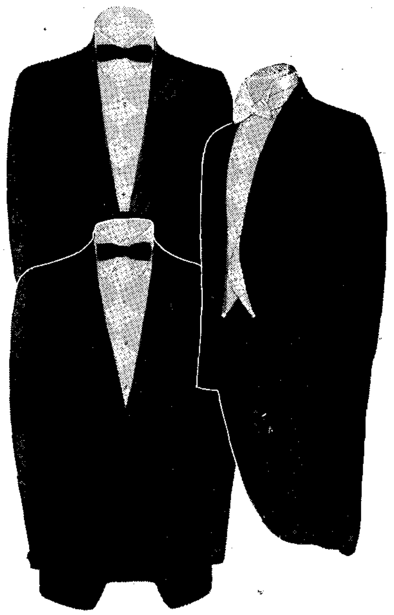
PARIS BELTS, product of
A. Stein & Company, Chicago,
New York, Los Angeles, Toronto

well decide that these are furnishings your child's room can't do without. The rugs we particularly admired bear the likeness of a lion who seems half Edward Lear and half Rousseau, and are handmade in a strong, tight weave that shows every sign of wearing to eternity and back. Actually, the lion rug is not earmarked by the weaver for nursery decoration but is just one of a collection of vivid designs (among them is a particularly charming rug, in cubes of pink, blue, and purple, which is derived from a Mondrian abstraction) that would go admirably in any informal modern room. Prices are all in the neighborhood of $100.

FROM the dispirited look of our own and our friends' wastebaskets, we should think a really good-looking receptacle of this kind would be precisely the ticket for Christmas giving. Just you start shopping for that good-looking receptacle, though, and you are apt to conclude that here is one bit of household equipment the designers have tended to overlook. To be sure, we found quite a few containers that would go pleasantly in informal rooms, but a wastebasket suitable for a handsomely furnished library or study is such a rarity in these parts that we feel a certain satisfaction in reporting on some very elegant ones, from Japan, that are available, through decorators, at Luten-Clarey-Stern. These are done in a dark tortoise-shell lacquer, have a removable metal lining, and cost $32.50. The same firm has good-looking containers that are adaptations of antique East Indian grain measures. They are made of brass trimmed with copper and silver, and would add the right touch of splendor to a formal library; $43, through decorators. Black, Starr & Gorham has imported from Copenhagen very handsome and modern-looking wastebaskets in an openwork design of teak, priced at $19.95. And Bonniers has brought from Japan some brand-new and particularly dashing wastebaskets made of bamboo covered with paper that was first painted in black or vivid colors (scarlet, yellow, blue, orange) and then heavily lacquered. They are as pretty as can be, and cost $15. Some wastebaskets that are not new but, to our taste, are just about as effective as any you will find for not too formal rooms are Bonniers' Danish imports, made of wrapped straw, that suggest old-fashioned beehives. These come in a dome shape thirteen inches high, at $9.50, and sixteen inches high, at $12.50. And now

J. PRESS
FORMAL CLOTHES

J. PRESS ready-to-wear Dinner and Evening Dress clothes are remarkable productions, authoritative, elegant and withal, reasonably priced.



In lightweight Jet Black Fine Dress Worsted, comfortable the year 'round:

J. PRESS Dinner Clothes, single breasted, either satin shawl lapels or trim peaked lapels of ribbed grosgrain. Detailed with piped flap pockets, hook vent and plain front braid trousers	$80
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Tailcoat only	$80

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All the Bach Brandenburg Concertos are on three superb discs in Highest Fidelity Stereo

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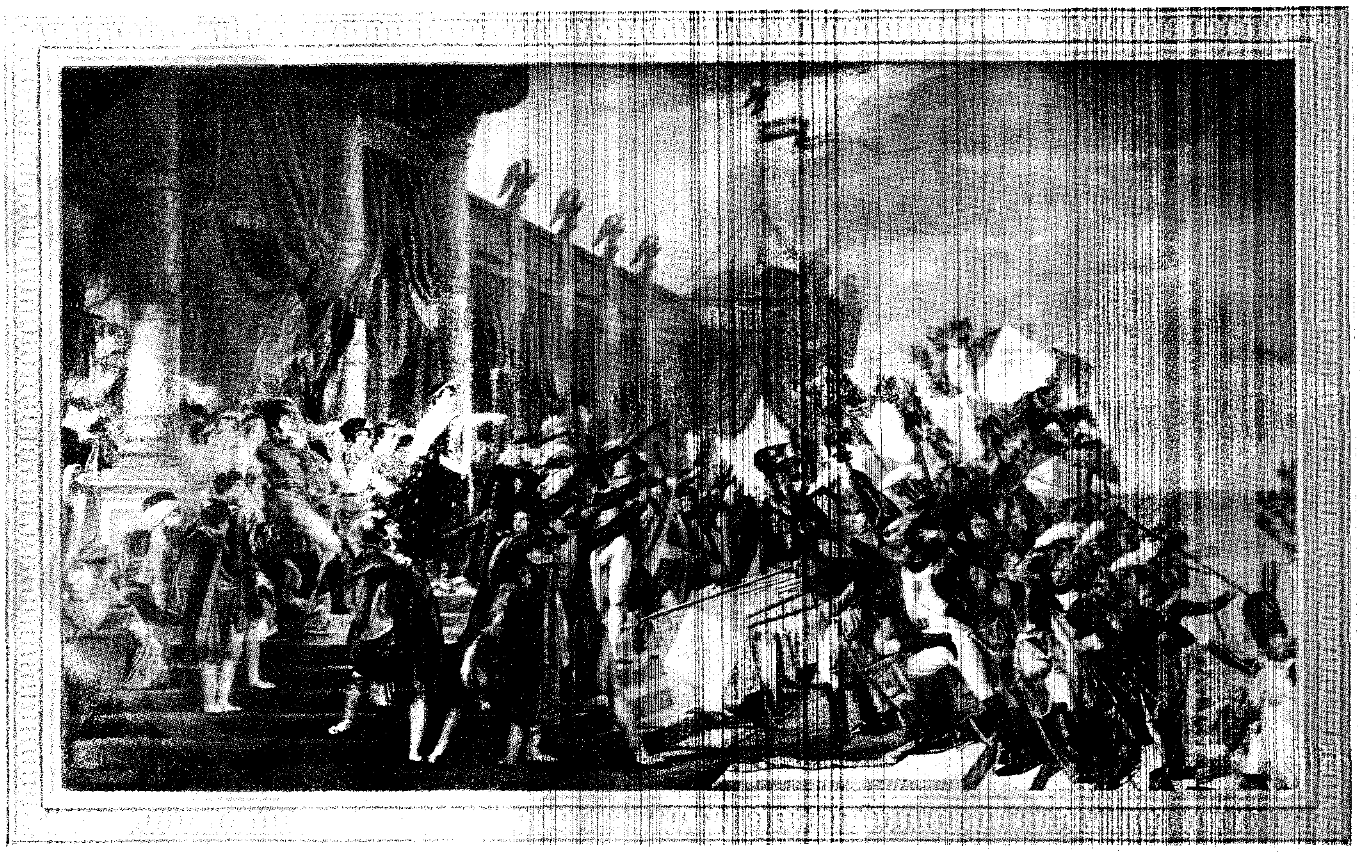


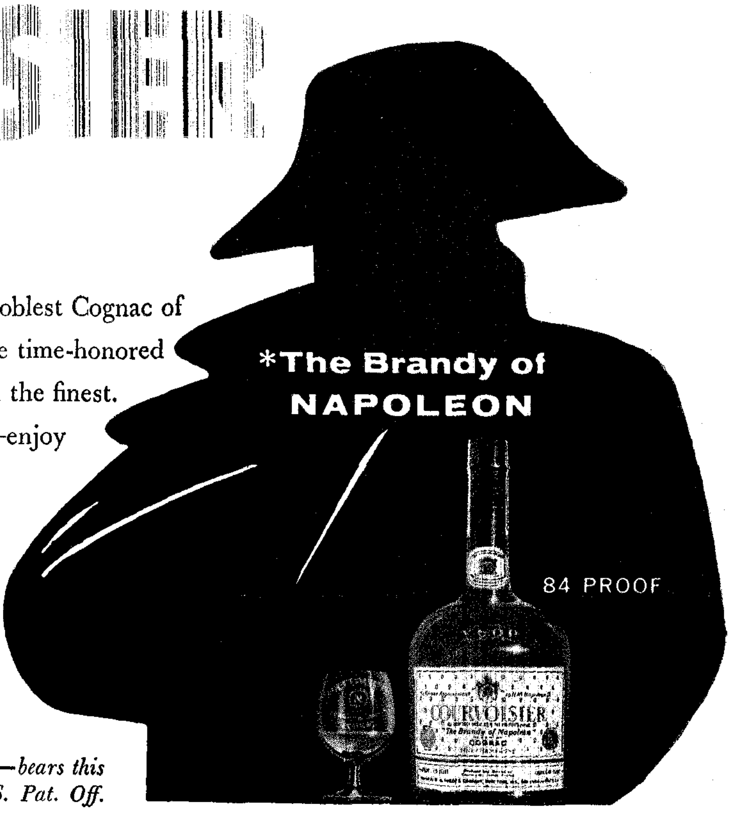
DIS[illegible] PEINTURE PAR DAVID (MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES)

DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES, *depicting the "Oath of the Army" after the distribution of the standards or flags on the Champ-de-Mars, December 5, 1804.*

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Down through the ages Courvoisier has ranked as the noblest Cognac of them all. Famous as "The Brandy of Napoleon," it is the time-honored drink of kings and statesmen, and all who can command the finest. Breathe in the aroma of Courvoisier Cognac reverently—enjoy its matchless flavour leisurely. You will sense the loving care that has been poured into its making—the glorious traditions it perpetuates.



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DRAMBUIE
A LINK WITH THE 45

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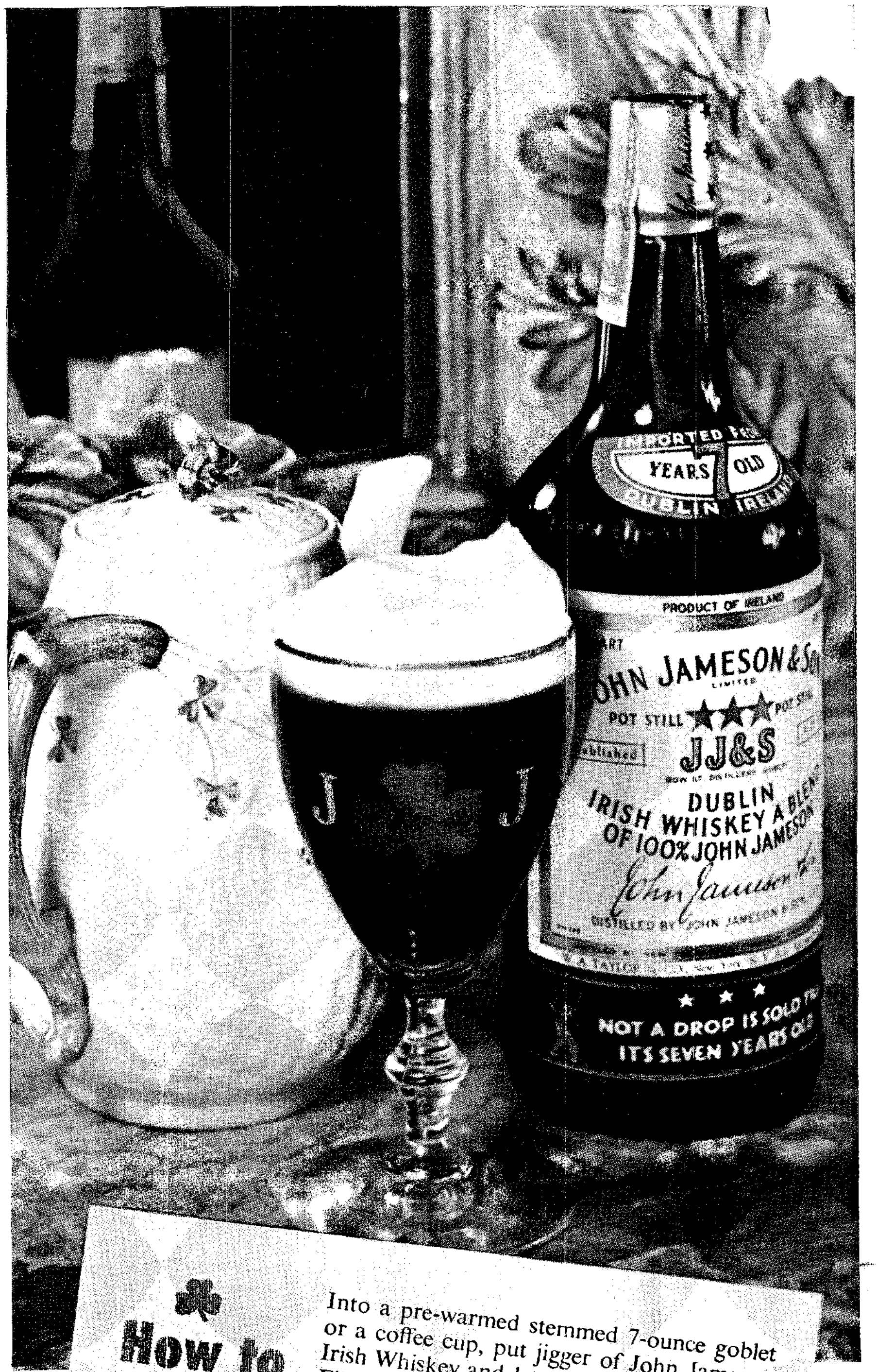
80 PROOF

*Transatlantic travelers
come home with
glowing reports of a
marvelous new drink*

IRISH COFFEE

Americans stopping at the famous Shannon Airport first discovered the unique delight of Irish Coffee. Now, more and more smart spots are serving this fabulous drink . . . more and more people are making it at home. In San Francisco, for example, Irish Coffee is becoming as popular as the Dry Martini.

The magic of Irish Coffee lies in the fact that the coffee, the John Jameson and cream combine in some mysterious way to create a seductive new flavour. It is what scientists call synergistic action, which means that the cooperative action of the ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently. Skeptical about that synergistic action? Well, try Irish Coffee. And do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—every drop matured 7 years in oak casks.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IRISH WHISKEY A BLEND OF 100% JOHN JAMESON
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF
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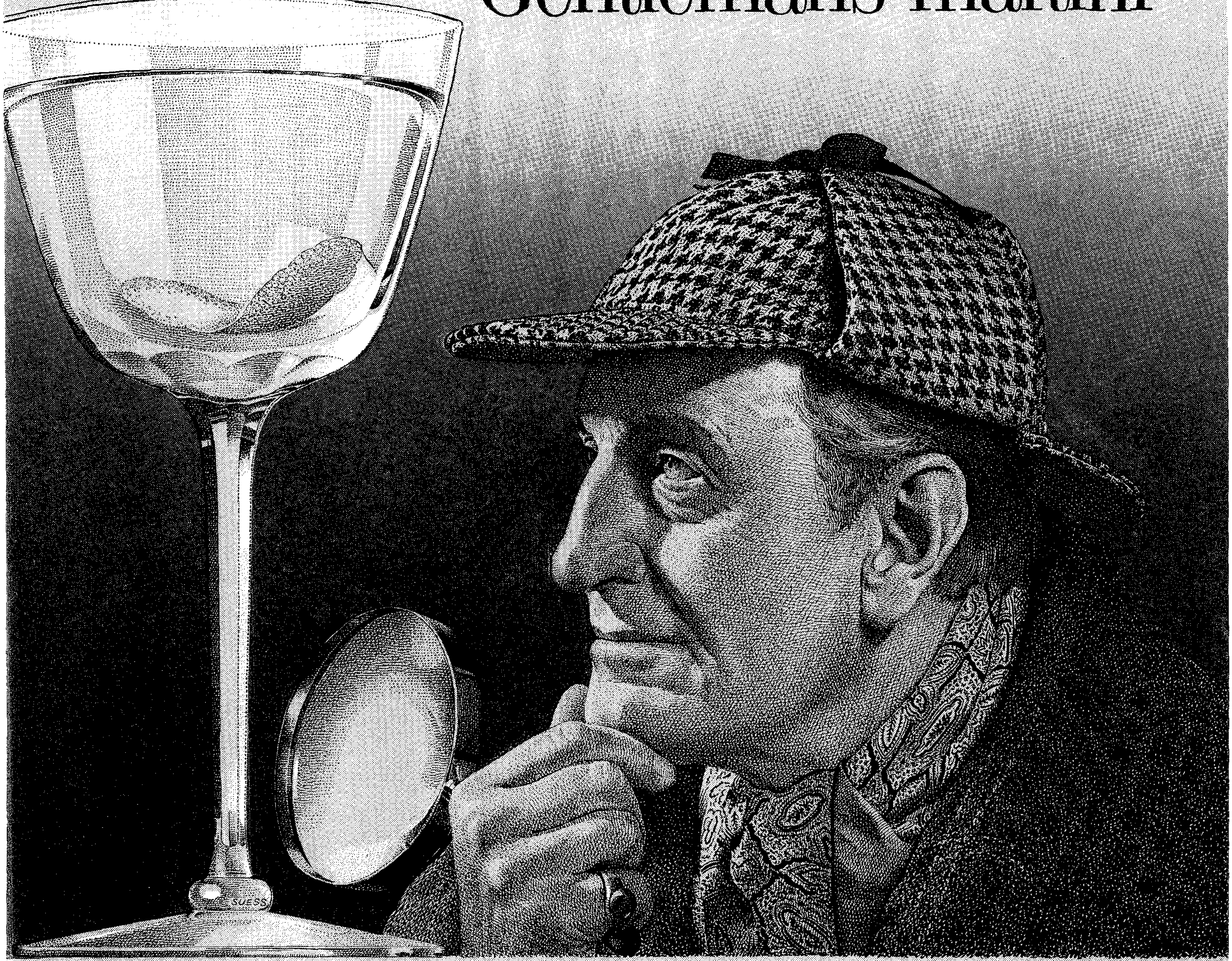
Irish Coffee . . . so smart for holiday partie
A wonderful conversation piece.

Basil Rathbone probes the

*Gentleman's martini



Projecting into his personal life the great detective role for which he is famous, Mr. Rathbone says: "It is elementary that crime does not pay. This is true whether the crime is murder, robbery, arson, blackmail or making an inferior Martini.

"While the last offense rarely results in a man losing his life, it almost certainly carries the penalty of losing his friends. It should be well-known—for ignorance excuses no man—that the Martini of highest social acceptance is the gentleman's Martini. And the key to making it is Booth's House of Lords gin.

"Just why Booth's House of Lords gin has the uncanny faculty of producing the gentleman's Martini—or a gentleman's drink even if served straight, on the rocks—has baffled even me. I suggest you simply look upon it as a fascinating mystery. All we need know is that the Booth's people are willing to part with their delectable product for mere money, and it is available at every bar or liquor store which any self-respecting person would patronize."

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BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS GIN

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Wine Etiquette

by AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.

A pleasant and easy way to expand a dinner party is to invite extra guests for the dessert course. With dessert and coffee it's smart to serve a variety of sweet, dessert wines—at least one Sherry and one Port or, even better, a choice of several Sherries and Ports.

Some of your guests may be connoisseurs, and it is well to serve famous-name Sherries and Ports. Excellent selections are Sandeman wines, which are world-renowned for their superb flavour, bouquet and body. Sandeman is one of those fine old British houses whose quality traditions date back to 1790.

DRY DON
VERY PALE
SHERRY
SANDEMAN
PORT
RUBY
SANDEMAN

Particularly popular Sandeman wines:

SANDEMAN PORTS: *Three Star Tawny,* medium body and dryness, suitable for all occasions. *One Star Ruby Port,* full and fruity.

SANDEMAN SHERRIES: *Three Star Amontillado,* round, medium dry. *Dry Don,* pleasantly dry, suitable for all occasions.

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SHERRIES *from Spain*
PORTS *from Portugal*

SANDEMAN®
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790

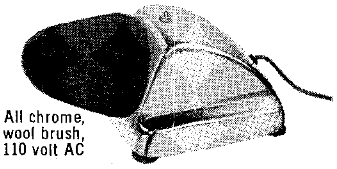
here is your chance to present somebody with two charming bits of household furnishing for the price of one! Lord & Taylor has brought from the Philippines some woven bamboo stools, pretty and convenient, that, turned upside down, make the neatest wastebaskets. Or is it that the bamboo articles are smartly practical wastebaskets that, turned upside down, make eternally useful stools? Any way the happy recipient wants to use it, the combination costs $5.

For some years, manufacturers have been so bent on making our trays alcoholproof and heatproof that, in their concentration on these qualities, they have left us precious few trays with the slightest claim to looks. If you agree with this reflection, we hope you will credit us with some industry in hunting down, here and there, a number of trays that are not only practical but decorative. Lord & Taylor has some quite beautiful old ones, unlike any we have ever seen before. These, from Japan, are made of kiaki wood, are round with a slightly upturned edge, and measure from thirty to thirty-four inches across. (Since they are made by hand, no two are exactly the same size.) There is no variation in the price, though, which is $49. Georg Jensen has some generous round teak trays, twenty-three and a half inches across, with set-in handles bound in rattan, at $19.50. At the Rabun Studios, a rectangular teak tray measuring twelve by twenty-two and a half inches, or just the size to accommodate the varied paraphernalia of drinks, is extremely good-looking and very light; $9.75. Takashimaya, the new Japanese department store at Fifth Avenue and 46th Street, has a pretty tortoise-shell lacquer tray, at $10.80, that measures eleven by nineteen inches—not a size to carry a really comfortable American trayful, but considerably bigger than most of the shop's many other trays—which would just about take care of one cup of *sake*.

THE Corning Glass Company has produced some new utensils that are just as astonishing as anything so far launched from Cape Canaveral, and a lot more useful to the housewife. These are made of a material called Pyroceram, a hard white ceramic that was originally developed for the nose cones of guided missiles and has, implausibly, moved from there into the home kitchen, in the form of frying pans, saucepans, and casseroles. This new addition to the family of basic ma-

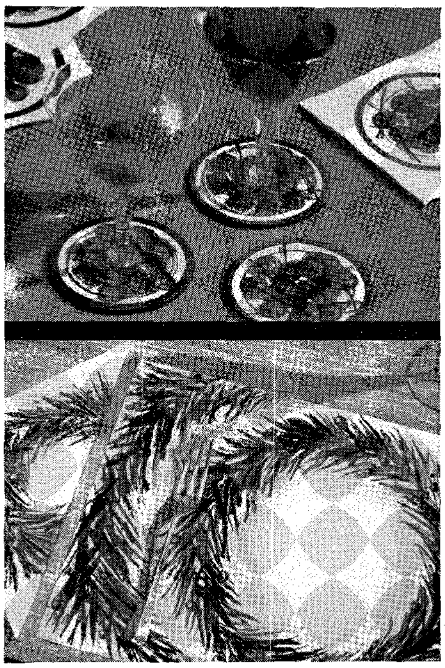
This is Bill Beck
of Boot Valet fame

Bill travels the country in his flying machine, spreading the glad tidings of Boot Valet, the electric shoe buffer that also polishes silver. This is a formidable job for just one man, so Boot Valet isn't in as many stores as Bill might like. It's around though and, at $29.95, it's quite a find. Try the best stores. If you can't locate one, write direct. This could make someone you like pretty happy come Christmas morning.



All chrome,
red lamb's wool brush,
110 volt AC

BECK of Grafton
GRAFTON, WISCONSIN



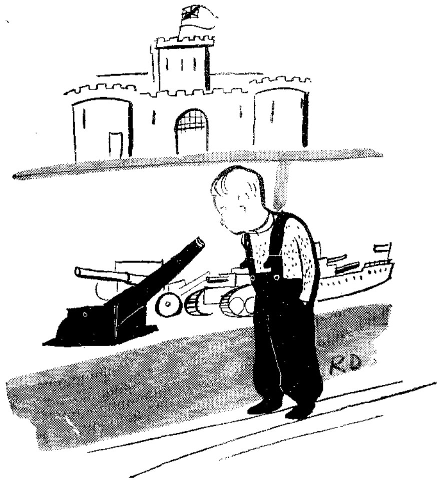
SOPPS sets your Holiday tables

Cherry 'n Olive coasters, deliciously colored, absorbent, long lasting. Box of 12 coasters, 50 cocktail napkins, $3
Red-Berried Greenery, 24 paper place mats, 36 dinner napkins, $3. 50 cocktail napkins, $1.

Lord & Taylor, Joseph Magnin,
Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus.

terials has the appearance of white china of a good quality, and is as easy to keep clean as a teacup, even with the hardest over-flame use. We have seen a Pyroceram saucepan set on top of a gas burner, allowed to boil dry, and then plunged into ice water without ill effects. The new ware is on sale at Bloomingdale, where a ten-inch dish with a matching cover costs $10.95, and saucepans, ranging in size from a quart to a quart and three-quarters, cost from $5.95 to $6.95.

AND now, though we hope we have already provided a present for everybody on your list, here are some interesting items that make a nice reserve, just in case you have an especially wide acquaintanceship. To begin with, for the queen of your kitchen, those skilled workers in tropical woods the Salisbury Artisans, at 52 Washinee Street, Salisbury, Connecticut, have produced a chopping bowl and blade that we are inclined to regard as their masterpiece. The bowl is of the small, efficient French type, made either of rosewood, at $12.50, or of teak, at $11.50, the price including the postage. The wood and the workmanship are both so fine that if it could be spared from the kitchen, it might well become a living-room bibelot. Devoted as we have long been to what must now, we suppose, be called the *old* Osterizer food blender, we were skeptical of the manufacturer's claim to have effected improvements in the new model. Well, we have to admit that, sure enough, it has a terrific motor that grinds foods the old machine couldn't cope with, six speeds, and—no negligible convenience—a highly practical handle. All this is $69.95, at Hammacher Schlemmer. For an invalid, or a traveller who is also a solitaire player, we have a simply unbeatable gift. It's a special



for a distinctive and practical gift
OUR MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SWEATERS
knitted in Scotland for us

(left) *Our good-looking new 4-button Alpaca golf cardigan for men. Red, natural, light grey or black,* $37.50

(center, top) *Cashmere sweater-bib for throat and chest protection, in red, navy, dark grey, yellow, natural,* $8.50

(center, below) *Our pullover of luxurious cashmere for men. In medium or black-grey, natural, blue-mix, green lovat, navy, yellow. Long sleeves,* $35; *sleeveless,* $25

(right) FOR WOMEN: *Hand-framed Shetland cardigan made in the Shetland Isles. Dark or bright red, yellow, light, medium or black-grey, light, medium or navy blue, natural, white, black-green, dark brown,* $18.50; *also round-neck pullover, same colors,* $16.50. *Our 2-ply cashmere cardigan in yellow, white, light, medium or navy blue, natural, dark grey, green, red,* $35; *also round-neck pullover, same colors,* $32.50

Men's sweaters in 38 to 46; women's in 34 to 40.

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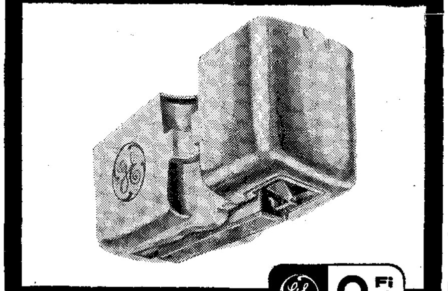
True Stereo starts with G.E.'s new "Golden Classic" stereo-magnetic cartridge



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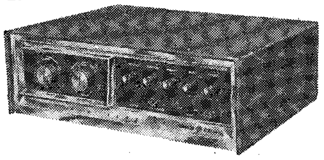
- Plays both stereo and monaural records
- Full frequency response, 20 to 20,000 cycles
- "Floating armature" design increases compliance, reduces record and stylus wear
- Tracking force 2 to 4 grams
- Consistently high separation between channel signals
- G-E stereo-magnetic cartridges priced from $16.95 to $26.95 (mfr's suggested resale prices. Specifications for model GC-5).

Look for the G-E "Golden Classic" on high quality phonographs, too. Hear it at your dealer's soon!

...and new 40-watt "Stereo Classic" amplifier



- Full, balanced 20-watt power output from each channel at same time
- No audible distortion at full power. Flat response within .5 db from 20 to 20,000 cycles
- Outstanding sensitivity, extremely low hum and noise level
- Inputs: FM-AM tuner (and FM multiplex adaptor), stereo and monaural phono cartridge and tape, auxiliary. $169.95 (mfr's suggested resale price).

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Section NY 11, Specialty Electronic Components Dept., W. Genesee Street, Auburn, N.Y.

solitaire board with seven rows of slots, for the cards as they are dealt, and four clips at the top, for the aces. Since the cards are all held firmly in place, the board needn't be laid on something flat—an advantage that makes it fine for use on a train or plane, or in bed. It costs $3, postage prepaid, and is worth every penny of it, though it must be ordered from an organization that calls itself the Neva-Board Company, 406 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California. . . . Christmas decorations *that are happily different* from most of our city florists' creations are gilded wreaths of magnolia leaves, picked out with gilded sweet-gum balls, which are made by Mrs. E. W. Findly, of Route 1, Letohatchee, Alabama. Because the underside is flat and untrimmed, these are not suitable to hang at a window, but serving as the centerpiece of a Christmas table, or encircling an elaborate candelabra, or just hanging above a mantel, they look like some splendid bit of Renaissance decoration, with a disarming touch of the deep Alabama countryside. Provided they are packed away in a carton between Christmases, *the wreaths have the additional merit* of lasting for years. Prices are $2.75, for a wreath about twenty-two inches in diameter, and $1.75, for one of about sixteen inches. Fifty cents postage will take care of two wreaths. . . . And, finally, for the lady who spends a lot of weekends in the country and finds lugging laundry back to the city a chore, the larger Woolworth stores have Dura-Weve paper aprons that are as neat as a pin and far more cheerful, made with bibs and without, in red, yellow, or blue checks; two for forty-nine cents with bibs, three for forty-nine without. A dozen or so of these—to be worn and thrown away—ought to make a very acceptable remembrance for the friend who rates something just a bit more substantial than a Christmas card.

•

3 A. M.

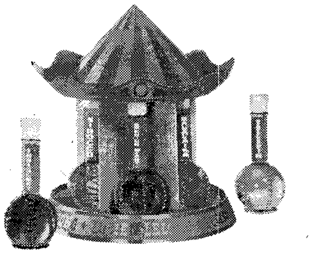
By the brilliant ramp
of a ceaseless garage

the eye like a piece of newspaper
staring from a collage

records on a yellowing
gridwork of nerve.

policemen move on feet of glue,
sailors stick to the curb.

—John Updike



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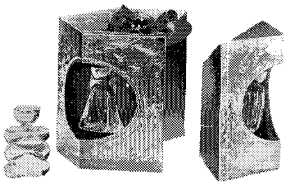
(7.50 value) **5.00***



PERFUME WARDROBE—
each one individually packaged, then all wrapped up together. **Tailspin, Indiscret, Sirocco.**
*PLUS TAX (10.50 value) **5.00***

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Gift-ready in clear plastic bag. Free 3" initial (specify) Add 35¢ postage ea. Mopper **$6.95** ea. (Save! 3 for $20)

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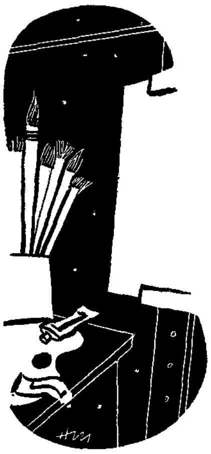
THE ART GALLERIES

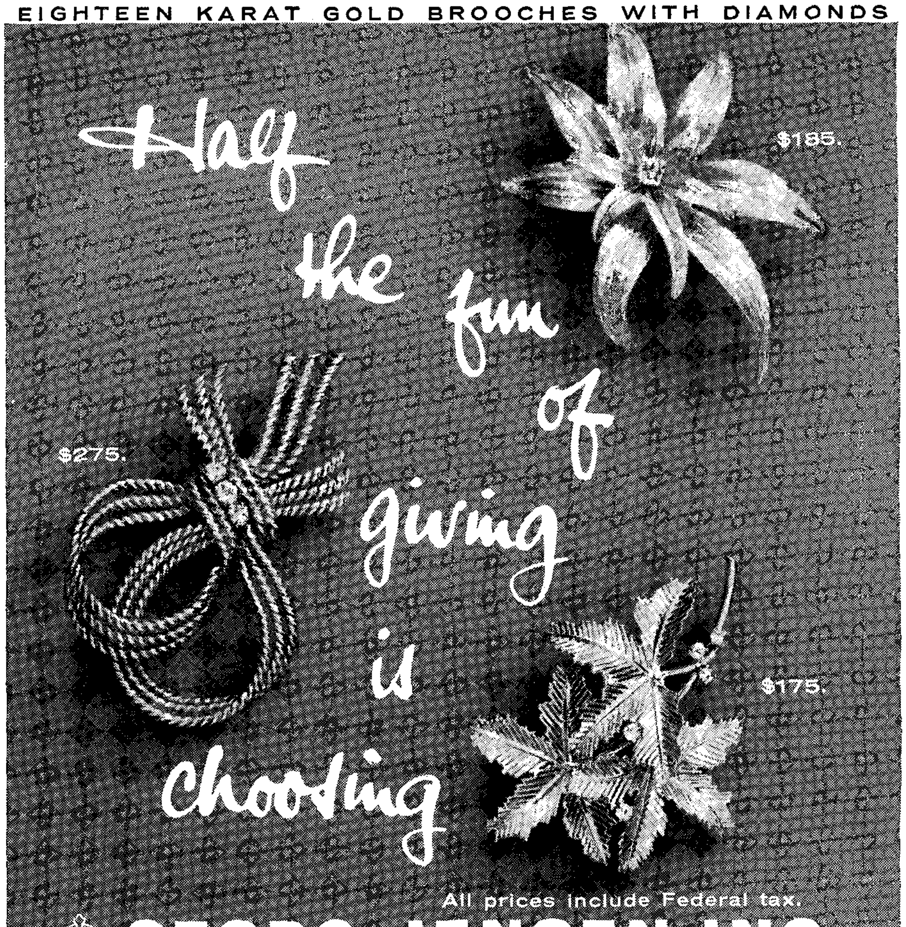
The Whitney Annual



PUNCTUAL in its yearly cycle as the years are in theirs, the Whitney Annual of contemporary American sculpture, paintings, and graphics is now on at the Museum, and I must say that the new specimen ranks well up in the by now fairly venerable series for excellence. Though they are far from being rigidly segregated, the basic schools now current are set apart just enough in the arrangement to allow their separate techniques and purposes to be studied without distraction; the selection seems broader in range than it has been at times in the past, while, if by actual count the number of entries (a hundred and eighty-four in all, of which forty-one are sculptures) is equal to the average of previous Annuals, this one, possibly because of its greater variety, seems more easily digestible than some of its predecessors.

In this, as in most of the recent Annuals, Abstract Expressionism predominates—as it should, since it's far and away the most vigorous American school at the moment. (It's also, as far as I know, the first one of international influence that has originated in this country.) But Abstract Expressionism itself is a fairly new movement. It has been in existence, as a school, hardly more than a decade, and since its intent is to exploit the immediately emotional—the uncritical impulse rather than the considered effect—its progress toward coherent as well as confident expression has been slow. Progress has been made, though, and greater confidence in the uses of the method is evident in such works as Grace Hartigan's "Essex and Hester (Red)," Kyle Morris's dark "Evening Image," and Ethel Schwabacher's "Shannon"—to pick a few at random—than these artists have on the whole shown before. Even Hans Hofmann, a founder of the movement, reveals, in his brilliantly colorful "Setting Sun," a greater than usual mixture of boldness and flexibility in the development of his concept, and I liked, too, in the same general cate-

EIGHTEEN KARAT GOLD BROOCHES WITH DIAMONDS



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gory, Sonia Gechtoff's sinuous "Assembly of Lovers," Walter Plate's firmly patterned "Red and Black, No. II," and the blazingly red-and-yellow "West," by Angelo Ippolito.

I was interested to note, though, that as the "pure" Abstract Expressionists gain in assurance, there's a tendency elsewhere in the movement to introduce more and more references to the figurative into the work—to the point that an eventual return to plain, old-fashioned Expressionism is suggested. This, if it were continued, would be a fascinating phenomenon, since it implies the beginning of another of those circular, back-where-we-came-from processes so common in art. After all, the Abstract movement began as a rebellion against the fripperies of nineteenth-century academic naturalism; Expressionism followed as a revolt against the rigidities of Abstraction, and Abstract Expressionism emerged as a kind of culmination of the two. And now, to complete the circle, are we at the start of a return around the clock, from the exuberance of Abstract Expressionism through the heartier matter-of-factness of Expressionism to the orderliness of Abstraction—to, eventually, what might by that time appear to be the incisive challenge of representation? If so, it would be a long process, and anyway the question is beside the point at the moment, since the whole speculation may be born of a transitory effect deriving from the selection and arrangement of the Whitney show.

It's true, however, that representational elements are more apparent than heretofore in what is basically Abstract Expressionist work. The Schwabacher painting has obviously a riverside vista as its theme, and in such pieces as Joe Stefanelli's large, neatly planned "The Maidens of Chelsea" and the vine-and-lattice study called "The Porch II," by Joyce Treiman, the figurative references are equally clear, while Expressionism, stronger than ever in this country despite the two wars that have intervened since its inception in Germany, is represented by such fine examples as Anthony Toney's ruddy-fleshed "Reclining Nude," Walter Quirt's "Descent from the Cross, No. 1," and Max Kahn's green, salty "Gulls Over Gay Head." Tachisme, that more or less related school, appears in Philip Guston's enigmatically titled "Passage," a coloristic essay more broadly handled than his previous work, as well as in John Heliker's shimmeringly poetic "Cliffs, Soames Sound," Albert Alcalay's "Suspended Castles,"

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Maximin-Grunhaus

WHY NOT ENJOY THE VERY BEST..
WHERE ALL TRUE PLEASURE LIES.

with its looping forms, and Edward Betts' handsome, icily blue-and-white "Northern Spaces."

I found this last group one of the best in the exhibition. But there are other excellent pieces to be mentioned, among them Stuart Davis's wiry, ironic "Pochade" and Hans Moller's possibly heavy-handed but yet forceful "Crown of Thorns," both Abstract; John Hultberg's calm, rectilinear "Wheat Fields;" Ben Shahn's dramatically simplified Biblical study, "Parable;" Raphael Soyer's serene "The Model;" Honoré Sharrer's neat, satiric "The Reception;" and Andrée Ruellan's sunny, Matissey "The Balcony."

The Surrealists and the super-realists, ordinarily strong, are rather weak in numbers and in accomplishment this year, and only a few works are outstanding. I'd cite especially Aaron Bohrod's trompe-l'oeil "Cupboard Door" and Katherine Schmidt's equally meticulous "Piece of Brown Paper," followed by George Tooker's sensuous "The Guitar" and Kay Sage's "The Answer Is No"—this last an oblique commentary on the treadmill of an artist's life.

If I may speak of them so without any feeling of disrespect, the Old Guard of the Whitney—Hopper, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and so on—are, by contrast, well represented. Hopper has a city study, "Sunlight in a Cafeteria," which, though it may be a trifle too big for its content, carries all his magical evocativeness; Burchfield has a bright "Dusty Road in July" and O'Keeffe a cool, geometric abstraction, "Blue I;" and there is such other work as Charles Sheeler's blue, faceted "California Industrial," Max Weber's "Interior with Figures," and the charming, summery "The Colbert Farm," by Louis Bouché. Taken all together, they are

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Owing as much as anything else to the high cost of casting, sculpture done in welded metal has been growing in popularity, and a fair number of pieces in the Annual are in this medium. David Smith's tall "Sentinel I," Richard Hunt's smooth, elongated "Extending Horizontal Form," and James Wines' compact "Child with Dog" are the top examples. There is plenty of variety, though, in both manner and materials, and the selection is consistently interesting. I liked most of all the grave, symmetrical Naum Gabo "Linear Construction in Space, No. 4" and Bruno Lucchesi's bland, plump little "Bagnante," in addition to the Hugo Robus "Walking Figure," Theodore Roszak's "Invocation Variation No. 3," and the birdlike "Soaring," by Robert Cronbach.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

THE WALL-RUE SPLEENWORT

On the steps at the east end of the Senate House in Cambridge, England, there grows a rare little fern—the wall-rue spleenwort. Babington the botanist reported it first in 1860. Though it grows on the right of the door that leads to greatness, neither Tennyson nor Wordsworth ever referred to this little fern, yet it must once have felt the passing of their gowns. This picture of it was made in 1953—200 years after the steps were first laid down. When the Senate House was cleaned in 1949 the Department of Botany gave warning that the spleenwort must not suffer.—*Legend on an English picture postcard.*

As for those two clowns Tennyson and Wordsworth, they were drunk.

•

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[*From the Boston Daily Globe*]

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By Anne Campbell

Because this is your wedding day,
At dawn I shall arise.
I want to see the first faint ray
Of light in morning skies.

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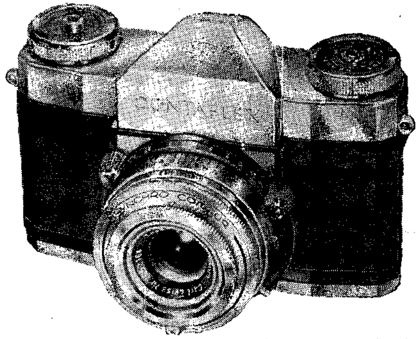

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THE KIND OF PERSON I AM

WHEN I was a small boy, my father had a friend—Harry Kirsch was his name—who was always playing jokes on me. His favorite joke was a game in which he would guess my age. He would say to me, "Take your house address. Add one hundred. Divide that by two. Add eleven. Subtract the number of days there are in the next month. Add the number of fingers on your left hand. All right," he would say. "What's your answer?"

Thoroughly lost, I'd choose a number at random. "Three hundred and forty-one."

Mr. Kirsch would look up at the sky, close his eyes, and place his fingertips lightly on the lids. A moment later, looking at me again, he'd say, "You're ten years old."

And, of course, I was.

Harry Kirsch and his joke came to mind recently at, of all occasions, a cocktail party in the neighborhood of the University of Chicago, where I was teaching. In the general whirl of things, I'd got myself bumped, drink in hand, into a corner and against a high bookcase and a lean, intelligent-looking young woman of about my own age. She'd been thumbing through our host's books, and when I bumped into her, she turned and looked at me expressionlessly, as she might have gazed at the cover of a volume the title of which was unknown to her. But we talked, and as our conversation progressed, her gaze changed; by the time it was over, she had examined me as though she knew not only my title but the quality of the glue that kept me bound together.

"Do you teach at the University, too?" she asked.

"Yes." I sipped off the top of my drink.

"English," she said.

"Yes."

"Do you *write*?" she asked.

"Yes, I do."

"But unpublished," she said.

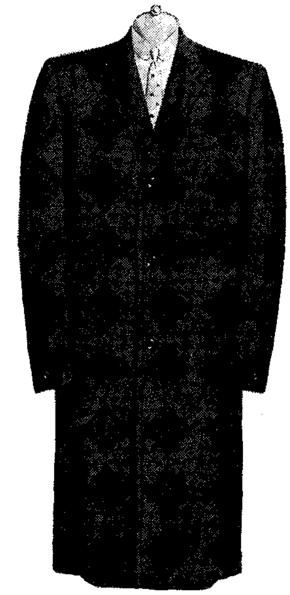
I smiled. "For the most part."

"A story in a little magazine here and there."

"That's right, as a matter of fact," I said.

None of this seemed to me particularly uncanny. Almost everyone at the party was on the English staff of the University, and as for writing, I suppose I look as much like a writer with little-magazine affiliations as anything else.

She was staring at my clothes. "Read



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the *Partisan Review*, don't you?" she said.

"Why, yes, I do." Had she gleaned that from my black trousers? My brown sports jacket? "I don't subscribe," I added.

"Of course not."

She looked at my shoes, and I waited for them to inform her about my eating habits.

"And the *Reporter*," she said. "You read that?"

"Yes."

"And the London *Times Literary Supplement*?"

"Yes."

"Subscriber to *that*, aren't you?"

"No!" I said triumphantly. "I buy it at the bookstore."

"Of course!" she said. "That way, you have to *carry* it home. With the cover page out."

"The cover out, in—how do I know? Damn it," I said, "what's on your mind?"

"I haven't said anything wrong."

I was embarrassed by my outburst. "Excuse me," I said. "I've been marking papers all afternoon. Makes me edgy." I drained my glass and started away.

"May I ask one thing more?" she said.

"Of course. Of course."

"You're originally from the East, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Uh-*huh*."

"Uh-huh what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," she said, and she gave me a tiny smile and turned back to the other books.

THAT night, at home, I tried to storm through two batches of freshman essays, but I could not forget the girl at the cocktail party. She had managed to give me the feeling that I was, to her, an open book, and apparently not a very original one. It seemed that there must be dozens and dozens of young men just like myself. It riled me to think so, and I put aside the papers I was grading and, to distract myself, picked up an anthology called "Essays Today, 3," which had been on my desk for a week. I flipped through it, and stopped at an essay by Herbert Gold—"This Age of Happy Problems"—my attention caught by the paradoxical phrase.

> Even the cultural élite [I read] labors among the latest in hi-fi equipment, trips to Acapulco and Paris, the right books in the sewn paper editions (Elizabeth Bowen, Arnold Toynbee, Jacques Barzun—these

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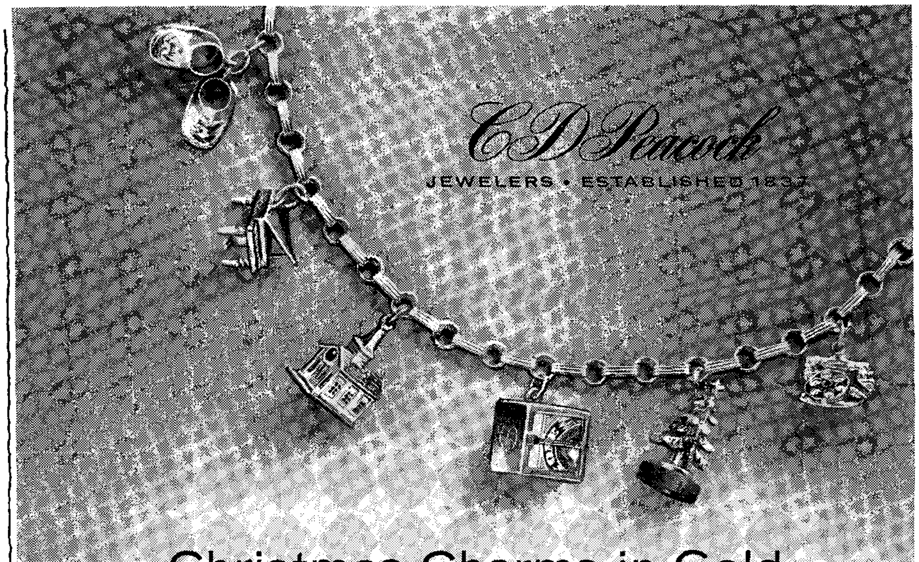
Amos Pettingill

WHITE FLOWER FARM
Litchfield 29, Connecticut

are the cultivated ones, remember), *Fortune* and the *Reporter*, art movies and the barbecue pit, and the Salzburg Music Festival.

I set the book down. There I was again! Herbert Gold, as much a stranger to me as the girl at the party, had spotted me. And what was I? A faddist. A copycat. A member of the cultural élite! How could I deny it? There, staring at me from across the room, was the fat eye of my hi-fi speaker. It was out of order, but there it was. And there, on the shelf above it, along with Brontë, Butler, and Bulwer-Lytton, was Bowen—"The Death of the Heart" and "The House in Paris." I tried to remember if I owned a book by Jacques Barzun. I could not recall that I had ever bought one. Still . . . I began to poke and hunt, and, alas, in a pile of books on the radiator I found a copy of "Teacher in America." It was a sewn-paper edition, clear as day. But where had it come from? Surely it wasn't mine. I must have borrowed it. I opened it to the inside front cover, and there, written across the bottom of the page in my own shaky hand, was "Philip Roth, 1954." I slumped onto the sofa, only to have my arm come to rest on a copy of the *Reporter*. How I wished it would metamorphose into the *National Geographic*, *Ace Comics*—anything! Every object in the room seemed to accuse me, and so did everything in my past. True, I had never been to Acapulco, but I had visited Paris twice. As for art movies and the Salzburg Festival, what could I say? I had attended both. I flipped to the last page of the essay, hoping to find there some word of advice for my kind of person. I read the conclusion: ". . . refuse the easy solutions which have becalmed us so far. Then with good belly luck we will be able to digest strong, irregular, yeasty, black bread."

I wasn't exactly sure what that last meant, but, to be on the safe side, I gathered up all the old copies of the



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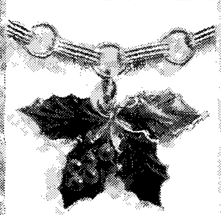
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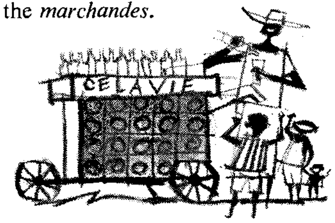

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Reporter and the Partisan Review that I could find, and put them outside the door for the janitor to take away. Let *him* be a member of the cultural élite. And he could have "Teacher in America," and a couple of other sewn-paper books I chanced to notice on my shelves. I would no longer be becalmed by easy solutions. I would leave the hi-fi set unfixed. I would cut out buying the *Times Literary Supplement.* I would never return to Paris, or, for that matter, to the basement of Kroch & Brentano's bookstore. There would be a change in the kind of person I was.

BY the following weekend, I was a new man. As I drove to a party at the home of my friends Muriel and Don Shaker, I found myself hoping that among the guests would be the lean young sociologist. Let her question me now and see what I was! In fact, I could hardly wait to get to the party, so that I, too, could wander among the guests and let them know just what kind of people they were.

Within ten minutes after my arrival, I was introduced to a young lady who was clearly destined to be my first subject. She resembled my own inquisitor of the week before, except that she wore tortoise-shell glasses. You know the kind who wear *them.*

"Hello," I said. "Are you a friend of the Shakers'?"

"I'm a friend of Muriel's—we went to school together," she replied. "I'm visiting them for a week."

What a willing subject she was turning out to be! Muriel Shaker, I knew, had gone to school at Bennington. I need only free my associative powers: Bennington, leotards, the dance, sculpture and/or skiing—then Europe, back to New York, the Village, publishing. Probably she liked Samuel Beckett.

I began modestly.

"Bennington, eh?"

"Yes," she said.

"But, of course," I said, "you're not *from* Vermont?"

"No."

"Of course not." I stopped, then chuckled softly. "Been to Europe, though," I said.

"Yes. I have."

"Uh-*huh.*" Chances were she'd been to Acapulco, too. "And, of course," I went on, "you live in New York now."

"Yes," she said. "I'm just out here for the week." She smiled prettily.

I looked up at the ceiling, placed my fingers on my closed eyelids, and then

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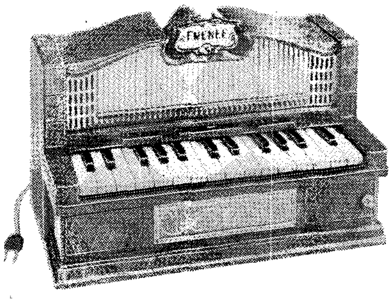

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put it to her directly. "Publishing," I said.

"Pardon me?"

"I said *publishing*."

"What about it?" she asked.

"You're *in* it. Work at it. *You* know."

"I work for the Aquarium," she said. The Aquarium Publishing House? If not, then— But she seemed to be waiting for me to go on. "Of course," I said. "The Aquarium. What else? Get the *Reporter*?"

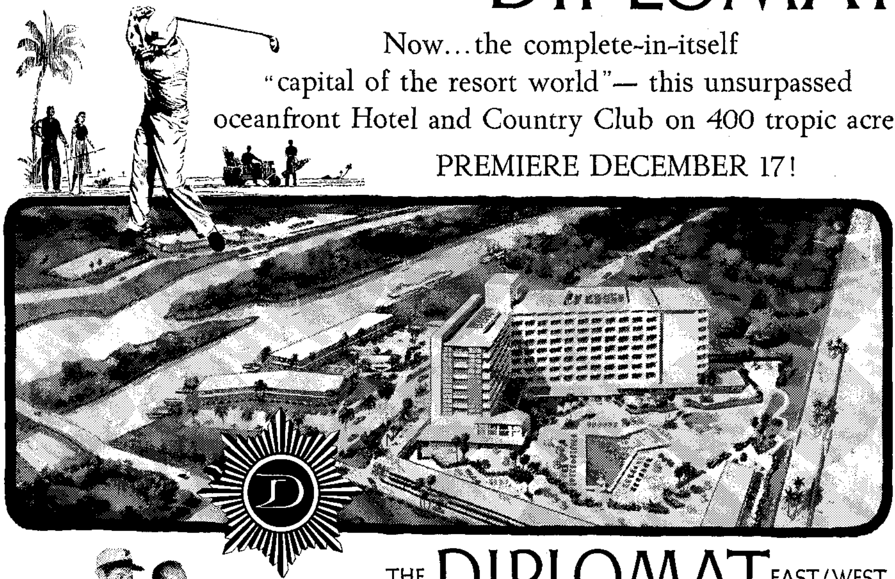
"The what?" she asked.

For all my new-found poise, her answers had so unsettled me that I almost threw Samuel Beckett at her there and then, but, fortunately, I found a road to sanity. Here, I realized, was the kind of girl who wasn't from Vermont, who worked in the New York Aquarium, and who had never heard of the *Reporter*. Heavens, I thought! That dreary old type! I walked off—an Alexander in search of new worlds to conquer.

BY the time I got home that night, I was as proficient at socio-analyzing strangers as Harry Kirsch had been at guessing my age. I had developed what I thought of as a "methodology." It was foolproof, I believed, and would never allow me to be caught off balance, as, I must admit, I'd been caught by the answer "the Aquarium."

The way to approach a stranger, I had learned, was not head on but from the side. Instead of telling him he did a certain sort of work ("You're in advertising," for instance), I would say, "So—you're the kind of person who works in advertising, eh?" Then, whether his answer was yes or no, I would still sound as sociological as hell. If the answer was no, all I'd have to do would be to reflect a moment, fingers to eyelids, and then say, "Ah, of course—you're the kind of person who *doesn't* work in advertising." By this very method, I had discovered that evening that a young couple from Evanston were the kind of people who (1) read Joseph Hergesheimer in hard-cover editions, (2) had linoleum on the floor of their children's bedroom, (3) were born in Highland Park, Illinois, and (4) subscribed to *Dissent*.

Thinking of all this, there in my apartment, I realized the boundless possibilities of the technique. "You're the kind of person who doesn't live in a split-level house, eh?" means just as much as "You're the kind who *lives* in a split-level house." One could go on and on, and for a while, in the ebullience of



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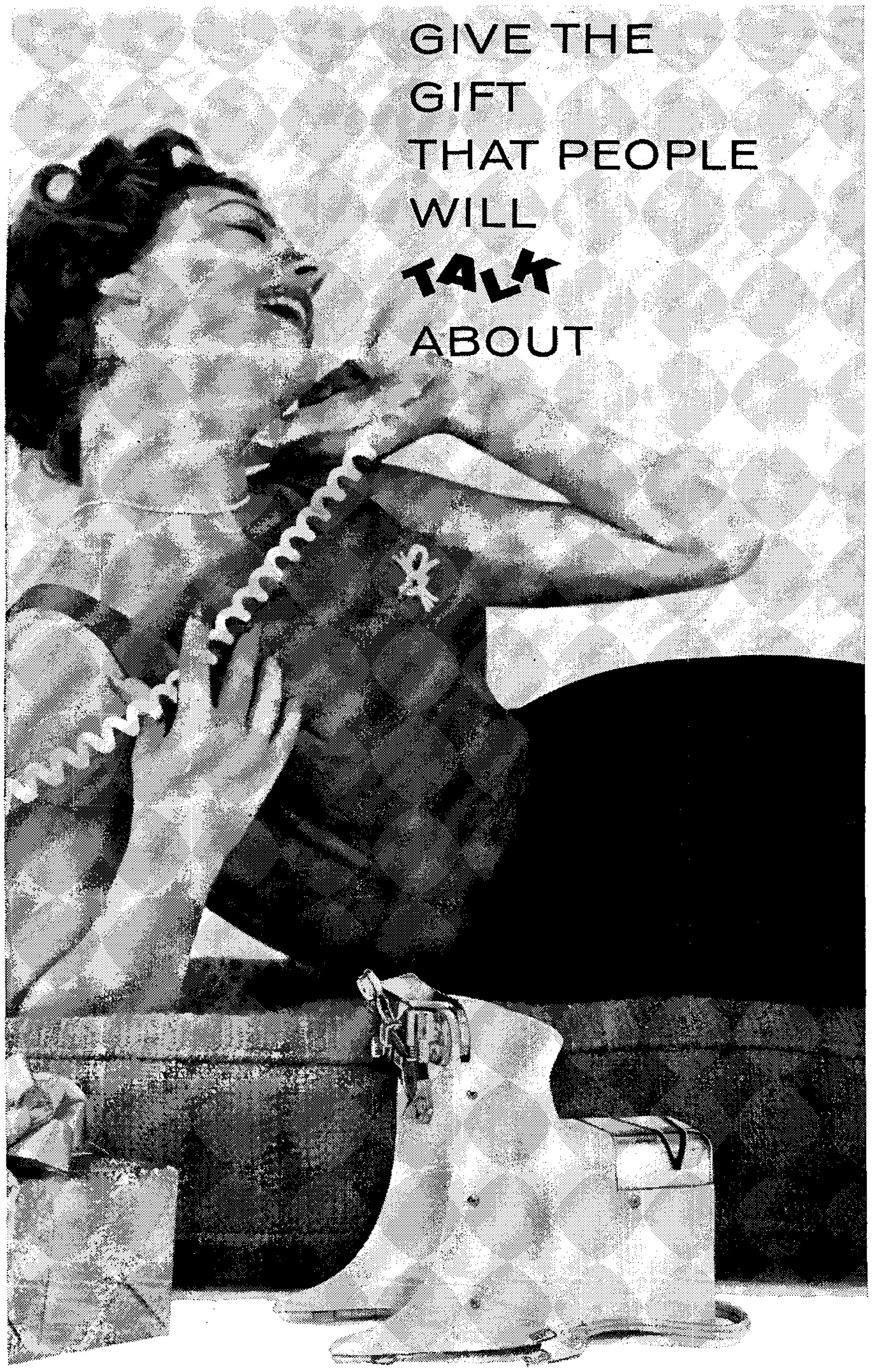

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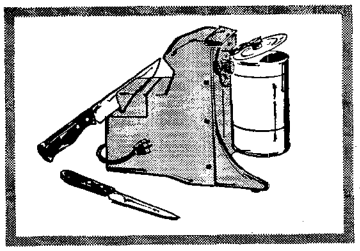

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discovery, I did: "You're the kind of person who drinks Martinis before dinner"—or who doesn't. "You're the kind who takes trips to Acapulco"—or who doesn't. "You're the kind who reads the *Partisan Review*"—or who doesn't.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that I was now the kind of person who doesn't read the *Partisan Review*. In fact, I was the kind of person who doesn't read the *Reporter*, either, and who wouldn't be caught with a paperback if you paid him. This startled me. I was back where I had begun, except that now I was the reverse of myself.

What could I do? Suppose I were to quit my job? I'd be the kind of person who used to teach but has given it up. Suppose I left Chicago and went back to New York? I'd be the kind of person who has lived in the Midwest awhile and then has gone back to New York. There simply was no escape from being *some* kind of person, damn it!

I sat on the sofa and sulked for a time, and then I thought that I might as well be the kind of person who gets his hi-fi set fixed after all. I started to phone the repairman, but then I thought, Why not be the kind of person who drops by the shop to talk it over on his way to the bookstore to buy the *Times Literary Supplement*? I could carry it home with the cover out. —PHILIP ROTH

•

ALL ROOMS BOAST FIREPLACES. There are abundant closets throughout the house. Then there's a full basement with laundry, drying and storage room. Here is a Town Home of fine proportions seeped in a reservoir of dignified comfort.—*Adv. in Town & Country.*

If you mean a wet cellar, say so.

•

Surprisingly, I don't believe over half a dozen mallard were shot the two days on the Maxwell club. The big greenheads were among the missing, despite the fact sizeable numbers had been counted by the aerial biologists when they censured the birds last Wednesday.—*San Francisco News.*

What for? Indecent exposure?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

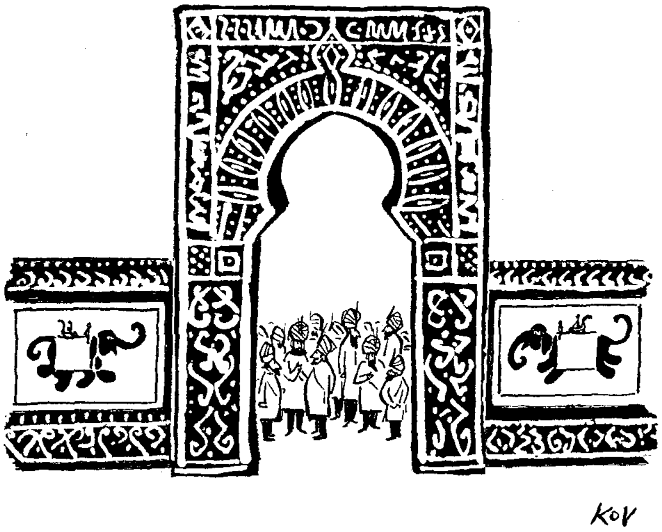
[*From the Westport* (*Conn.*) *Town Crier & Herald*]

Now there is another type of "malarky" evident these days. It is best illustrated by the echo of a high dungeon into which the treasurer of the GOP Town Committee frothed to write Howard Dreyfous.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE LAST DAYS OF THE MAHARAJAHS

IV—VIEW FROM THE MERMAID SUITE



AS the car that had met me at the railroad station drew up in front of the office of Phoolsagar Palace, two hundred and fifty miles southwest of New Delhi, Shambhu Singh, one of the Maharao Rajah of Bundi's three aides-de-camp, came out to greet me, and invited me inside. Shambhu Singh was a familiar face. A month or so earlier, I had spent almost a week at the palace as a guest at an elaborate houseparty given by the Maharao Rajah to celebrate his thirty-seventh birthday—a week of dances in the palace's private night club, of tiger shoots, and of maharajahs by the dozen. During the party, Shambhu Singh had worked like a Trojan at his social duties, and the palace office had been as forbiddingly clean-swept as the anteroom of a government bureaucrat; now he had the look of an efficient estate overseer, and the palace office rather reminded me of the workroom of an English country house. Not that there were mackintoshes and sou'westers hanging on the walls, but a couple of broad-brimmed shikar hats were lying carelessly on a bench, a rifle stood in one corner, and a tennis racket rested on a chair. I was not surprised by the change of pace, for at one point in the party, Shambhu Nath, another of His Highness's A.D.C.s, had explained to me that life at Phoolsagar wasn't ordinarily anything like so elaborate. "After all, His Highness farms fifty thousand acres, and he has to go out every day to look over his crops and his livestock," he said. In returning to the scene of the revels, I hoped that I might learn what life at Phoolsagar *was* ordinarily like—for His Highness and his fifty thousand acres; for his wife, who was in purdah and therefore had not been in evidence during the festivities; for his seventeen-year-old son, Peter, who had been away at school but was returning home for the long holidays; and for his fifteen-year-old daughter, the Princess Kitten, who was living at home. I had expected to stay in the nearby city of Bundi as a paying guest in the local resthouse, but at the railroad station one of His Highness's men was waiting for me; instead of letting me off in Bundi, he skirted the town and continued on to the palace. Orders were orders, he gave me to understand, and no sooner had I shaken hands with Shambhu Singh than I learned that there were further orders; His Highness had directed the A.D.C. to have Phoolsagar's Mermaid Suite made ready for me. Naturally, I was delighted.

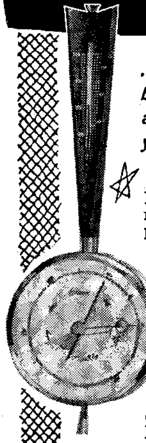
AS we walked across the courtyard toward the main entrance to the palace, Shambhu Singh informed me that His Highness was out inspecting some of his fields but would soon be back, and had left word that I should make myself at home. He added that Shambhu Nath had taken a train to Gwalior to bring young Peter back to the palace for his vacation. The biggest item of news, though, which Shambhu Singh imparted with a proud smile, was that the Princess Kitten had bagged her first panther—"yesterday, with one shot."

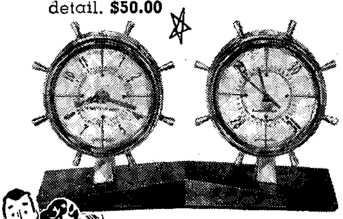
"For a girl of fifteen, she really is remarkable, isn't she?" I said. "Last year, didn't she get her first tiger with one shot, too?"

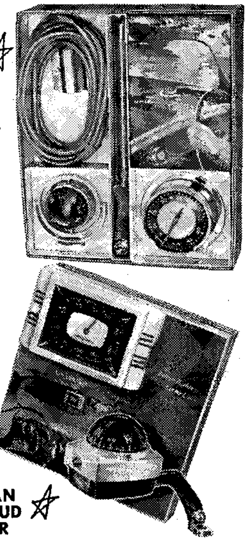
"Oh, she's a good shot, all right," said Shambhu. "But it was a queer thing about her panther. It was evening, and His Highness and Kitten and I were sitting around a table outside, having tea. Somehow the subject of panthers came up, and Kitten said that she had never shot one and would like to have a try before much longer. A few minutes later, His Highness got out his jeep and started to drive into Bundi. He drove through the gate and around that curve just beyond—and there was a panther crossing the road. Well, he turned the jeep right around, and came back and called Kitten, and they both rode back to the curve, and she got it. Only ten minutes after we'd been talking about panthers!"

We had entered the palace and paused in front of a door, which Shambhu threw open, revealing the living room of the Mermaid Suite. During the houseparty, the suite had been occupied by our host's cousin, the Maharajah of Rewa, and one idle afternoon he had permitted me to inspect his quarters. I remembered his saying, as he showed me around, "Isn't this gaudy? I tell you, I hardly know myself when I wake up in the mornings."

Gaudy wasn't exactly the word, but the decorations were certainly unusual. They were, indirectly, attributable to the war. At the time that His Highness of Bundi built Phoolsagar Palace, in the months just after the surrender of Japan, there was a prisoner-of-war camp nearby, and among the prisoners were some Italians who claimed to be experienced painters, plasterers, and muralists. His Highness put them to work on the interior of his new palace, and they left traces of their handiwork all over it. In the Mermaid Suite—consisting of living room, bedroom, dressing room, and bath—they really outdid themselves. I was particularly impressed by the bedroom. There, on the wall above the headboard of the bed, was a painting of a mermaid, perhaps six feet tall, aggressively unclothed, and evidently of Italian extraction on one side of the family, for she had long black hair and strikingly white skin. She was young and slender, and she was sitting bang in the middle of a vast painted expanse of water. On the lower part of the wall, at each side of the headboard, was a carefully executed lily pad with a large green frog squatting on it, gazing up in admiration at this singular creature. The bathroom was not without its charm, either, for on the wall above the tub were a bevy of naked beauties dancing about in a waterfall. As if this were not enough, the living-room walls were topped off with a frieze of naked girls in silhouette, much smaller than those in







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the bathroom. The Italian artisans had clearly been away from home a long time.

After showing me where to find that all-important item of Indian interior furnishing—the bell—as well as the switches for the lamps and ceiling fans, Shambhu left me to my unpacking. I didn't get on with it very fast, though. The Mermaid Suite had a restful spaciousness that was completely luxurious after my train trip. What's more, I was in no hurry. Now and then, in a dreamy way, I'd hang up a dress or something, but I was still far from finished when I heard a knock on the door and His Highness's voice asking, "May I come in?"

I opened the door, and the Maharao Rajah of Bundi entered, with a briskness that put me to shame. Looking just as handsome and graceful as he had looked in his evening clothes at the party, he was wearing khaki slacks and a bush shirt printed with polo ponies. As we shook hands, he glanced around the room, checking up on the servants (yes, there were fresh flowers beside the sofa; no, there wasn't any dust on the table). "Are you quite comfortable here?" he asked. "Ring for anything you need." I assured him that I was extremely comfortable and needed nothing at the moment. As he was about to leave, I asked, "Have you shot that tiger yet?"

He looked puzzled.

"The one that got away during the tiger shoot at your party," I explained.

"Oh," said His Highness. "No, not yet." The only thing of the sort he could report on, he said, was Kitten's panther—had I heard about it? I nodded, and he went on, "As a matter of fact, the palace has been very quiet altogether since the party ended. We noticed it most after you ladies left. It was very sad." His voice took on a tone of exaggerated sorrow. "My friends who stayed on just sat around talking you over. It was *so* quiet!" I looked at him suspiciously, and he grinned. "Well," he said, "I'll leave you now. I see you aren't quite settled. Dinner will be at about nine o'clock."

"BUT you're dressed up!" His Highness said to me in dismay when, accompanied by Shambhu Singh, he entered the drawing room where I sat waiting for him that evening. As he went around turning on lamps beside chintz-upholstered easy chairs, I protested that I wasn't dressed up at all. "Naturally, I had to change for din-

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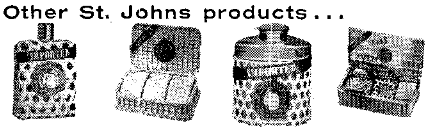

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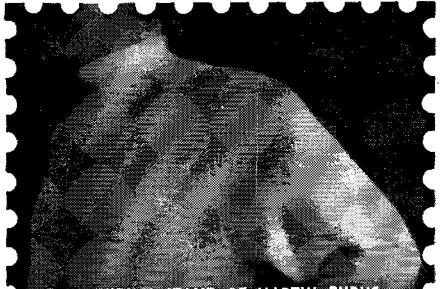

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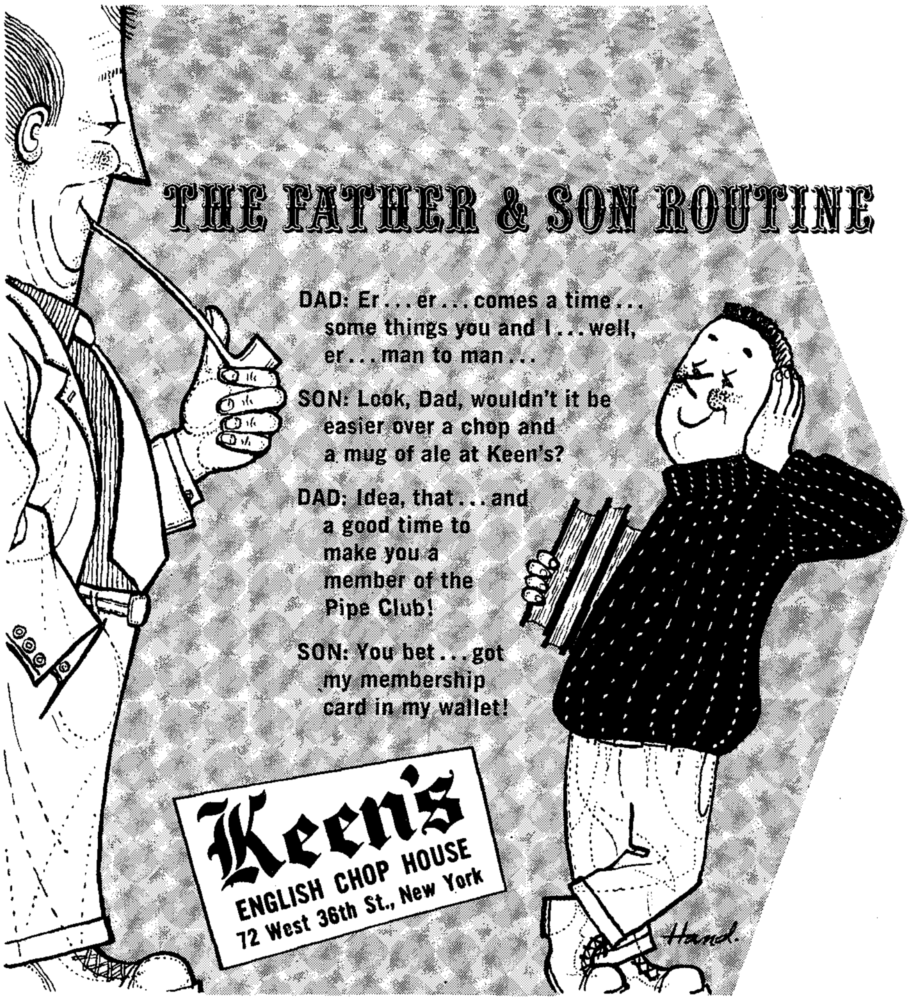
ner," I said. "Especially after a long train ride."

"You must never trouble to dress up while you're here," His Highness said, as severely as if I hadn't spoken. "We are very informal. Take me, now. I merely changed into another bush shirt after tennis. Look, I'm not even wearing shoes."

Life in the palace, I reflected, could fairly be called informal—once you got accustomed to seeing servants bow so deeply that their hands nearly touch the floor, that is, and to having three or four footmen serve each course at table.

"I suppose there are a number of aspects of palace life that, shoes or no shoes, are bound to seem formal to people who have never encountered them before," said His Highness, and I gave a nervous start at the way he had sensed the drift of my thoughts. "I've heard it said that this kind of life tends to spoil those who are born into it. Perhaps that is true of some people, but I don't think I'm one of them." Turning to Shambhu Singh, he asked, with a trace of uncertainty, "I'm not spoiled, am I?" Shambhu Singh, a little more deliberately than a true yes man would have considered politic, replied that he was not. His Highness nodded approvingly, and went on, "I might have been, though. I used to be. I started out that way." And so he had. He had been in his middle twenties when the Indian government, on achieving independence, deposed the country's five hundred-odd hereditary princes, leaving them only their titles—and, to be sure, enough money to keep their former domains going. "I guess it was the war and Wavell who set me right. Oooh!" He screwed up his face at what was no doubt the memory of a lively interview with the Field Marshal, and made a vivid gesture, slicing the air with his hand, palm down.

Taking a drink from a tray a servant presented to me, I remarked that the Army did seem to have a knack for straightening out spoiled young men. His Highness, who had switched on a radio and was searching vainly for a static-free station, said absently, to the accompaniment of floating scraps of music and voices, "I imagine an English school would have accomplished the same thing before I ever got into the Army, but, of course, I didn't go to school in England. I went to the princes' college—Mayo College—at Ajmer. Most of us did, you know. The idea was that we should be educated in our own country. They found the best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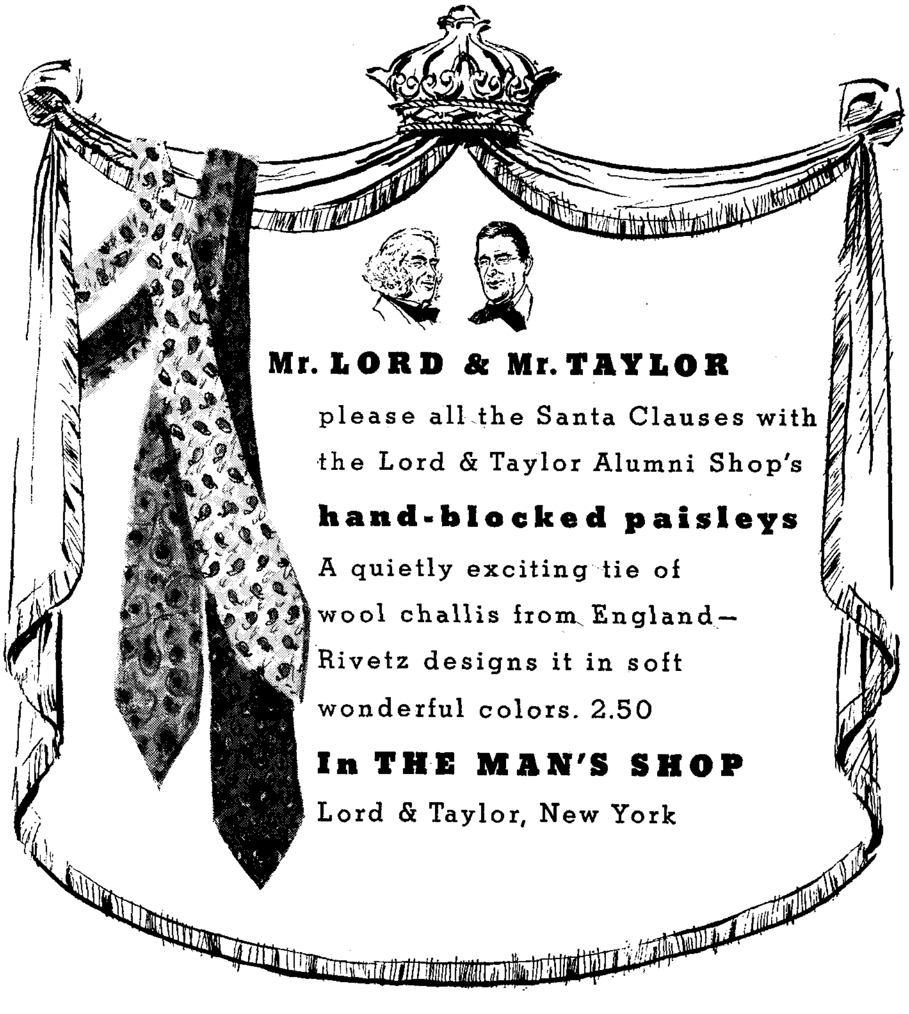
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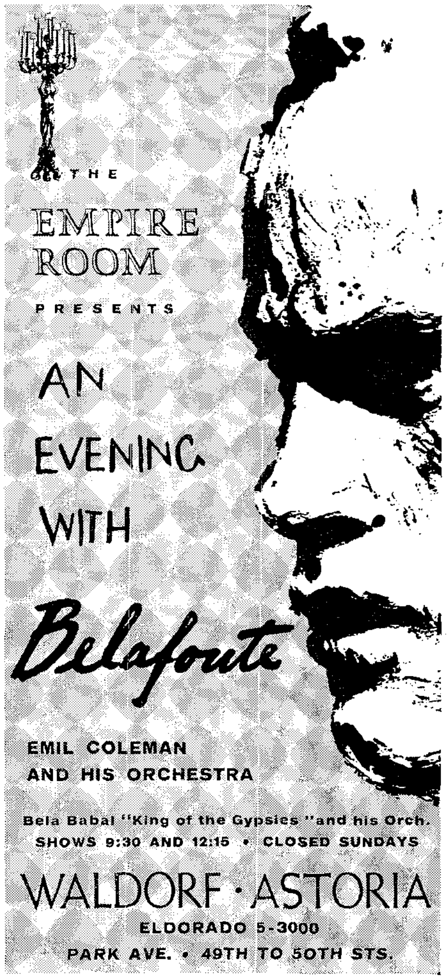
masters possible, and the standards were supposed to be up to those of Eton. I wouldn't know about that." He tuned in on Radio Ceylon, a popular station in India—possibly because it specializes in Western music, while Indian disc jockeys conscientiously plug domestic compositions. After a moment or two, however, static overpowered Ceylon, too, and His Highness turned the set off. "Storms," he announced. Settling back, he looked at me intently, and said, "Now, about food. I happened to notice that you seemed to prefer Indian food when you were here before. Since the guests left, we've been having English food at every meal except Saturday dinner, but this hasn't been working out very well, because it's made the Indian-food cook lazy. So I've decided to have an English lunch and an Indian dinner every day." His Highness and Shambhu exchanged satisfied glances; they were as smug as a couple of housewives who have arranged a party right down to the salted nuts. It was what comes of having one's wife in purdah.

At dinner, His Highness kept the talk going in the traditional manner of British hosts—first a little conversation with me, then a little with the A.D.C., until things warmed up and carried on without nursing. When I'd been at Phoolsagar before, at the party, he had talked almost exclusively about firearms and tigers—two subjects that I can pursue for just so long. But now it was clear that His Highness had talked tiger-shooting at the party simply because most of the other Highnesses were tiger-shooters; in the absence of sporting types, he was quite ready to swap opinions on other subjects—any subject, it seemed, though naturally he had his favorites. One of these was food—not so much eating it as preparing it.

"I like to cook," he said. "I don't get much opportunity here, but when I'm in my flat in London I often try out new dishes. And even here I manage to keep my hand in. How do you like this cheese, for instance? We make it ourselves, working a special mixture of spices into it. Once, I fooled all my guests at a party with some imitation caviar I'd made, using sago mixed with sauce, and all that, to give it the right taste. Nobody knew the difference."

It occurred to me that perhaps His Highness's guests had merely been too polite to tell him that the caviar was terrible. I turned to another subject—one that I had been wondering about for some time. This was his wife. "I understand she's in purdah, and I'd like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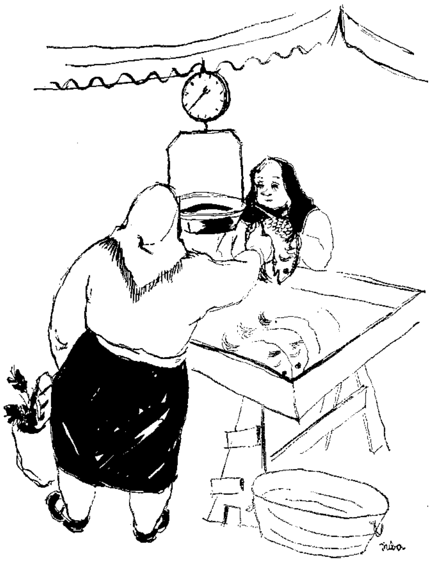
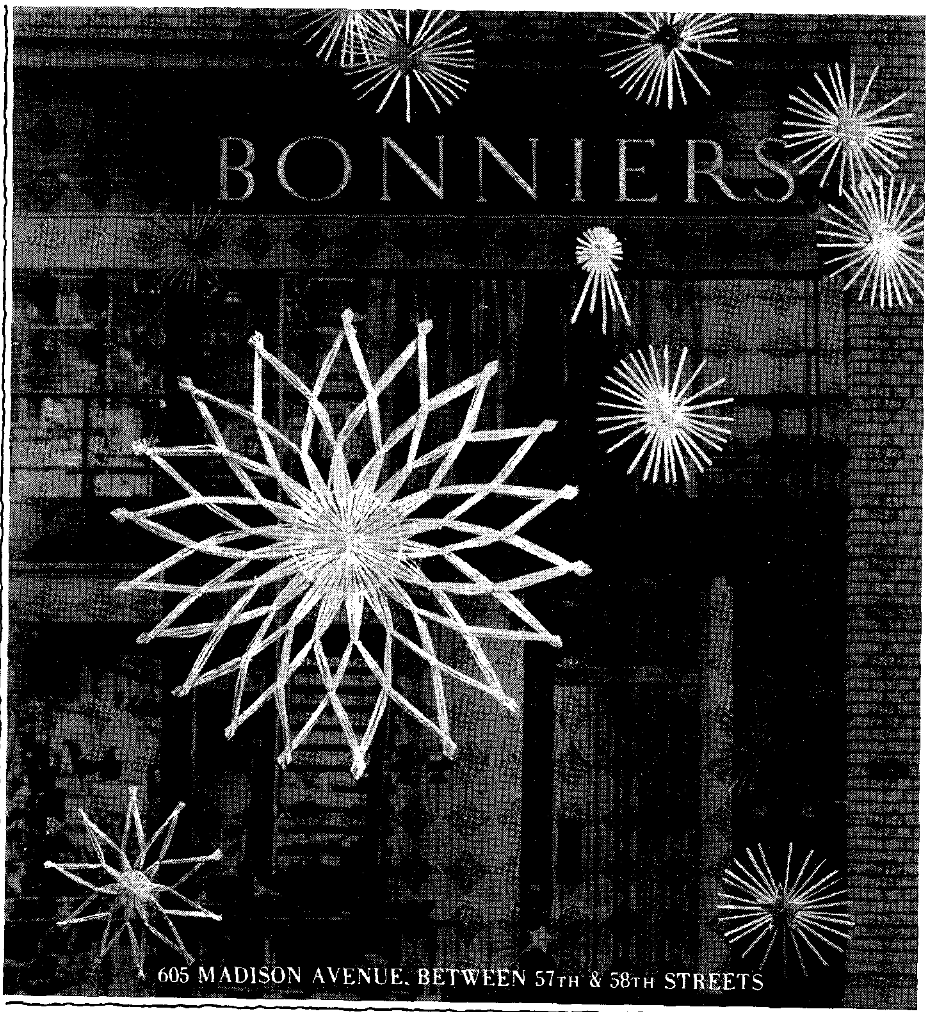
very much to call on her," I said. "That is, if it is permitted and is agreeable to her."

His Highness was prompt to reassure me. "Certainly it is permitted, and I'm sure she'd be delighted," he said. "During the houseparty, she was busy every minute receiving relatives in her quarters. Kitten shall take you. I'll tell her, and she can ask her mother to set a convenient time. Probably morning will be best."

MORNING, it seemed, was best—the very next morning, in fact. Shortly after breakfast, the Princess Kitten—small and slender in a white tunic, with thick black hair in a long bob and big eyes made up to look even bigger—came around to the Mermaid Suite to fetch me. She led me along a number of corridors I had not seen before, then up some steps and along more strange corridors, and so into a wing that was cut off from the main building by a series of doors.

An Indian woman in purdah, which nowadays is a voluntary way of life, is not exactly a recluse, or at least she needn't be. She may see as many women visitors as she wishes, and she may see, in another sense, both men and women of all kinds by going out in public, provided that on such excursions she wears a garment called a *burka*, which conceals her face and figure. A *burka* somewhat resembles a ghost's habit or a Ku Klux Klan robe, with a small opening in front of the eyes that enables the woman not only to see where she's going but to breathe—though how effectively may be questionable, for I've heard that the *burka* is apt to induce tuberculosis. Many highbred women won't walk in the streets even thus barricaded from the public eye, and





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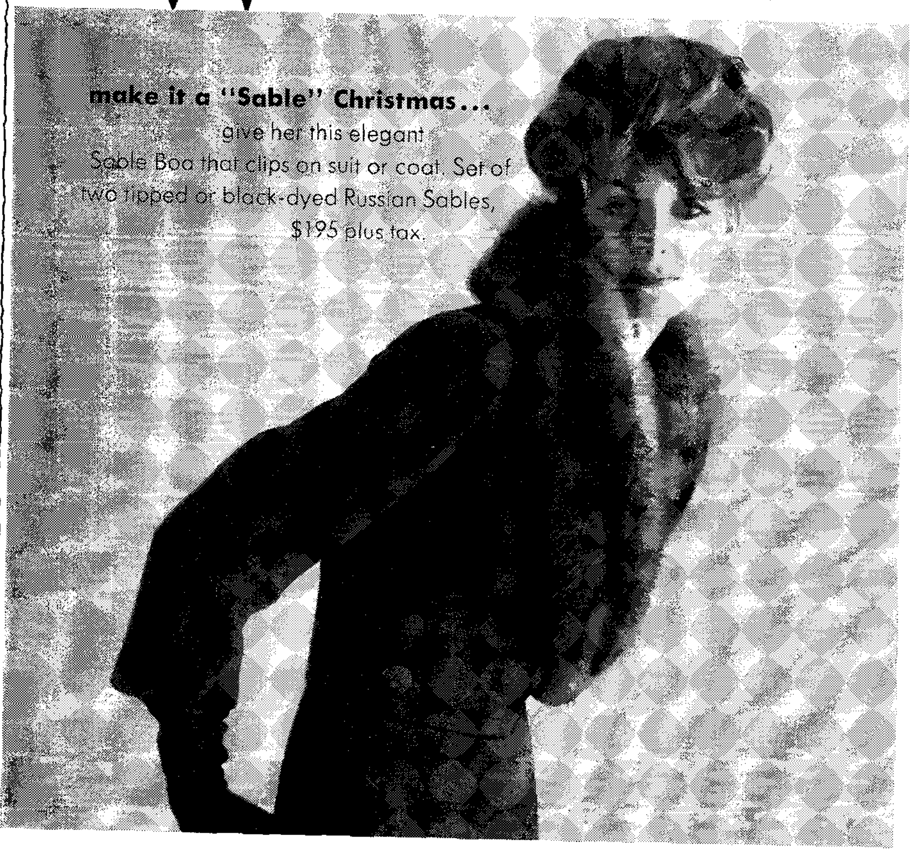
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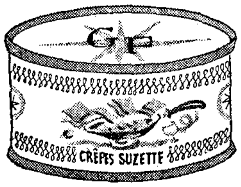

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confine their outings to rides in curtained cars—usually to pay calls on relatives who are also in purdah, or to attend theatres that are fitted out with curtained boxes.

Her Highness of Bundi, a small, pretty woman in a white sari with a flower pattern, was waiting for us in a large and pleasant living room, several windows of which, opening on balconies, commanded a view of a hillside. Like Kitten, she could speak English, but, unlike Kitten, she had little to say; it was plain that if anyone was going to open a conversation, it would not be Her Highness. Over a glass of Coca-Cola, I made a feeble start by observing that I had recently spent an interesting weekend at Agra and asking her if she didn't think it was a lovely place. She hesitated, shook her head, and replied, "I've never been to Agra. You see, I'm in purdah."

I made several other false starts, concerning hotels, and the food served in various parts of the country. Each time, I was brought up short by Her Highness's patient reminder that she had spent her adult life in purdah and so knew nothing about such matters. Since I did not, of course, feel free to question her about the subject that I was most interested in at the moment—her personal life and viewpoint as a woman in purdah—our conversation soon languished; in an effort not to let it die altogether, I went so far as to ask whether she took any part in running the affairs of the rest of the palace. "I never bother about what goes on over there," she replied emphatically, and that was that. Then Kitten, bless her, came to the rescue, telling us, with a poise that I could only envy, about the school she had attended up until the previous year, when she had been obliged to drop out temporarily, because of her health. I asked her if she hadn't found it rather quiet staying at home, and she replied, "Well, it has been, a little, especially with Peter away at *his* school, but as soon as he's home, things ought to be better. And next term I'll be going back to school, you know. I'm quite well now. It won't be the same school I was at before. This one is for bigger girls. But I'm afraid I'll miss doing what I like the best when I'm home—shooting and taking photographs. Would you like to see my album?"

I said I would indeed, and Kitten ran off to get it. Her mother said softly, "Kitten's nice, isn't she?" and then we both sat in silence with our eyes on the door until the Princess returned. "Here

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we are," she said, sitting down beside me and opening the album. "They're not very good, because I only have one of those little box cameras, but it's fun. I've just had the latest roll developed, and I haven't had time to paste in the pictures, so they're all here at the beginning. This is the panther. You know about my panther?"

"The one you shot the day before I got here?" I said. "Yes, I know."

At first glance, the photograph resembled all the other photographs one sees of big-game conquests. There was the dead animal stretched out to make it appear as large as possible, and there was the hunter—booted, trousered, and rakishly hatted—standing over it. But on closer examination this picture was oddly different, for the hunter looked so very young and feminine. I could well imagine what her father and the palace staff must have thought of her in her triumph. Their dead-shot Princess! "You look awfully small there," I said at last.

"The panther doesn't look very big, either," Kitten said. "She was half starved, poor thing—terribly thin. When we spotted her, she was trying to get at some monkeys—climbing a tree after them. Poor little thing!" Her voice was low and compassionate, and now she sighed, looking like an angel of pity. It was hard to reconcile this girl with the proud figure in the photograph, but then keen hunters have always puzzled me; I've long since given up trying to understand hunters. So I merely asked if she had any pictures of her tiger—her first tiger.

"Oh, yes," the Princess said. "Just a minute. I'll show you." She turned the pages rapidly. "Here he is," she said. "Did they tell you that I got him with one shot? The panther, too, and the sambar—I also shot a sambar. It's a kind of deer. I've got his picture here somewhere. Each of them with one shot—so far. Touch wood."

The Princess began searching for a picture of the sambar, but just then someone knocked on the door, and a maid hurried toward it. Taking no chances, she opened it only a crack, and closed it firmly before returning to report to her mistress in their native language.

Her Highness drew a deep breath. "Again?" she said. "Oh, those workmen! They've already been here once today. I thought they had finished."

Maid, Kitten, and Highness all looked speculatively around the room; their problem was how to let the workmen pass through into an inner room

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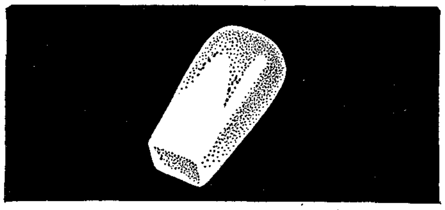

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without letting them catch a glimpse of Her Highness. One obvious solution was for Her Highness to leave the room while the men walked through, but she seemed reluctant to do this; perhaps she didn't want to make such an issue of the matter in my presence. After a good deal of discussion, another fairly obvious solution was agreed upon, and the maid was directed to tell the men to come back later.

Kitten resumed her quest for the picture of the sambar, which she presently found and I duly admired. That just about exhausted the resourceful Princess's conversational reserves, so I rose to take my leave. Her Highness walked to the door and stood smiling after us, like a sturdy little Greek figurine. Back in the Mermaid Suite, with its implausible décor, I found it difficult to believe that Her Highness could be living in the same building.

MY days at Phoolsagar followed a pattern: breakfast in my rooms, and usually the rest of the morning there, too (though a few times I borrowed the A.D.C. and went sightseeing); lunch whenever I was called, which might be anywhere from one-thirty to three-thirty (ordinarily, the A.D.C. would knock on my door to announce it, but if it was exceptionally late, His Highness himself would come to summon me, smiling and expressing extravagant regret for the delay); back to my apartment after lunch, to lie down on a bed from which the counterpane had been removed in my absence; and then oblivion until between five and six, when I would be wakened by the cries of peacocks. After that, cocktails and dinner, followed by a more random choice of evening diversions.

At lunch a few days after my arrival, I remarked that His Highness looked a bit sleepy, and he said no wonder; he had been up since five. "I received word late last night that there is a tiger on top of the hill behind the palace," he went on. "He'd just killed the buffalo we'd set out as bait for him. So as soon as it was light, I took a camera and climbed the hill, hoping to get some pictures of him. I'm rather tired of simply shooting tigers, you know, and for some time I've been interested in photographing them. But the tiger didn't show up all morning. He must have been sleeping off his heavy meal. I'll have to try again tomorrow."

"Won't you finally shoot the tiger, though?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," His Highness replied. "One can't leave a tiger around to

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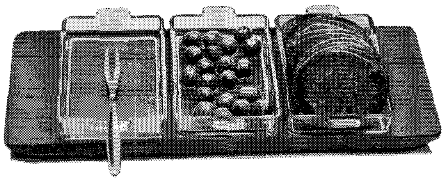

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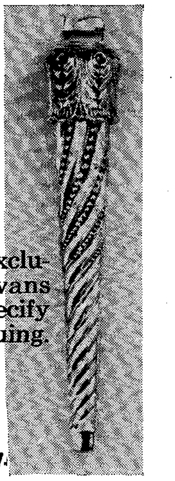

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worry the people of the countryside—not indefinitely. But I'm in no hurry."

His Highness yawned. "I think I'll take a nap," he said. "But how would you like to play a little tennis with us later? Kitten's had permission from the doctor, so she's been practicing her game, and now with Peter back, too—he got here this morning, did you know?—we should have some moderately good tennis."

I said that my tennis was too poor to exhibit, but that I would like to get some exercise. Would it be all right for me to take a walk in the hills, outside the palace grounds?

His Highness said there was no reason I shouldn't go for a walk, and, turning to Shambhu Nath, who was back on palace duty again after bringing Peter home, asked who would be the best person to accompany me. I said that I really would prefer not to have an escort—except as far as the main gate, perhaps, to give me directions.

"That will be quite all right," said my host. "There will be someone waiting for you in the office at five-thirty."

As I approached the office late that afternoon, Shambhu Nath, who had been standing in the doorway, came forward to meet me. In his wake was a young man I had never set eyes on before. "He will walk with you," the A.D.C. told me. "He speaks English."

The young man nodded and smiled; he was tall and very thin, and wore a small mustache, possibly as a sign of precocity. "Yes, I speak English," he said.

I hesitated, wishing I could think of some polite way of making it plain to both of them that I didn't want anyone, however fluent his English, to walk with me beyond the gate, but Shambhu

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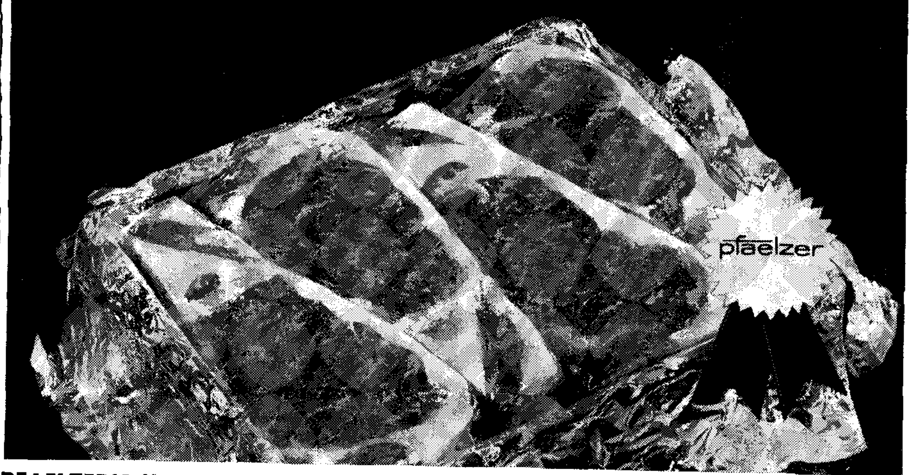

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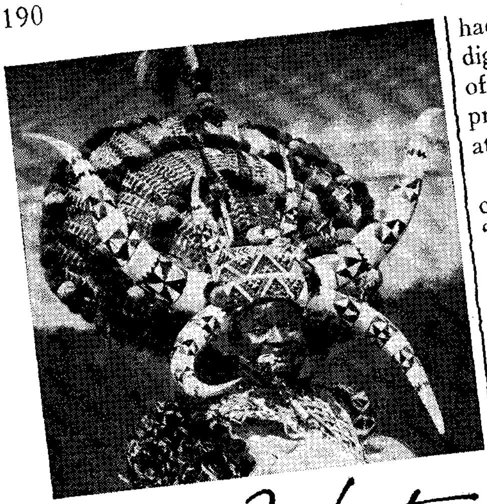

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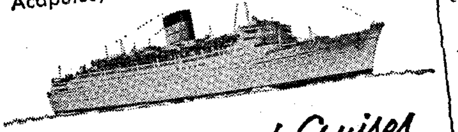

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had probably gone to a lot of trouble to dig up this escort and I had no intention of hurting his feelings. So I made no protest, and set out with the young man at my side.

"You come from where?" asked my companion, shouldering his duty. "Bombay or London?"

"I live in England," I replied. "I was born in America, but I live in England now. I've been visiting in Bombay recently."

"I see. England is a long way from here," the young man said. I agreed, and after a pause he asked, "Have you many tigers in England?"

I had an impulse to say that there were three pretty good specimens in Whipsnade Zoo, but it all seemed too complicated, so I simply replied, "Well, not many. In fact, none running wild, if you understand me."

I don't know whether he understood me or not, but he seemed surprised. And panthers? No panthers, either. He looked even more surprised. And what about bears? I skipped that question, pretending I hadn't heard it, and made a gallant try in another direction, by informing him that wolves had roamed Britain until not awfully long ago.

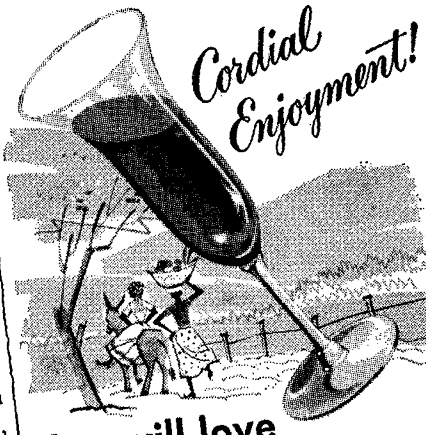
"What *other* animals have you?" he asked, trying hard to conceal his contempt for wolves. I let it go.

We had left the gate behind and, instead of following the hillside trail I had hoped for, were clumping along the tar road leading from the palace to the city of Bundi. Surely we could do better than this, and at last I rebelled. "Just a minute, please," I said. "Let's strike off here. I want to climb that hill."

"I wouldn't go up there, if I were you," the young man said. "There might be a tiger at the top. There *is* a tiger in the neighborhood, you know."

"His Highness told me only today that the tiger is on a hill *behind* the palace," I replied, and started up the hill. I made slow progress, for the slope was steep and dry, and halfway up I stopped to catch my breath and to watch a band of monkeys. Before continuing, I glanced back at the young man, and saw such a look of apprehension on his face that I relented. "That's high enough for the first afternoon," I said. "We can work back downhill now."

But even getting back on the tar road did not steady his nerves, for at the sound of a monkey's cough he stopped short and looked fearfully over his shoulder. "Monkeys never make a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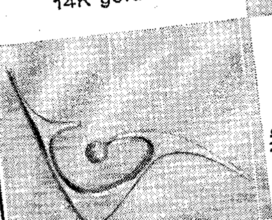

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noise like that except when they know a tiger is not far away," he said in a strangled near-whisper.

We had almost reached the palace gate when we saw a big convertible, with its top down, coming toward us, and we stood aside to let it pass. Seated in back, being driven like little gentlefolk, were Kitten and Peter. They waved as they went by. "They are going to the cinema in the city," explained my escort. A minute or so later, another car swept by, headed in the same direction. This was a Cadillac limousine with its interior hidden from view by flowered-chintz curtains, which flapped in the wind as the car disappeared down the road. Her Highness, too, was going to the movies.

That evening, after listening to a résumé of my walk, His Highness said, "Tiger? Why, the fellow must be crazy. The tiger's on the hill behind the palace."

"I know," I said. "I told him so. He's just overconscientious, I imagine. Tomorrow, if you don't mind, I really would like to go out alone, and if the tiger moves to some other hill in the meantime, perhaps you could let me know? Come to think of it, suppose I *should* happen to meet a tiger someday—what's the best way to behave?"

"A very sensible question," His Highness replied. "The sort of question I used to ask my father when I was a little boy going along on my first shoot. Well, the most important thing to remember is not to run. Stand where you are, and look right at him. If you do that, there's a good chance he'll go away, but if you start running, he's bound to spring at you. Never take your eyes off him." I assured my host that I was hardly likely to, unless it was to squeeze them tight shut in prayer.

AS the Princess had anticipated, the presence of Peter, an eager, lean, impulsive lad, brought excitement into her life, and it also gave a lift to the palace household in general. The children had their meals with their mother and slept in her part of the palace, so I usually saw them only in the early evening, but whenever Peter had something that he wanted to discuss with his father, he would turn up in the drawing room before lunch, now and then accompanied by Kitten. One day, for instance, Peter and his sister entered the room wearing stiff, formal expressions, as if they were members of a committee presenting a petition—and, in a way, they were. "Father," Peter

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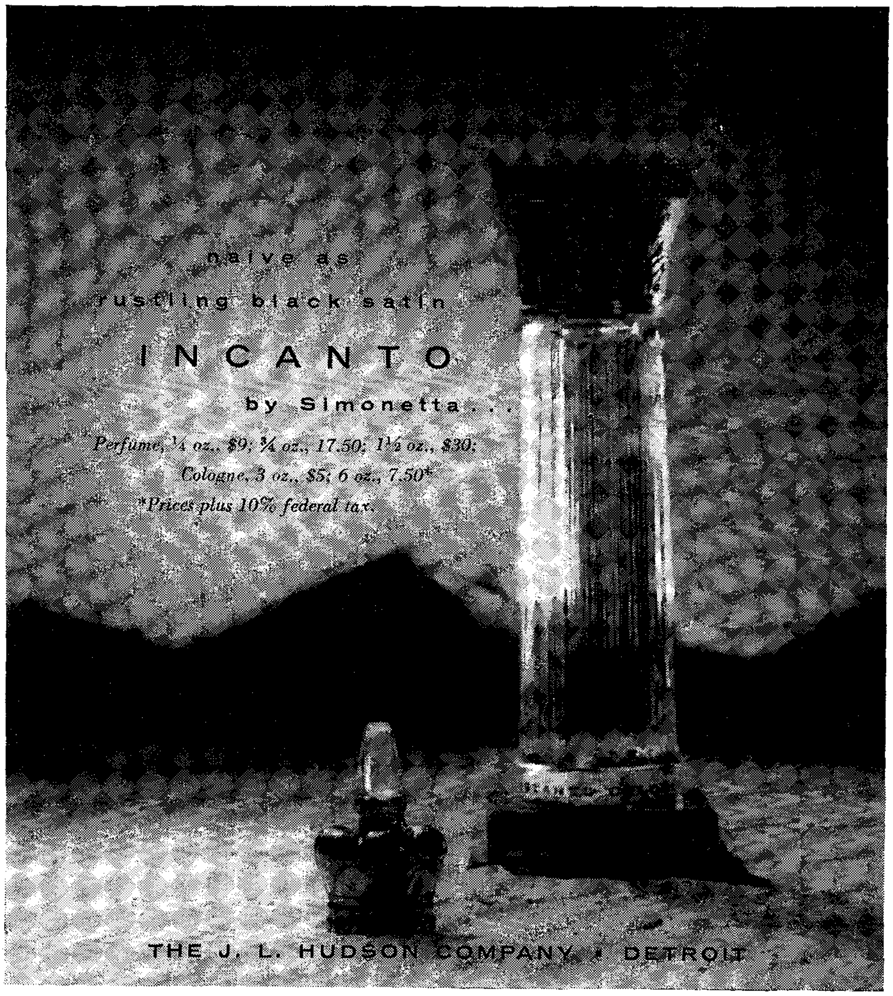
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said, "may we go into the city this afternoon? They're showing 'Hamlet' at the cinema, and we'd like to see it."

" 'Hamlet'?" said His Highness. "I didn't know they were showing English pictures there."

"It's not an English picture," Peter said. "It's an Indian version—filmed in India."

"But that's ridiculous," said His Highness. "How could they possibly translate 'Hamlet' into Hindi? It doesn't make sense."

"Well, they have," Kitten said. "And we thought it would be a good idea for us to see it, so we can report on it at school."

Brother and sister stood waiting, their eyes fixed on their father, who considered the request gravely. "Sure it's not a matter of just wanting to go to the pictures—any picture?" he asked at last.

"Oh, quite sure," said Peter, matching his father's gravity. Then he added casually, "Mummie wants to go, too."

"All right, then, but it still sounds ridiculous to me," said His Highness. "Run along."

The children exchanged exultant glances and hurried out. " 'Hamlet,' indeed!" said my host. "In Hindi! Not that I have anything against the cinema, when the pictures are good and don't waste a child's time. One that I particularly liked was that old one about Oz. Remember it? I must have seen that picture three times, at least."

Another morning, there was a lot of coming and going in the corridors, and when I met His Highness in the drawing room just before lunch, he told me that a special Hindu ceremony was being held in the city temple. "I should be taking part, but I've sent Peter over to stand in for me," he said. "He must learn." A few minutes later, a young man came into the room, and it took me a moment to realize that it was Peter, appearing strangely elongated in a turban and tunic. He reported on the morning's proceedings to his father, who, after looking him up and down, pronounced his tunic very smart and dismissed him with an affectionate pat on the shoulder.

Almost daily, once the idea of my leaving the grounds alone had been accepted, I would saunter out toward the end of the afternoon for my solitary walk over one or another of several courses that I had plotted with the help of an A.D.C. and that were designed to get me back just before dark. Sometimes I would start from be-

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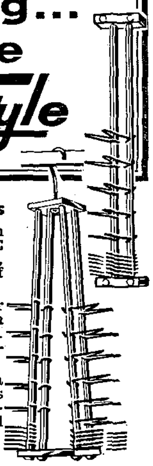

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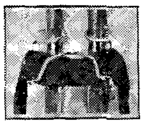

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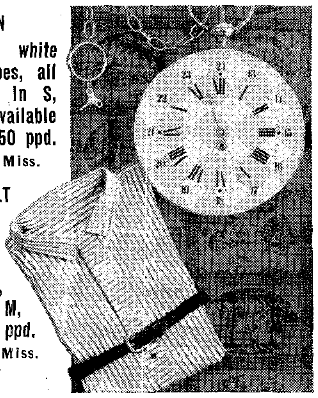

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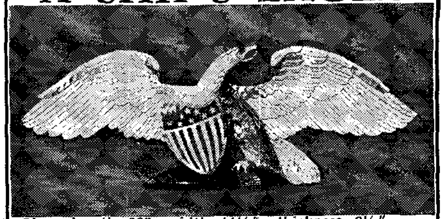

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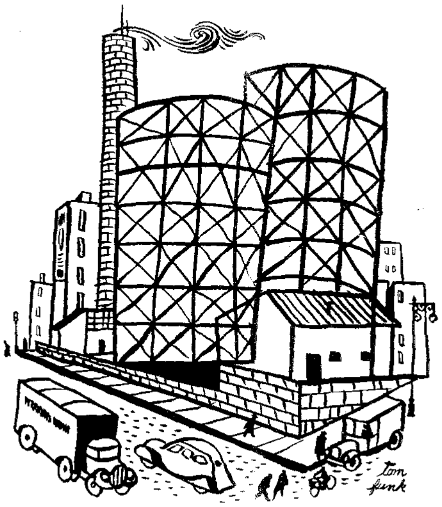
hind the palace and either climb a slope that rose beyond the garages (I relied on His Highness to warn me away from tigerish hills) or make my way in the opposite direction past the stables and take a dimly defined path leading to a nearby village. Or I would leave by the main gate and head for Phoolsagar Lake. Once I walked around it—a distance of perhaps three miles—coming upon, in succession, a party of monkeys, a limekiln, the village where the workers tending it lived, and the dark-red wall of an old garden. Generally, during my afternoon absences, Kitten and Peter and occasionally their father would get together on the tennis court, and by the time I returned, in the falling dusk, they would be winding up their final game. His Highness was really good—the best player in the palace, even though he didn't have time to practice a great deal. Often, when the play started, he would be off in the countryside inspecting one of his outlying farms or attending to some business over in Bundi, but he always tried to get back before dark so that he could stop by at the court and hit a few balls with his daughter. "Well done, Kitten!" he would call whenever she managed to sustain her end of a long rally, and the Princess would flush with delight.

His Highness's appearances on the court temporarily ceased about halfway through my visit, owing to a somewhat surprising circumstance: He ran out of tennis rackets. On the evening of the crisis, I was watching him play against Kitten when a ball burst right through the strings of his racket. Disgusted, he threw the racket down, and said that he was through with the game. I asked why he didn't send one of the little ballboys, who were all over the place, for another racket, and it then developed that in the whole palace there



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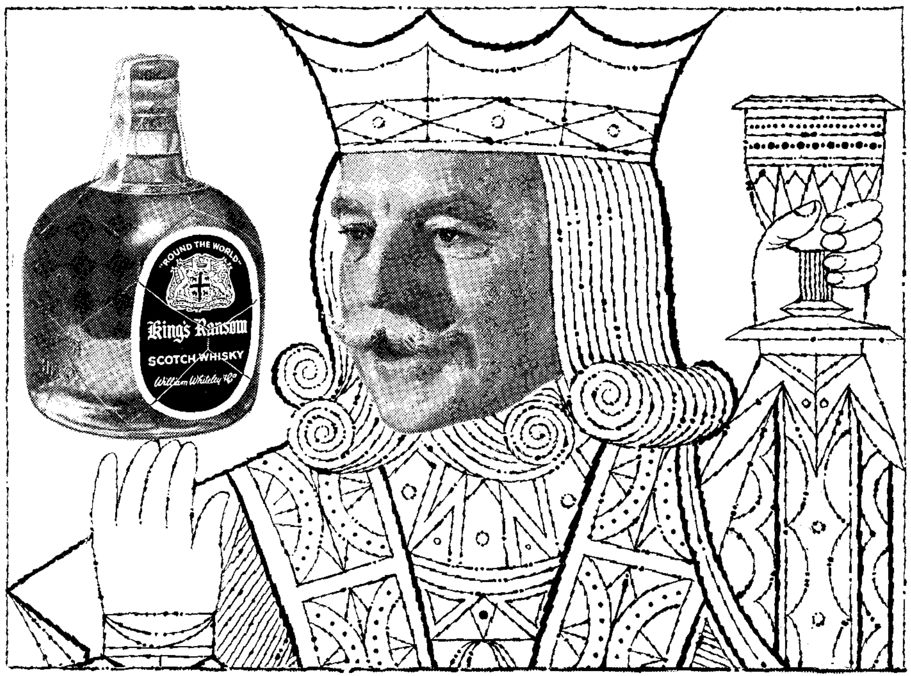

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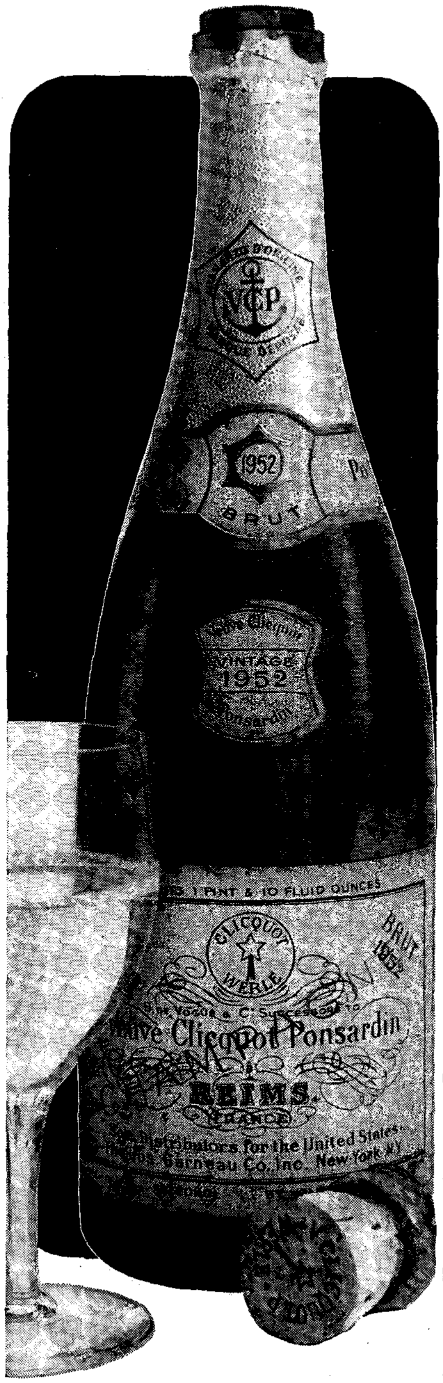

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were only three rackets. One of them, Kitten's, was in fairly good shape but too light for a man; another, as I had just seen, was grievously in need of restringing; and the third, Peter's, was almost as bad. It looked as though His Highness's tennis-playing days were over. Then, before dinner one night, a solution to his problem came to him in a flash. "I'll buy some new rackets when I'm in Delhi next week," he said. "Kitten, remind me to put it on the list. New rackets."

Meanwhile, Peter continued to play with his decrepit racket. A couple of evenings later, I found the two children playing under an additional handicap as well. One of the little ballboys had been replaced by an old man. Though he had a white mustache—and, no doubt, under his turban, white hair—and his face was wrinkled with age, he was every bit as supple and lively as the youngsters working with him. But he talked. From the time I arrived until darkness put an end to the play, he never stopped talking for an instant. I couldn't understand him, but it was plain that he was scolding Peter and Kitten for not playing better. From time to time, too, he ambled across the court in the middle of a point. The children tried to ignore him, but that was practically impossible, especially when he was making one of his journeys across the court, haranguing them all the while. I went on into the palace, and when I joined His Highness for a drink before dinner, I asked him who the grizzled, critical ballboy was. "You mean the old man?" he said. "He's Peter's dressing boy. Used to be my dressing boy. Yes, he does tell them off a bit, doesn't he?" His tone was indulgent.

Most evenings, after the tennis was over, a small group of us sat outdoors for a while—His Highness, Kitten, Peter, the A.D.C., and I, and now and then another guest. Perched on little metal chairs around a table just outside the palace entrance, we would drink tea or lemonade or water and watch the stars come out. At one of these gatherings, someone observed that big game was growing scarce in the vicinity of the palace, and I asked His Highness what had become of that tiger he was going to photograph. He replied that the tiger had gone away. "But he'll be back," he added. "He's had two buffaloes now, and he'll remember that. When he's hungry, he'll come back for another meal, and then I'll take his picture—lots of pictures. Then, a few hours later, I think we'll probably go ahead and shoot him. Perhaps we

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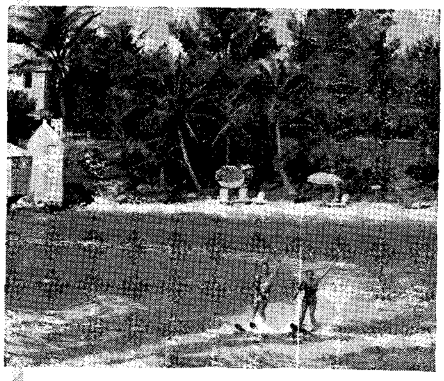

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ought to leave that up to Peter. How about it—shall we?"

Kitten said, in her gentle voice, "Actually, it's my turn."

"Well, now, let's see," said His Highness. "Peter, when did you get yours?"

Peter said, "Last summer, after Kitten's."

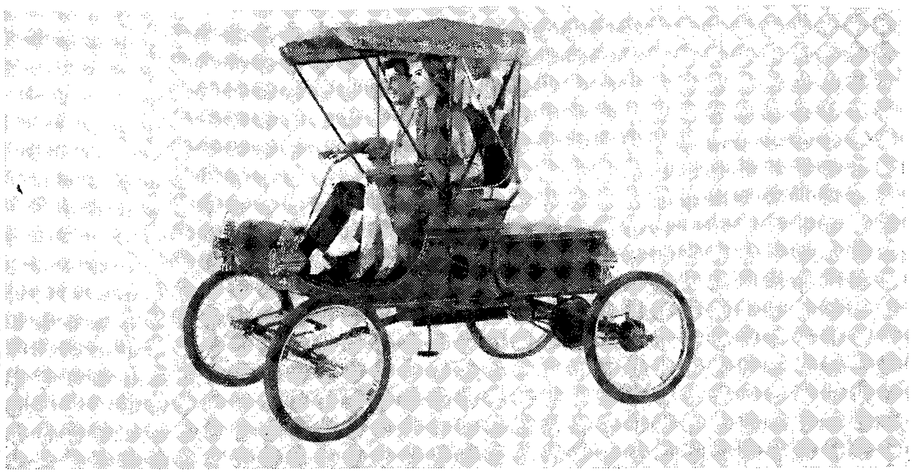
"Then it *is* Kitten's turn," His Highness said, and Peter didn't argue.

ONE morning, almost as soon as I awoke, I became aware that the palace household was preparing for some unusual event; I could sense an air of anticipation long before I left the Mermaid Suite for lunch. It was not that any of the steps in the housekeeping ritual were being slighted but, rather, that the timetable was out of gear; the gardener came early to change the flowers (but he did not forget to include the jasmine blossom he knew I was partial to), the servant who swept the floor came *before* the one who made the bed, and both of them, although they were as silent and gentle as usual, were a little late.

"Mac's coming," my host said as soon as I entered the drawing room. "He's flying up, and is due to arrive at noon tomorrow. We're going to spend the rest of the day checking my two planes." I had met Mac at the house-party—a youthful English pilot, formerly with the Royal Air Force. As I understood it, he had connections in the airplane industry and acted as aviation adviser to several Highnesses, in various parts of India. He apparently stopped in at Phoolsagar Palace every few weeks, but his impending arrival was nonetheless being treated as a novel and important event—because, I suspected, it would give my host a legitimate excuse to play around all afternoon with his planes without suffering pangs of conscience over having wasted his time. (I had come to realize that His Highness had a streak of almost Presbyterian austerity in him.)

The following day, when I showed up in the drawing room shortly before lunch, I found Mac already there. His Highness was there, too, and in excellent spirits. "Come in, come in!" he called gaily as soon as he caught sight of me. "You and Mac know each other, of course. Well, he's been telling me about the latest development in the flying world—a new helicopter sort of thing that looks just like an armchair."

"Great excitement," Mac said as we shook hands. "It seems to be all the rage in flying circles in the States, and my



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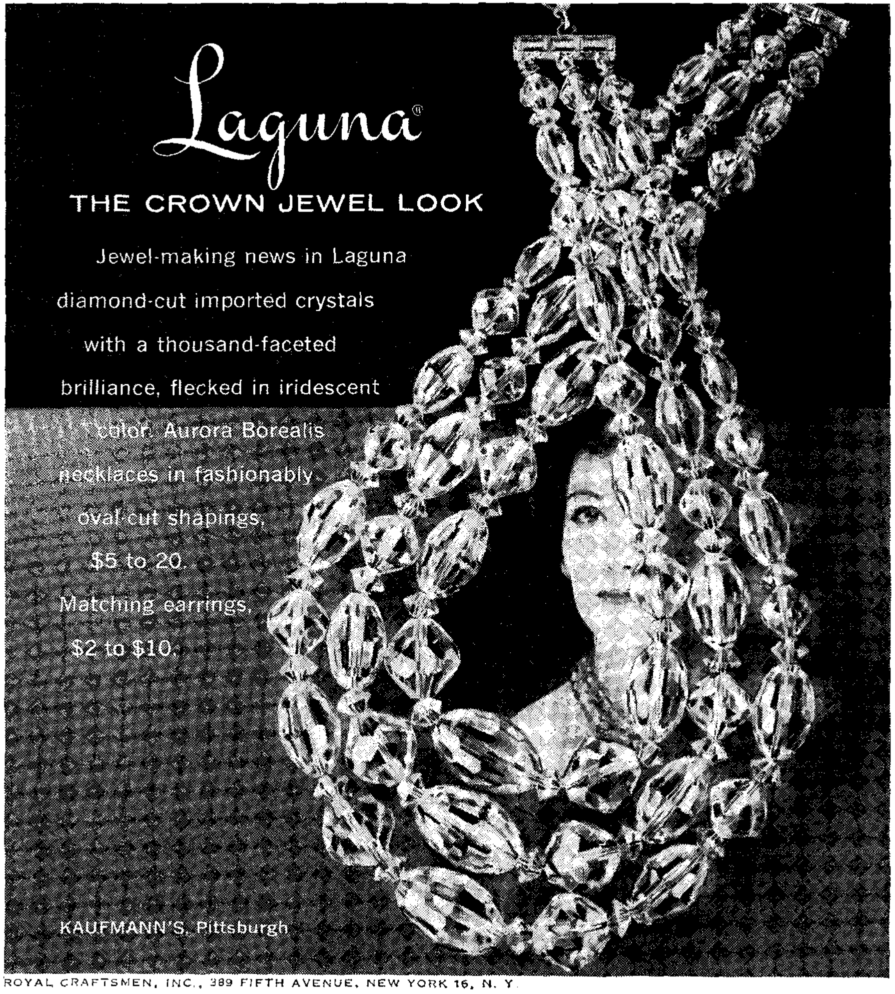

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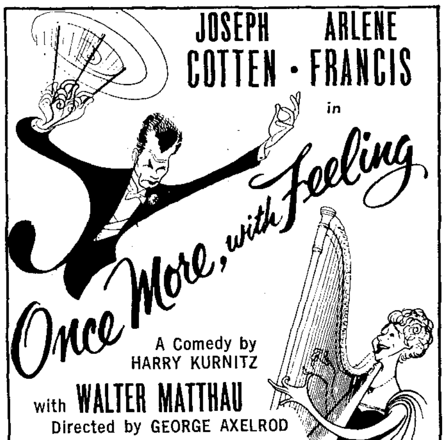

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partner and I are trying to get the rights to manufacture it in Bombay. It's the sweetest thing you've ever seen. Works like a combination gyroplane and helicopter. That is, the ones with engines do, but engines cost a lot, and you don't have to have them, because you can use this contraption as a glider—get a tow from a speedboat or a car, and off you go. We think the price of the motorized model may be a bit stiff for a lot of people, so we're going to concentrate on the glider."

"One with an engine would be better," said His Highness wistfully. "Gliding is all right as a hobby, and I like it, but a genuine helicopter would be much more practical. Just think how useful it would be in locating tigers. Oh, I must have one with an engine!"

His Highness and Mac could hardly wait to finish lunch before hurrying over to the airfield to make a nice greasy afternoon of it. On my walk that day, I was pursued all the way by the noise of planes. Darkness came soon after I got back to the palace, but the planes still hummed and roared. It was quite late, in fact, when His Highness and Mac turned up, scrubbed and ready for dinner. They seemed to be satiated to a certain degree, but soon they were talking about the new helicopter again. "We'll have to manufacture the things in India, you know," Mac explained to me. "Import restrictions."

"I'm going to dream about that armchair helicopter all night," His Highness sighed contentedly. The next morning, Mac took off at dawn for Bombay, having made a sale almost without trying.

ONE day, in the office of the palace, I came across a brief outline, written in English, of the origin and history of Bundi's royal family—a collection of typewritten notes made by a secretary at the behest (so I was told) of His Highness's late father, and starting off with these two terse sentences:

> In A.D. 1342 Rao Dewa, the Hara Prince, took the Banda Valley from the Minas, forced them to acknowledge him as their lord, and named the country Harouti or Haravati. The Haras are a branch of the Chohans, one of the four Fire-born races created on Mount Abu.

While the notes made it clear that His Highness was a descendant of Rao Dewa, they never went back and elaborated on the Mount Abu incident. A certain amount of explanation was indicated, I thought, but I didn't quite know how to go about getting it. I felt that I couldn't very well ask my host

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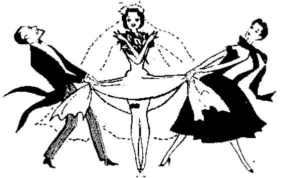
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how it happened that his ancestors came to be born of fire; after all, some Westerners might not care to have an Indian ask them, "What's all this I hear about your God's having fashioned the first woman out of a man's rib?" The only relevant book I had brought with me was John Murray's "Handbook for India," so I looked up Mount Abu in that. Murray's is a remarkably informative work, but, being primarily a handbook for present-day travellers, all it had to say about Mount Abu was that it is a very pretty hill station. Later, however, I got hold of an older, more scholarly book by James Tod, an Englishman with an American-born mother, who early in the nineteenth century served as Political Agent in the western section of what was then the Indian Agency of Rajputana, or Rajasthan, which included the State of Bundi. Tod fell in love with the region and with its people, and became proficient in Sanskrit, as well as the vernacular, and out of his affection and knowledge came his book—an extraordinary, three-volume work entitled "Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han"—in which he painstakingly recorded a number of stories concerning the royal family of Bundi. The Bundi saga, as relayed by Tod, is a long one. I won't undertake to put it all down, but I will try to hit the high spots.

The warrior caste of Rajputs, directly descended from the sun, was already in existence before His Highness's first recorded ancestor was born, but its members had forgotten their obligations and lofty ideals. This so worried the priestly Brahmans that their guru, or leader, presently resolved to regenerate the backsliders by taking drastic action. He thereupon invited the four gods—Indra, Brimha, Rudra, and Vishnu—and all the inferior divinities to accompany him and a few other leading Brahmans to the summit of Mount Abu, where there was a sacred fountain of fire, and the gods acquiesced, for in

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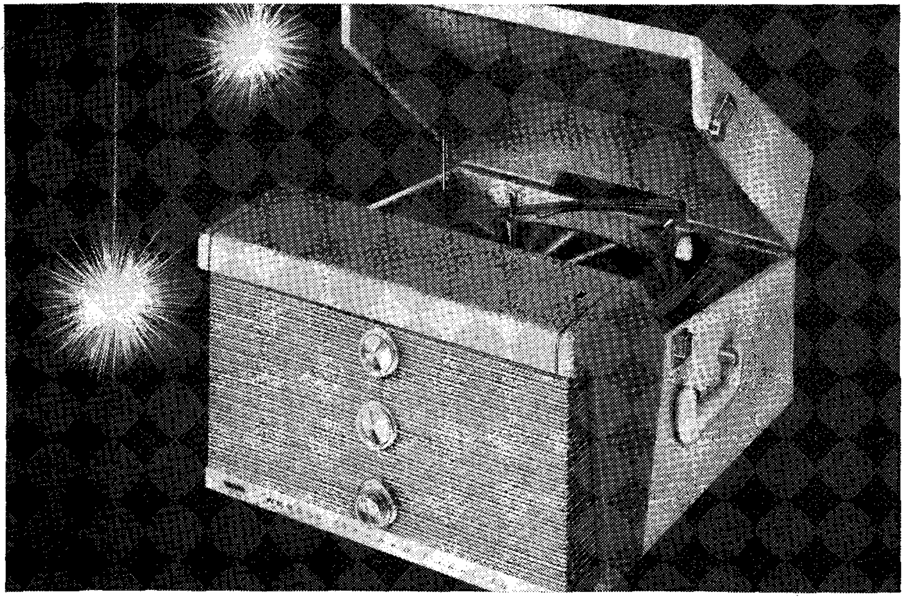

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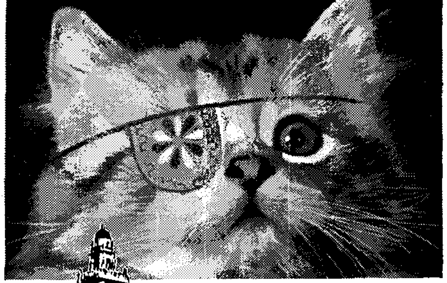
those days they usually did what the Brahmans told them to do. When the party reached the top of the mountain, each of the four superior gods in turn approached the fire and threw something into it—a bundle of grass, perhaps, or a roughly modelled clay figure—and each time, after a moment or two, a living being emerged from the flames. The last of these four creatures, who appeared after the god Vishnu threw in his bit, founded the race of Chohans, to which Bundi's ruling family belongs. Like Vishnu, he had four arms, and in each of his four hands he carried a weapon.

I asked His Highness once if he ever made pilgrimages to Mount Abu, and he looked a little surprised. Pilgrimages? Well, not exactly, he said, but his family had long owned a summer place there, and he still spent some time in it now and then, though not very often. "My father used to take us there every year when I was a small boy, and I did the same with my children when they were younger," he told me. "It's a nice place for children—cool, with good air and all that—but for adults it's really awfully dull."

Tod was not at all hesitant about dealing in fairly specific terms with certain events that occurred a long way back, but even he admitted that it was hard to be sure of the accuracy of dates in His Highness's family tree prior to 147 A.D. In that year, however, Tod declared unequivocally, a Chohan founded the city of Ajmer, about a hundred miles from Bundi. The Chohans kept Ajmer for five centuries, and then the invading Mohammedans captured it. The Chohans were by no means vanquished, though; they liked to fight, and fight they did, for centuries thereafter—against Mohammedans and practically anybody else, with everybody snatching cities and fortresses back and forth. But by 1342 the Mohammedans had installed an Emperor on the throne at Delhi, and most people accepted their rule as a *fait accompli*. One of the nobles at Delhi was Rao Dewa, of the Hara branch of Chohans, who had been such a troublesome, powerful leader that the Emperor had cannily summoned him to live right under the imperial eye. Soon the imperial eye fastened on a magnificent horse owned by Dewa, which the Emperor presently asked for. Dewa rode his mount straight up to the imperial balcony, where the Emperor was holding an audience, and, saluting, said, "Farewell, King. There are three things Your Majesty must never ask of a Rajput—

Pardon my eye-patch—everything is just dazzling...



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his horse, his mistress, and his sword." With that, he wheeled the horse and galloped away, making for a distant valley of the Banda River, where he was joined by his fellow-Haras and, with them, established the city of Bundi.

This plainly is the sort of thing that any man with pride of ancestry and a veneration of antiquity would like to find in his family archives. But Tod has some other stories that might not be so satisfying. One of them concerned an early ancestor of His Highness's named Prince Napuji, who was so taken with a piece of marble owned by his wife's father that he instructed her to ask him for it. The father-in-law—apparently following a Rajput tradition—was immoderately annoyed by the request, and ordered Napuji not to bother him again. This made the Prince peevish, and he took his peevishness out on his wife, who wrote to her father and complained. To avenge the family honor, her father rode over to Bundi and killed the Prince as he slept, and then headed back home, telling a companion what he had just done. This was a mistake, for he was overheard by a loyal Napuji man, who sprang at him and sliced off his right arm. In the meantime, the body of Napuji had been found, and his wife must have guessed who had murdered him. No doubt she felt proud that the honor of her house had been vindicated, but she well knew that her personal feelings must not interfere with her duty; like any woman of good family, she must die on her husband's funeral pyre, and she immediately prepared herself for the rite of suttee. In the middle of her obligatory last-minute oration to the corpse, in came a vassal carrying the severed arm. The widow recognized it as her father's by a gold bracelet that still encircled the wrist, and though it was now high time for her to walk into the flames, she delayed long enough to deal with this new crisis by calling for pen and paper and writing a letter to her brother in which she urged him to avenge their father. Then, with no further fuss, she went to her death. And the brother, "incapable of revenge," dashed out his brains against a pillar of the hall.

Most people would agree that this is a pretty violent episode to have as part of one's family annals. What His Highness thought of it I do not know, for he never mentioned the matter. He didn't seem to mind discussing the practice of suttee, though, even when it came close to home. Indeed, he called my attention to the fact that Kipling's

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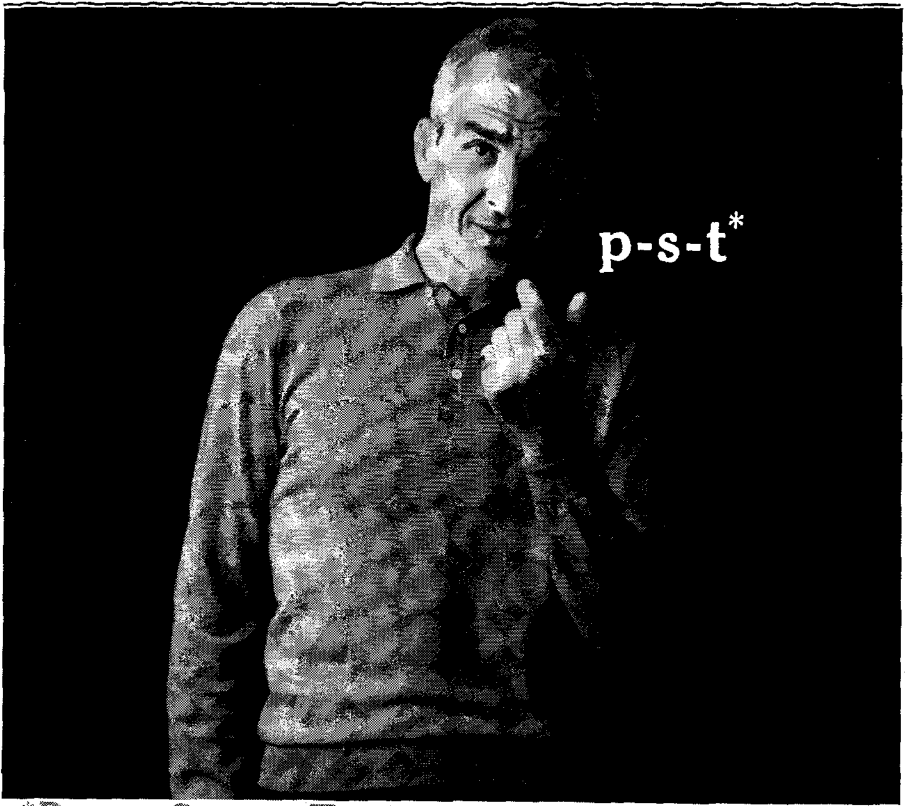

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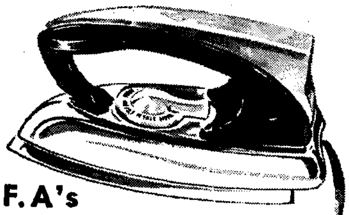

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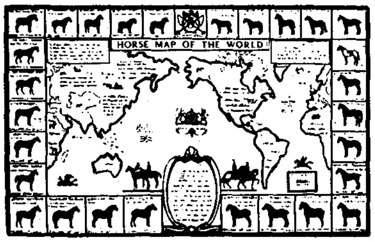

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ballad on the subject, "The Last Suttee," was based on an incident that occurred in Bundi. A Bundi prince had died and the British authorities locked up his zenana to restrain the royal wives from rushing out and throwing themselves on the pyre. But one of the prince's wives, more determined than the rest, disguised herself as one of her husband's dancing girls and slipped past the guards. Hurrying to the royal burial ground, she found his body already engulfed in flames. Just at the moment, though, when she should have cast herself into the fire, her nerve failed her, so she did the second-best thing by turning to one of the attendant nobles and asking him to be kind enough to kill her with his sword. Obligingly, he did so. Then, as Kipling took it from there,

The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to
heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

THE Kshar Bagh, or Memorial Garden—the royal burial ground where this happened and where all the members of the princely family are buried—is not far from Phoolsagar Palace. Shambhu Singh drove me over to visit it one afternoon, and on the way he called my attention to one of a large number of stone monuments, called *chhatris*, that dot the landscape around Bundi. "*Chhatri*" means "umbrella," which, in certain circumstances, is a very sacred article in India. The stone *chhatris* may actually be umbrella-shaped, or they may simply be arched roofs or shelters of some other design; one sees them in many parts of India, usually hovering over pieces of sculpture—statues of Buddha, of contemporary notables, even of Queen Victoria and subsequent English kings. Many of the *chhatris* in the vicinity of Bundi, however, hover over nothing but open ground, having been erected as memorials in themselves. "That one over there to the right commemorates a very holy widow," Shambhu said. "She died in suttee. Of course, that isn't done any more. It must have been a terrible sight."

Before long, Shambhu pulled up in front of a small open doorway in a high brick wall, and we got out. Going through the doorway was like stepping onto a stage; at any rate, there was an abrupt change in the atmosphere. It was darker in the Kshar Bagh than outside; the day was getting on toward late afternoon, and the wall was so high that the sun's rays missed a part of the burial

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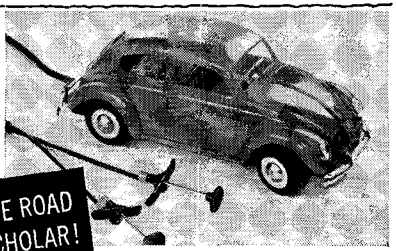

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ground altogether, and much of the part they still reached was overshadowed by trees or by *chhatris*. Though the earth outside the Kshar Bagh had been parched, I now had the sensation of damp mossiness. We stood near one end of the cemetery and looked down an avenue flanked by imposing tombs—great rectangular masses of flat, smoothly fitted stones, with *chhatris* over them. On the larger *chhatris* were sculptured friezes, in high relief, of elephants and horses and people. Interspersed among the big sheltered tombs were smaller ones, without *chhatris*—for lesser queens, Shambhu said, and for children.

We strolled down toward the far end of the avenue. An old man, the guardian of the place, had joined us and followed along quietly—all was quiet. After we turned and started back, Shambhu gently broke the silence to say that a huge tomb and *chhatri* near the entrance marked the grave of Rao Chhattarsal, on whose pyre sixty-four ladies of the court had immolated themselves; the Kshar Bagh couldn't have been so quiet that day, I reflected. Then I reminded myself that the peacefulness of the place was not necessarily permanent even now; standing there in the quiet, in the half light of the setting sun, I had been lulled into thinking of the Kshar Bagh as a sort of museum—even an anachronism. But it is neither of those things, and not far away was the proof of it—a new *chhatri* in the making. Massive stone pillars lay on the ground, waiting to be hoisted into place over a tomb—all new, yet exactly like the ancient ones a few feet away. "This is for His late Highness's father's father," Shambhu explained. "Each Highness builds the *chhatri* for his great-grandfather."

THAT evening, I reported to His Highness that I had paid a visit to the Kshar Bagh and that I thought it in-

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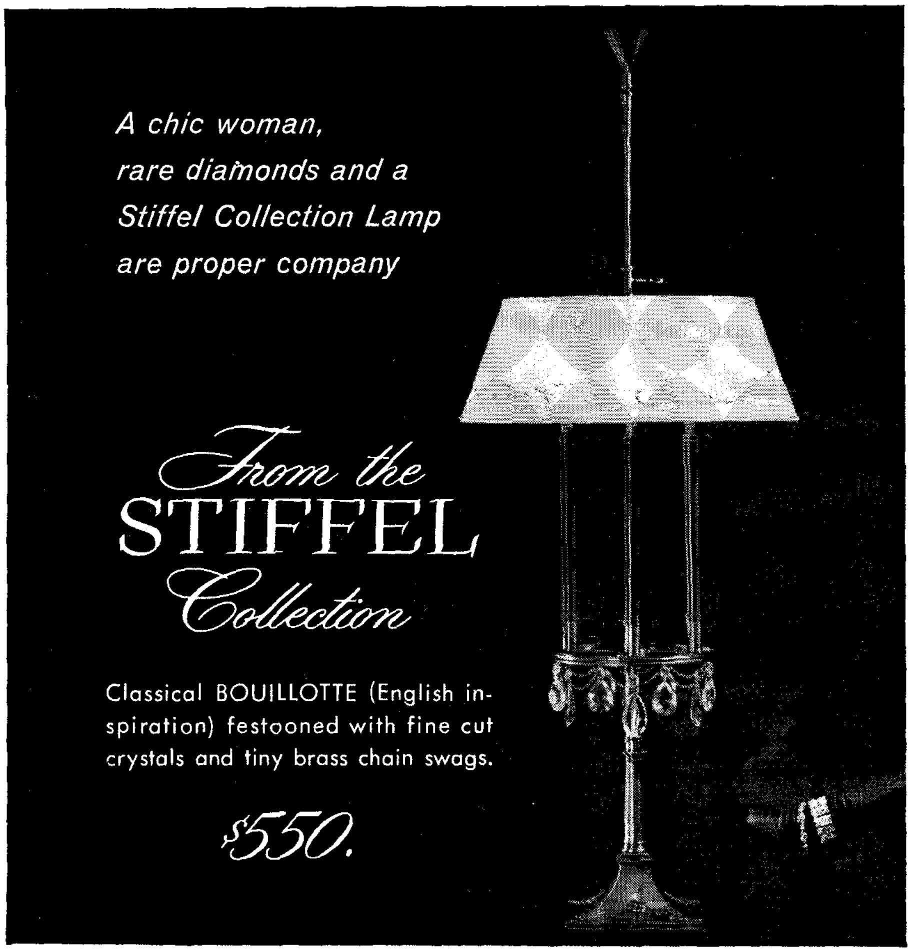
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credibly beautiful. He looked pleased. "Yes, it is," he said. "I hope, of course, that when the time comes I shall be buried there, too."

I remarked that I had especially admired the *chhatri* he was building for the tomb of his great-grandfather.

"I'm glad you did," His Highness said. "I like to think that someday a great-grandson of mine will be building my *chhatri*—but who knows?"

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the last of four articles on India's deposed princes.*)

•

A new self-setting aquatic mousetrap capable of catching over 100 mice at a single setting has been developed by the Self-Sett Mousetrap Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

Neither poison nor electricity is used in the trap. Instead, the trap's ramps and dumping mechanisms are actuated by the weight of the mouse. The trap is 15½" x 3" x 15" and weighs 12 lbs. It has a water chamber which is filled with 2½ quarts of water.

The all steel trap is intended for use in grain elevators, restaurants, warehouses, food processing plants, chain stores, farms, meat packing plants, institutions, ships, homes, orchards, etc.

Here's how the trap works: The rodent is enticed into one of two entrances at the bottom of the trap by the smell of food hidden in a separate chamber. Once the mouse enters the hole he walks up and tips a seesaw-like ramp. This causes a trap door on the entrance to close and set up the trap for the next mouse. It also bars the trapped mouse from the food chamber.

A tiny pinhole of light at the top of the trap lures the mouse into climbing a built-in ladder. Once on top the mouse is attracted by another pinhole of light on the other side of the trap, and walks to it. The weight of the mouse causes the ramp on which it is walking to tip sideways and drops the mouse into the water-filled tank where it drowns. —*Press release from Republic Steel Company.*

That's just silly. The tank should be equipped with little skin-diving outfits for mice, so that the mouse can swim down and succumb to Rapture of the Deep, thus leaving the surface of the water free and clear for the next arriving mouse.

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[*Adv. in the Wappingers Falls* (N.Y.) *Wappingers & Southern Dutchess News*]

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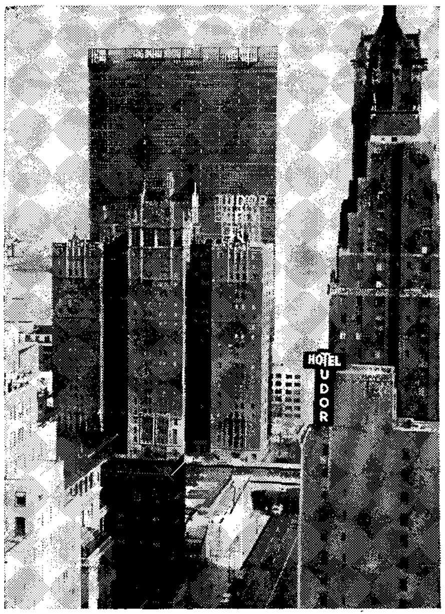

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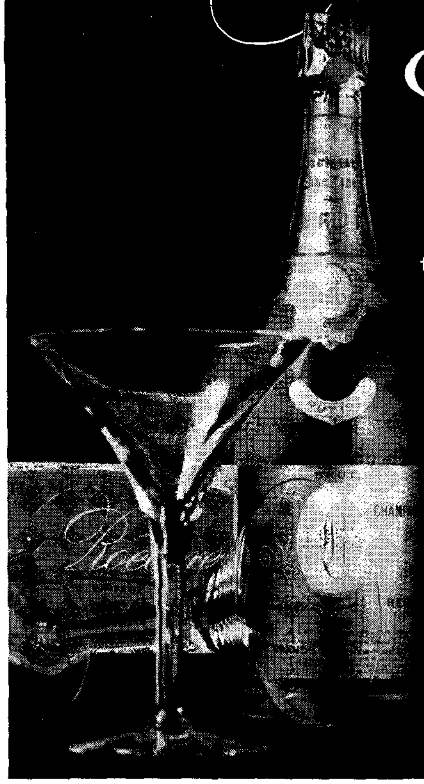
THE RACE TRACK

Iron-Curtain Item

THERE is practically no limit to the places where this department has listening posts. Only the other day, for example, it received a report on racing in Warsaw from a sojourner there. Poland is by tradition a horse country, and the season at Sluzewiec, which is Warsaw's Belmont Park, is invariably first-class, he says, with ten races every Saturday, Sunday, and holiday from the middle of May through late October or early November, depending on the weather. Big crowds turn out at Sluzewiec, too. (Frankie Keogh, an old-time jockey you may remember, once told me that when he was riding there, in the days of the republic, it was one of the finest racecourses in Middle Europe.) Nowadays, as in Russia, the state breeds, owns, and campaigns all the horses, employs all the trainers, jockeys, and grooms, and runs the tracks and the mutuels. The state's take from the betting is twenty per cent, which sounds deviationist, since in the U.S.S.R. it's twenty-five per cent. A ticket in the tote costs twenty zlotys (the zloty is officially pegged at four cents, but you can get at least ninety-five for a dollar on the black market), and there's not only a daily double but a daily triple.

At Sluzewiec, the management gives you a complimentary program, which is actually a twelve-page newspaper the size of the publication you're reading this minute. It contains the names of the starters, their jockeys, weights, post positions, and the like, and their past performances, and there's also an account of the previous day's racing and the official summaries of it (indexed, if you please), together with notes on workouts. However, the paper makes no selections and gives no tips.

I daresay it will interest the proponents of off-course betting in New York to know that in Poland the government conducts it, and on quite a scale. The front page of the racing program tells where you can place a bet in downtown Warsaw some day when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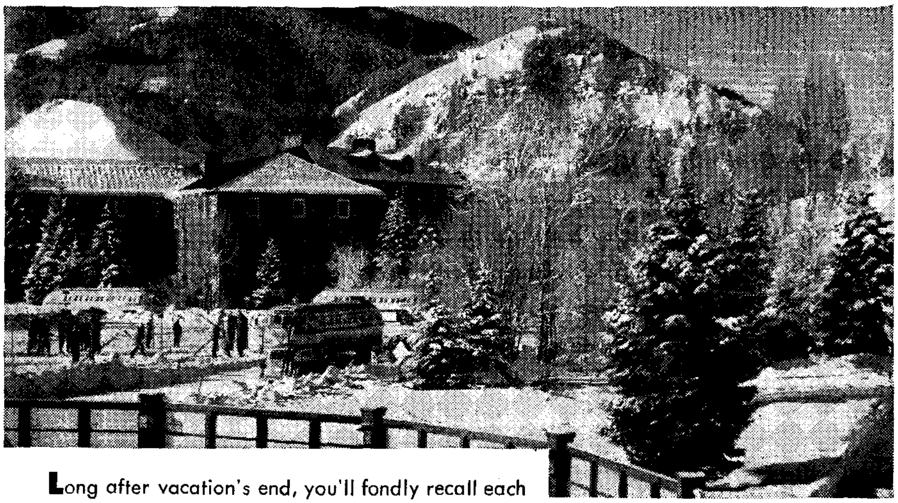
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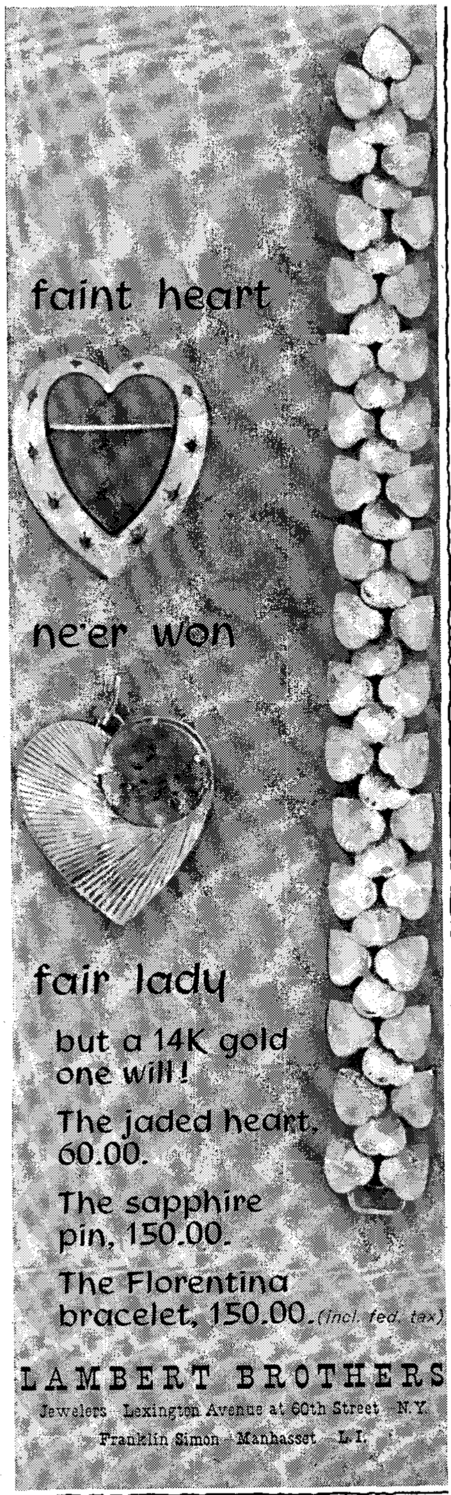

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you aren't going to the track, and there are places in the hinterland—in Sopot, Lodz, and Wroclaw—where horseplayers can put their zlotys on anything that's running at Warsaw. The horse rooms open an hour before post time, and are also open Friday night for bets on Saturday's races and Sunday morning for bets on races Sunday afternoon. That's making things easy.

HOOSIER HONEY, a nimble miss from Maryland, not Indiana, picked off the Firenze Handicap, the season's last plum for fillies and mares, at Jamaica the other afternoon, winning in a driving finish from Lopar, Mlle. Dianne, Alanesian, and half a dozen others. It was the farewell appearance for Alanesian, the top weight of the lot (she's headed for the brood-mare pastures), and she made a good try, but after leading most of the way she tired. Other disappointments were Polamby and Rare Treat.

TWO more of the better races for two-year-olds have rocketed into the upper brackets. Next summer, the Monmouth Park Jockey Club's Sapling Stakes will have a guaranteed minimum gross value of $100,000, and so will the Atlantic City Racing Association's World Playground Stakes. And it was only last month that Ben Lindheimer, in Chicago, increased the prize moneys of the Arlington Park Futurity and the Washington Park Futurity to $200,000 each. These, with the Futurity, the Pimlico Futurity, and the Garden State Stakes, bring the six-figure events for two-year-olds to a lucky seven. Another Native Dancer or Citation could win at least half a million his first season out. And if he did as well the next year (Citation earned $709,470 at three), Round Table would be a bit shaky up there at the top of the winning list.

NOW there will be a bigger demand for quick, young racers. And this reminds me that Colonel Martingale told me the other day that scientists have perfected a machine that will emit ultrasonic sound waves by which it can be determined accurately how much meat, fat, and bone there is on a steer. He says he would like to take it to the yearling sales next summer.

—AUDAX MINOR

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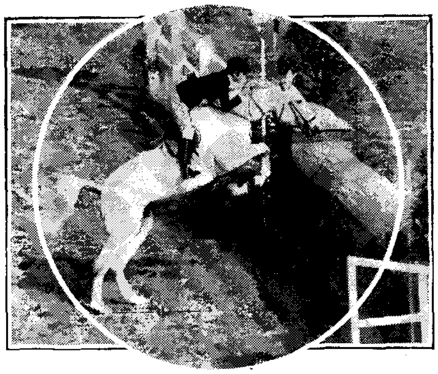
SAN FRANCISCO,
NOVEMBER 19, 1958

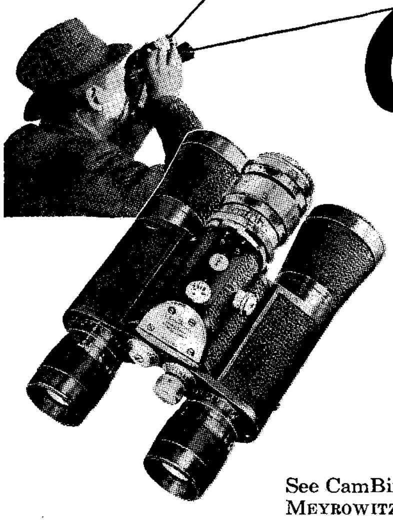
To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

SINCE the crime of passion as practiced in France is almost certain to go beyond the fantasies of even the most romantic novelist, I was taken with Peter Matthiessen's report on the case of Yvonne Chevallier in your issue of November 1st. His passing reference to Mme. Clovis Hugues, who, in 1885, was able to get herself acquitted of a murder committed in the corridors of the Palais de Justice itself, interested me to such a degree that I immediately set out to learn more about that earlier case. My efforts were well repaid, for the accounts I found of this melee revealed a confusion of bedlam and absurdity in the best French-farce tradition.

Both ladies took a life, and both were freed by a French court. The attitude of the press and public toward the two trials, however, was quite different. Yvonne Chevallier had killed her Cabinet Minister husband because he had abandoned her for another woman, and nearly everyone was in favor of acquitting her; as Mr. Matthiessen noted, the courtroom audience was entirely on her side. Mme. Hugues, on the other hand, faced a singularly hostile crowd on the morning that she was led back to be tried for murder in the very building where the murder had occurred. She was a rather handsome brunette, the wife of one of Parliament's Socialist deputies, and she had capriciously pumped six bullets into a private investigator named Morin, who had accused her of being the mistress of another woman's husband; since the French have always maintained that there is no smoke without fire, one can hardly blame them for suspecting something amiss when Mme. Hugues did in her accuser. But the cold facts of the case are another matter, for Morin's assaults on her personal life were completely baseless.

Violence and emotional fireworks were nothing new for the Hugues. Before the murder incident overtook them, their lives had repeatedly been cluttered with public scandals—to a far greater extent than was usual even in the stormy opening years of the Third Republic. Clovis Hugues, a small, somewhat homely man with a pock-marked face and thick black hair and beard, was a Socialist of extreme radical per-





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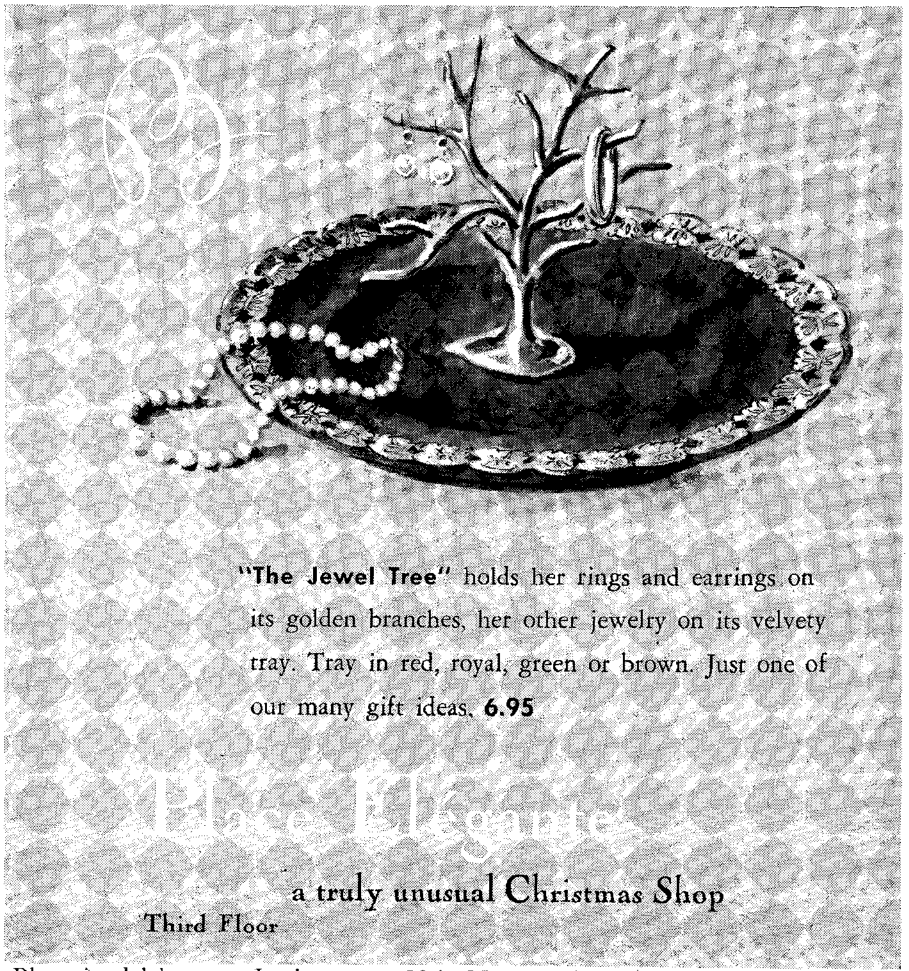

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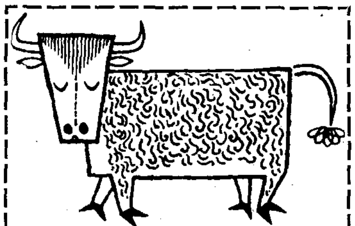

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suasion. He took part in the Marseille Communard movement of 1871, and was jailed for four years because of his revolutionary agitation. Once he was at liberty again, he moved to Paris and there met an attractive young sculptress named Jeanne Royannez, who lived in Passy and whose father was also a radical and had once been banished from France because of his political activities. They were married in a civil ceremony in 1876. Hugues had been contributing to several political journals in Paris, and was carrying on a brisk controversy with Joseph Daime, a Bonapartist editor of *L'Aigle.* Soon after the Hugues' marriage, Daime remarked in print that "women who marry civilly are not worthy of wearing a crown of orange blossoms." Hugues immediately challenged him to a duel with swords, killed him on the spot, and then fled to Italy. He returned to France in February, 1878, and was forced to stand trial, but after he had dramatically outlined his reasons for initiating the duel, and pointed out that he had fought it with complete fairness, he was quickly acquitted. In 1881, Hugues was elected a Deputy from Marseille. Two years later, during a discussion of financial appropriations in the Chamber, Jules Ferry, then the Premier, criticized the Deputies of the extreme Left for their unreasonableness during the debate, and Hugues called him insolent. When asked to explain his remark to the Chamber, he repeated it, with emphasis, and the Deputies voted to expel him from Parliament for several months.

All this time, Hugues had kept his domestic life entirely isolated from the turbulence of his political career. He wrote many poems in the Provençal dialect, and calmly produced a number of novels. Mme. Hugues, who was devoted to her husband, gave birth to two daughters—Marianne (named for the French Republic) and Mireille (for a legendary Provençal heroine). Consequently, neither one of them was prepared for the Morin slander or for the blistering events that were to follow.

A certain Mme. Lenormand, who had won a reputation in Paris for her great beauty when she was married to Comte Osmont de Tillet, at the end of the Second Empire, was now wed to a *boulevardier* and rake fifteen years her junior. She grew extremely tired of Lenormand's infidelities and, in 1883, decided to sue him for a legal separation. To gather evidence that could be used in court, she hired Morin to do some private research for her, and he began

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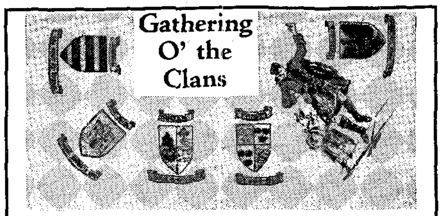

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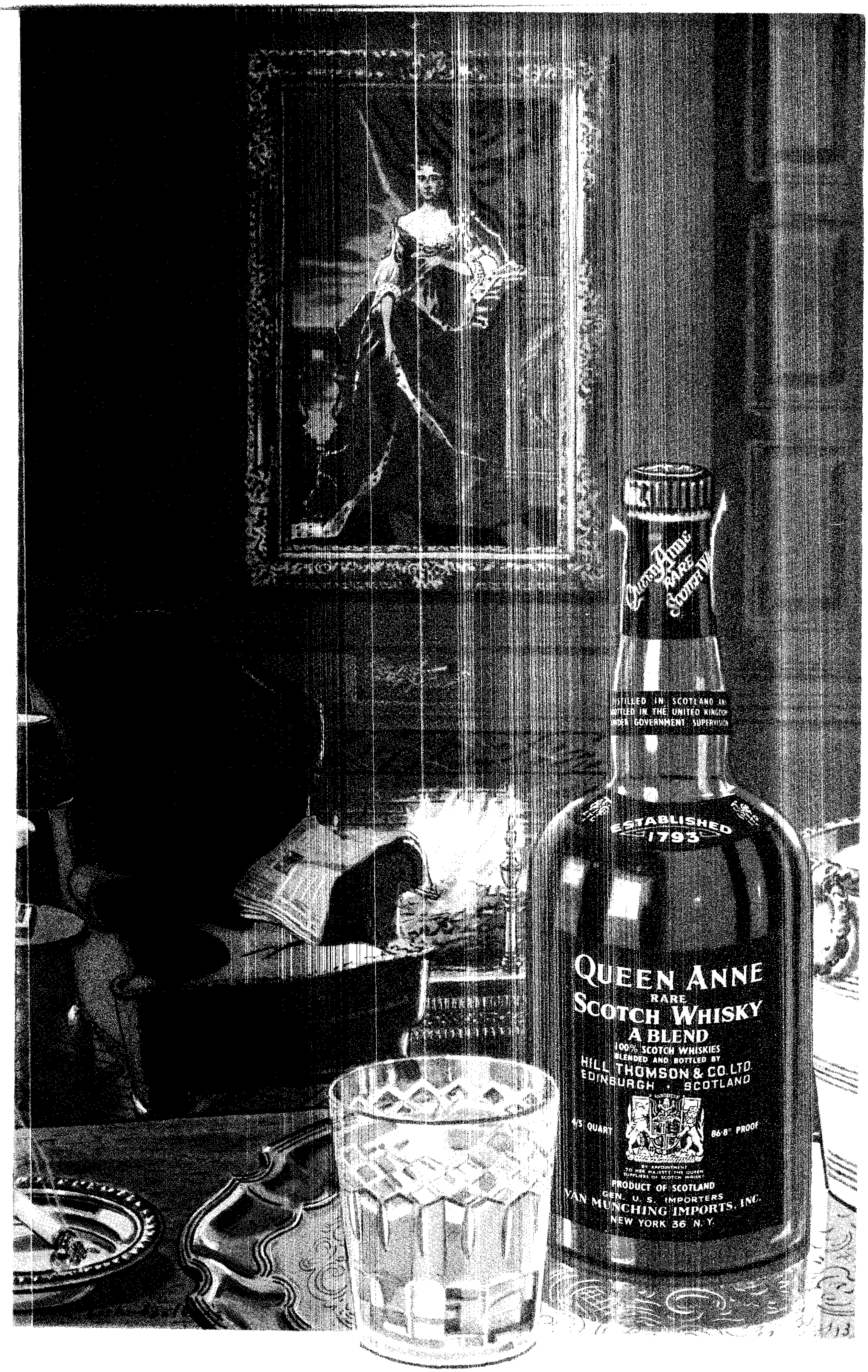
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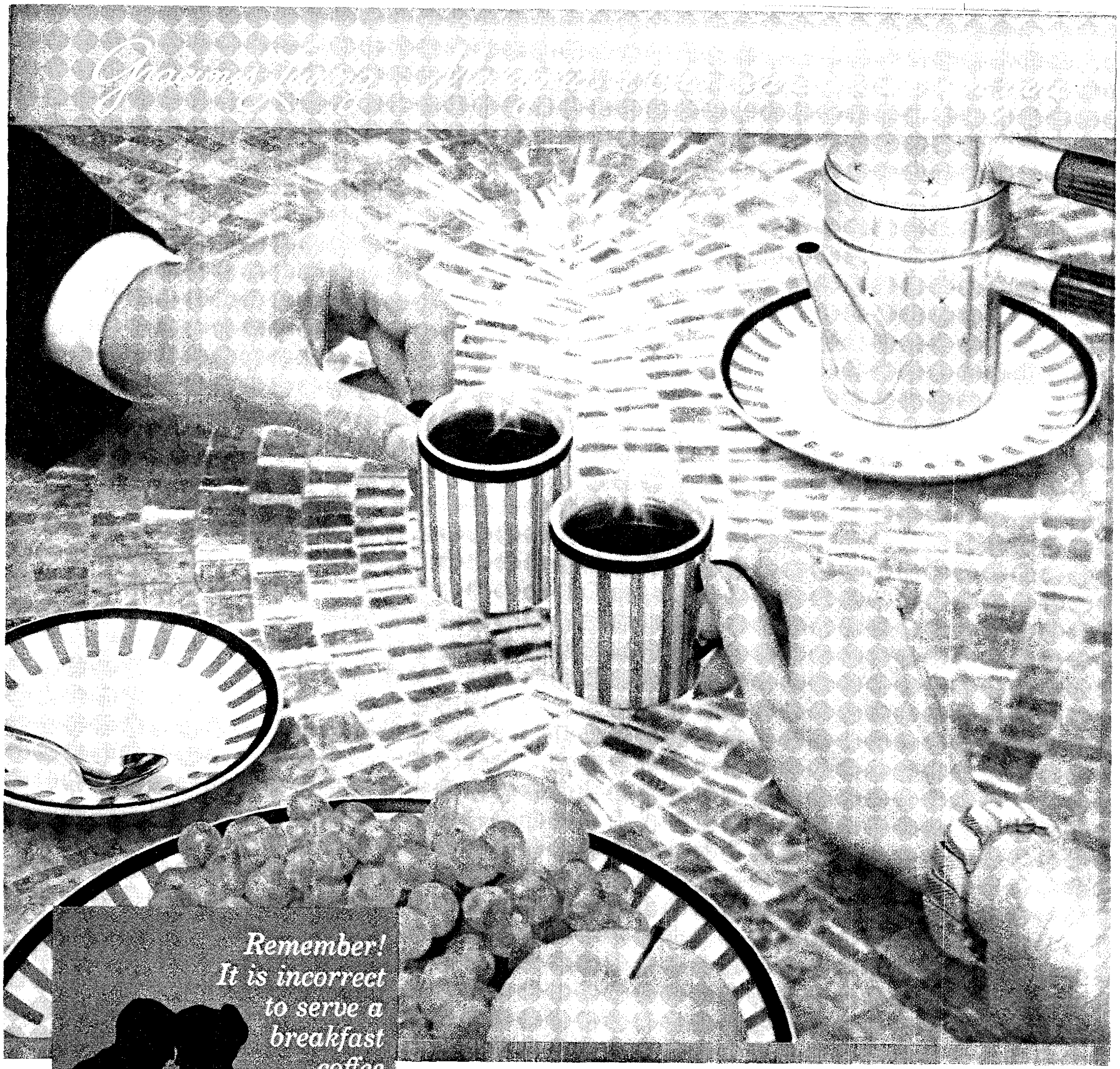
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Jewelry by Van Cleef & Arpels, La Boutiqu to examine every aspect of her husband's extramarital life. Very little is known about Morin—even his first name has been lost, for no newspaper ever noted it—but it would seem that he was willing to take on any dirty job for a fee. He soon discovered that Lenormand, before his marriage, had lived for a long time in a house on the Rue de la Pompe, in Passy, and that he had known a lovely young neighbor called Jeanne Royannez. Morin, wearing a false beard, visited the concierge of the building, told her that he was a friend of Lenormand's, and tried to pry some gossip out of her. She indignantly threw him out. Morin was not aware that Mlle. Royannez had long before married Clovis Hugues, and during Mme. Lenormand's separation proceedings he announced in court that he had learned from the concierge that Mlle. Royannez had carried on an affair with Lenormand long after his marriage, and that they had often exchanged billets-doux.

Lenormand, who *did* know of Mlle. Royannez's marriage, at once sent a letter off to Clovis Hugues informing him of Morin's testimony, and Mme. Hugues immediately brought suit against Morin for defamation of character. She easily won the case, and Morin was sentenced to two years in prison, fined fifty francs, and ordered to pay damages of two thousand francs. The court's decision was inserted in *Le Journal Officiel* and in ten other newspapers. Furthermore, Clovis Hugues and his wife were congratulated from the bench for shedding light, as the judge put it, "on what is muddiest in the gutters of the capital and what is purest in the world—a woman's innocence."

Poor Mme. Hugues' triumph was short-lived. Morin was released when he appealed the verdict against him, and

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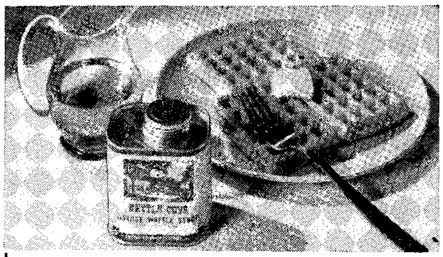
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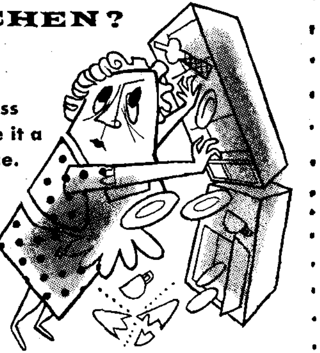

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Clovis Hugues began to receive a series of postcards, most of them signed “Your Wife's Lover” and all of them bearing appallingly obscene messages. Mme. Hugues, referring to these lewd scribblings later at her trial, told how she had been accused in them of “vices in nature and vices against nature.” To make matters even worse, the cards were all incorrectly addressed, so that they could be read by several other people before they reached the plagued Clovis Hugues.

As the postcard bombardment intensified, Morin's appeal came up before the Court of Appeals. Morin, however, did not appear (though Mme. Hugues did), and he was again condemned, this time *in absentia*. A new date was set for a hearing, and on November 27, 1884, he finally showed up at the Palais de Justice. But now he requested a two-week postponement, on the ground that he was not prepared to testify, and for some reason the court granted his request. Mme. Hugues was unable to bear another delay in ridding herself of her tormentor. As they left the courtroom, she whipped a revolver out of her handbag and fired six shots, point-blank, into Morin. Two of them lodged in his skull and four in his chest. He died two weeks later.

THE corridors of the Palais de Justice were black with people at seven in the morning of January 8, 1885, when Mme. Clovis Hugues was tried for the murder of Morin. Everyone expected a good show, and many were convinced that Mme. Hugues had reasons for killing Morin that had not yet been made public. At nine, the doors of the courtroom were thrown open, and the stampede for seats was on. Alexandre Millerand, who later became President of France, was covering the trial for Clemenceau's newspaper *La Justice*, and he called it “an unheard-of spectacle,” adding, “Even if I have to say so publicly, it is completely unworthy of French justice. One is not in a courtroom but, rather, in a public theatre. Everybody pushes, jostles, screams, gesticulates.” Strangely enough, the correspondent of the New York *Times* seemed to enjoy the fracas. His report read, in part, “The toilettes of the ladies, who were present in no small number, were brilliant, and the contributions from the gardens and hothouses gave the courtroom somewhat the appearance of a conservatory.” Another future President, Raymond Poincaré, took an entirely different view, writing, in *Le Voltaire*, “The ladies

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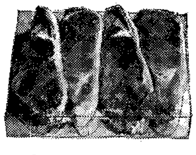

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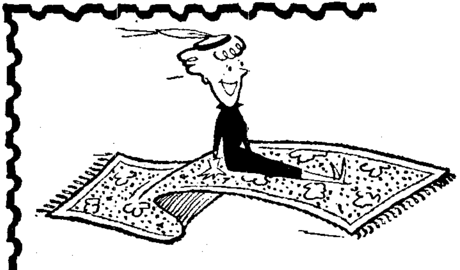

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succeeded in slipping in everywhere, in front of the jurors, before the bar, on the tables, and even—impossible as this may be to believe—on the knees of journalists and members of the court. Judges, literary people, members of society, and even certain individuals who, to my knowledge, have police records were squeezed in around the back of the courtroom or were seated in places of honor."

When Mme. Hugues was led in to take her place in the defendant's box, the gendarmes who accompanied her were lost in the shuffle, and she had to fight her way through the mob alone. "For an instant," said the London *Daily Telegraph*, "she seemed stunned and stupefied on beholding the compact crowd of spectators, whose eyes fell on her pale face and scanned every movement of her haggard features. She was dressed in a simple black costume, with a velvet hat of the same color, around which floated a white veil, which gave a still paler tinge to her already blanched cheeks. After having used her smelling bottle for a moment, she seemed more at her ease."

The prisoner gave her age as twenty-nine, and lifted her veil during the reading of the indictment by the court clerk. The presiding judge, Bérard des Glajeux, asked her about the circumstances of the crime, and Mme. Hugues began her testimony in a clear, calm voice. There was no hesitation, no contrition. She told her story with the skill of an actress, and it was soon apparent that she was dissipating the skepticism of even her most unfriendly critics.

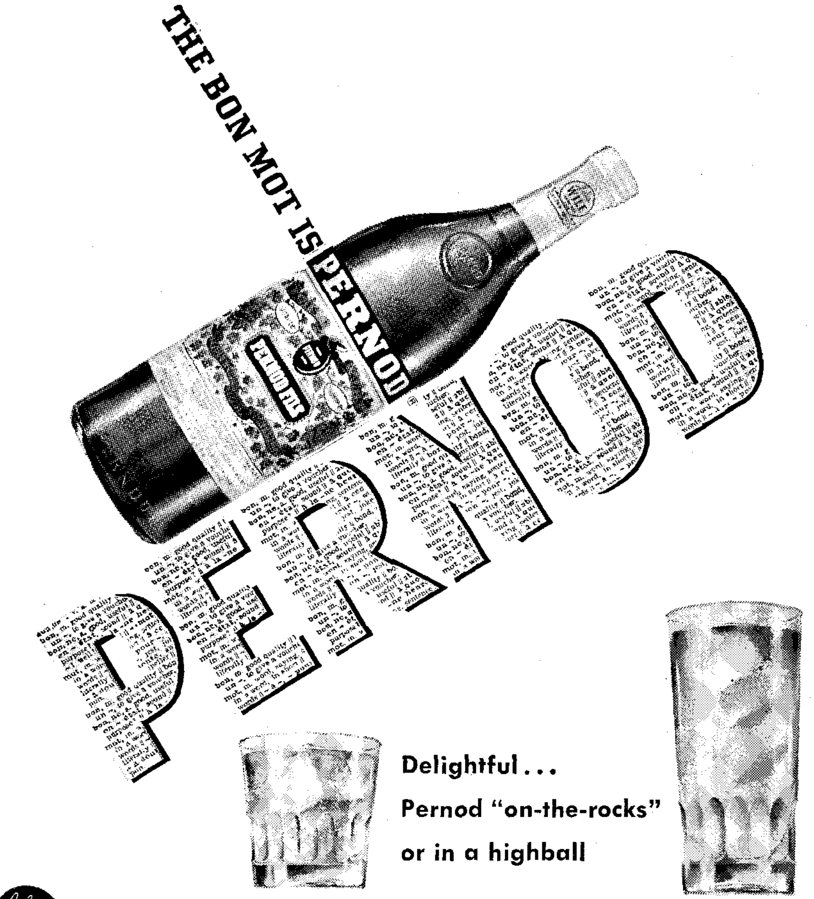
"I was coming out of the courtroom on November 27th," she began. "Morin appeared in front of me and looked me up and down from head to foot. I then fired, taking aim at his heart. I do not recollect any more."

Judge Bérard des Glajeux then suggested that the murder was premeditated. "Last November 13th," he said, "you bought the bullets, and on the night of the drama there was found at your house a small bag filled with personal belongings, which you had prepared to take with you, because you expected to spend some time in jail."

"Precisely," she replied. "I had had enough. I did not want to come before the courts any more with that man."

"But your hand did not tremble," the Judge commented. "A witness said that you were standing 'as still as a statue.' "

"I had hesitated for several days," she replied, "but on November 27th I



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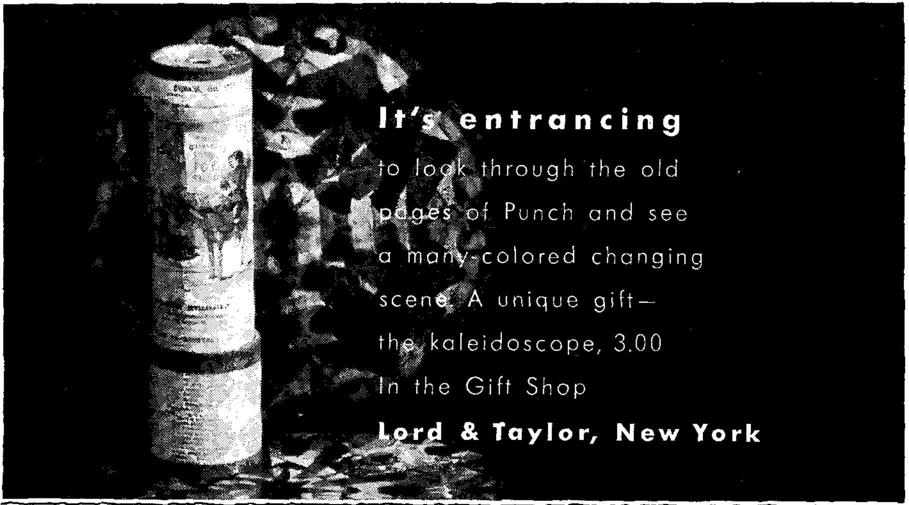

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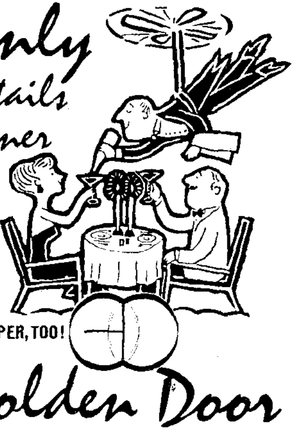

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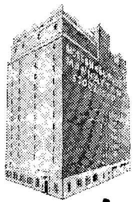

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had made up my mind. I decided to kill that man, and, thinking that he might have a revolver himself and kill me, I went that morning to kiss my children, who were at my mother's house. If I had had fifty bullets, I would have fired them at Morin."

The defendant continued her story on this same even pitch. There was no remorse. In explaining the circumstances that had forced her to murder, she referred back to Morin's first trial. "On leaving the courtroom after sentence had been passed on Morin, I felt that he had been punished enough, and I told a friend of my husband's that I would be glad to have someone approach him and find out whether he regretted what he had done. In that case, I would have forgiven him. I finally did this, but, instead, he said, 'I don't give a damn about the Hugues. I don't need them. I know some influential people who will certify that Mme. Clovis Hugues has been the mistress of Lenormand.' And he went from café to café spreading new horrors. They listened to him, and some grew suspicious of me. I had to put an end to this persecution. I didn't want to make my husband unhappy, and I didn't want my daughters dishonored. Condemn me if you wish, but, I beg of you, put yourself in my place. And I might also add that since the day Morin was found guilty, my husband never ceased getting those horrible and infamous postcards."

Judge Bérard des Glajeux remarked here that the postcards were indeed so odious that he could not permit them to be made public in court.

The testimony continued, and Mme. Hugues answered each of the Judge's statements with rapid-fire assurance. The concluding exchange between them is worth noting:

JUDGE: Nothing can explain the murder of Morin.

DEFENDANT: Do you consider my *moral suffering as nothing?*

JUDGE: One might have understood an immediate vengeance, but you waited fifteen months to kill him.

DEFENDANT: He was setting a trap for me. He was still free, and he profited by this freedom to continue his lewd campaign. That's why I killed him. If I had done it before his trial, you might have said that I was afraid of certain things he would reveal about me.

JUDGE: Do you believe that the fact that you killed him before the Court of Appeals session did not give us the same idea?

DEFENDANT: Ah! It's all very well

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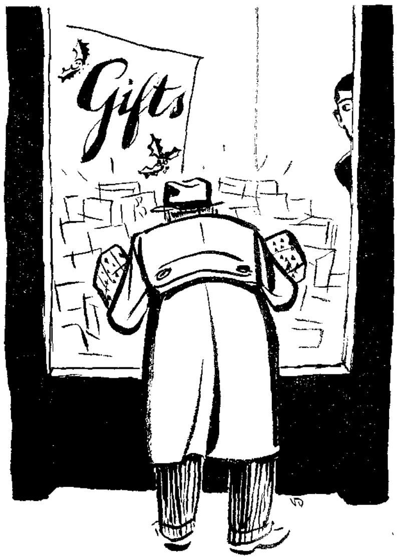
to reason like that. You did not suffer yourself. You don't know what it is. You did not have your honor insulted—the most precious thing in this world. I married a man for love. He knew my family, knew me, is sure of me. I did not marry Clovis Hugues, as one often marries these days, after a chance meeting at a ball and after a courtship of only a few weeks or a few months. If I had, my husband might have doubted me, thrown me out, or left me. I struggled through this for more than one long year, immersed in the garbage that Morin tried to ruin me with. Yes, I murdered him with revolver shots, but he assassinated me with pinpricks.

JUDGE: Your vengeance was cruel. Morin had to go through a fortnight of horrible torture, uttering frightful cries, twisting violently on his bed, undergoing a terrible operation, suffering so much that they had to tie his hands in order to keep him from tearing at the bandages that covered his wounds. You suffered, Madame, but—anguish for anguish, moral pain for physical pain—which of you two suffered more?

DEFENDANT: I did.

These last statements from Mme. Hugues brought screams, applause, and cheers from the spectators, and caused Albert Bataille to point out, in *Le Figaro*, "Mme. Hugues was superb, and the audience, however unsympathetic they might have been at first, could not help quivering on hearing the eloquent defense of this slandered woman."

The jury was won over by now, and the witnesses who followed were merely incidental. One of them, Mme. Corbion, the concierge in the Rue de la Pompe, testified that Morin had demanded that she accuse Mme. Hugues. "I refused indignantly," she said. "I



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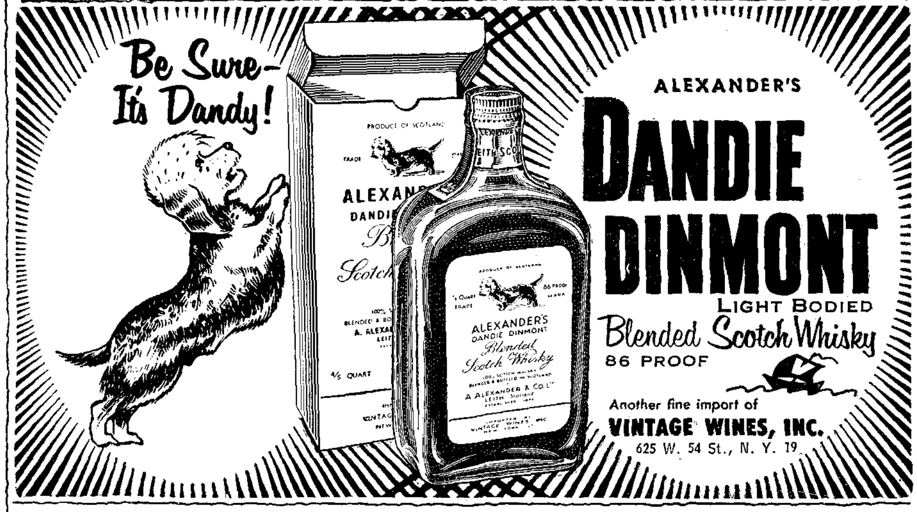

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had nothing but esteem for Mlle. Royannez, who never went out alone and who always behaved perfectly." Another witness, Anatole de la Forge, a Deputy of the Département de la Seine who had known the Hugues for ten years, concluded his testimony by saying, "I like her even more now that she has killed that miserable man." He was severely rebuked by the judge for this endorsement.

The trial ended at two in the morning, when the jury, after only an hour or so of deliberation, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The packed-in mob, though probably near exhaustion by that time, managed several more minutes of shouting and applause. Mme. Hugues left the courtroom on the arm of her husband, and told one reporter that she was indeed delighted but dreaded the day when she would have to explain the whole mess to her two daughters.

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY EICHELBAUM

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—The women tod the buiders front doors of America's homes are too commonpace. They want "more drama" in them.

The buiders are istening intenty to ideas tossed around by the 83 seected women attending a three-day housing conference sponsored by the Nationa Assn. of Home Buiders and the United Industry Committee.

The women said make the doors bigger. They said natura wood is good, but they thought some gay coor might be even better and suggested red and maybe aqua as starters.

The front door shoud have something specia to refect the taste of the peope inside and be unique, they said.

Conferring in the modernistic atmosphere of the Nationa Housing Center here, the women hod 40-minute sessions. They give their own ideas and answer questions bothering the buiding industry. At the bast of a whiste they take a 10-minute break and then start again.

Every word they say is being taken down in shorthand so the buiders can mu it over ater.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

That's lucky.

•

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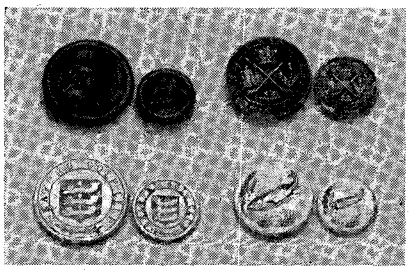

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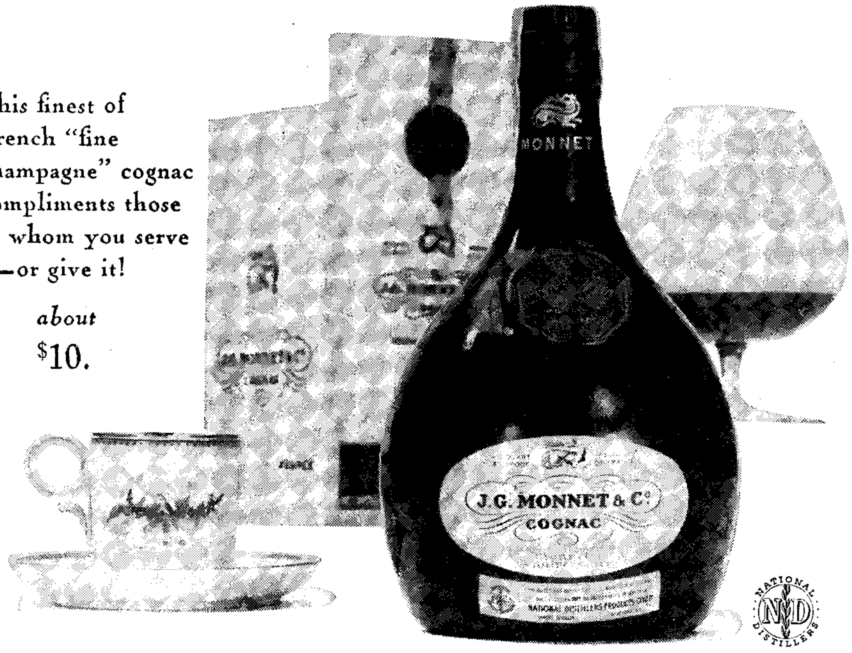
FOOTBALL

The Large and the Small of It

PHILADELPHIA is having all the fun this week, as it does at the end of every season—Cornell against Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day, and Army against Navy on Saturday. *Most* of the fun, that is, for spending an afternoon in the vast mausoleum that goes under the name of Philadelphia Municipal Stadium is not the sport of kings, no matter how interesting the goings on down on the playing field. Not a great deal is being settled on Thanksgiving (after all, the Ivy League championship was buttoned up last weekend), but the meeting of our armed forces will determine whether it is possible for Army to revert to its wartime form and go through a season unbeaten. A hundred and one thousand people, of whom six thousand will have a clear idea of what is happening, will attend this annual picnic. Claustrophobes would have done better by attending, a while back, the match (spectator population five thousand, a lot of them standing at ease along the fence that lines the field) between Wesleyan and Trinity, or the match (population eight thousand) between Williams and Amherst, yearly events that are practically as old as the Connecticut and Massachusetts hills that are their setting—and, in the case of Williams vs. Amherst (birth date 1884), six years older than Army vs. Navy.

Anyone who is staying away from Philadelphia will have to content himself with resettling old scores (happily, because of the new rules, there were almost no tie games this fall, but there were plenty whose results could have been changed by a minor alteration in luck) and licking old wounds, of which there were too many. The attrition reached its zenith when Swarthmore, unable to put eleven hale men on the field, had to beg off on its game with Pennsylvania Military College. A hypothetical team made up solely of performers who had been damaged in transit through the season could, restored to health, have stood off any other team you might care to name—perhaps even Army's junior varsity on one of the days when it was (to use old Army argot) as hot as a pistol, such as the morning it went up against and



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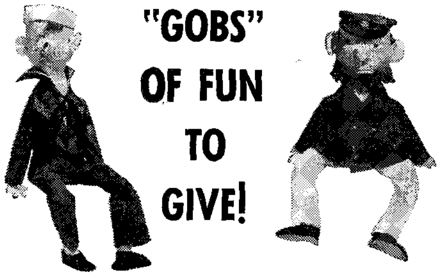

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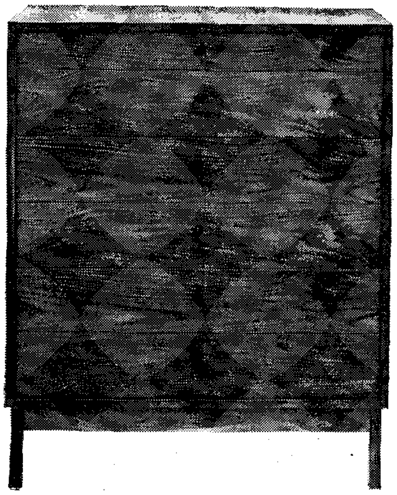

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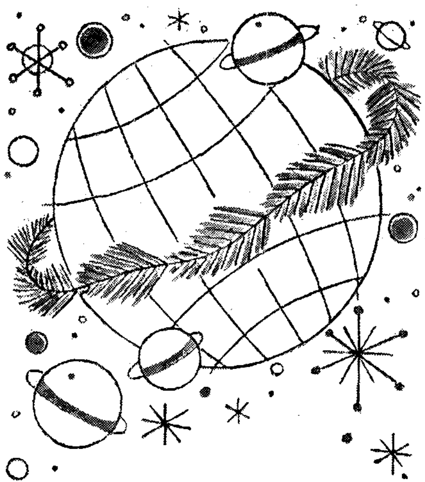
beat a pretty hot Princeton junior varsity, 28–24, in as satisfactory a display of long-distance running and passing as was offered the public all year.

Tugs of war between junior varsities, between freshman teams, and between hundred-and-fifty-pound teams are generally offered free to the public, like television, but there are not nearly as many takers. It is as if (and a most improbable "if" it is) owners of standard model railways running around their library floors were to show no interest in an HO-gauge model railway that someone had managed to lay out on a shelf around the upstairs bathroom. Watching the secondary teams, which are often as complete in finish and detail and in everything else but size as the varsity teams, provides handy conversation pieces. Late in the third quarter of a varsity game, after all the fallen heroes have been cleared away, someone whose number isn't on the program runs on field, gets the ball from center, fakes to his left, and then swings around the right side of the line for twenty-seven yards. "Hamm's been doing that all year," you say, taking care not to be too casual about your prior knowledge. "He pulled that play three times against the Columbia hundred-and-fifty-pounders, and against Brown he . . ." It's as neat a bit of gamesmanship as you can come by.

THE new rules, speaking of them again, were important mostly in the matter of scoring, since a run or a pass after a touchdown can now count for two points, if it works, whereas a kick is still worth only the same old bedrock one point. The rules about the use of hands in blocking did not produce either the enormous increase in penalties or the lesser increase in confusion among the officials that seemed to be expected. Football, in a word, appears to be football, despite the tinkering with the regulations that goes on year after year. Baseball buffs would storm out on the field and burn the officials at the stake (and not in effigy, either) if such constant alteration went on in what



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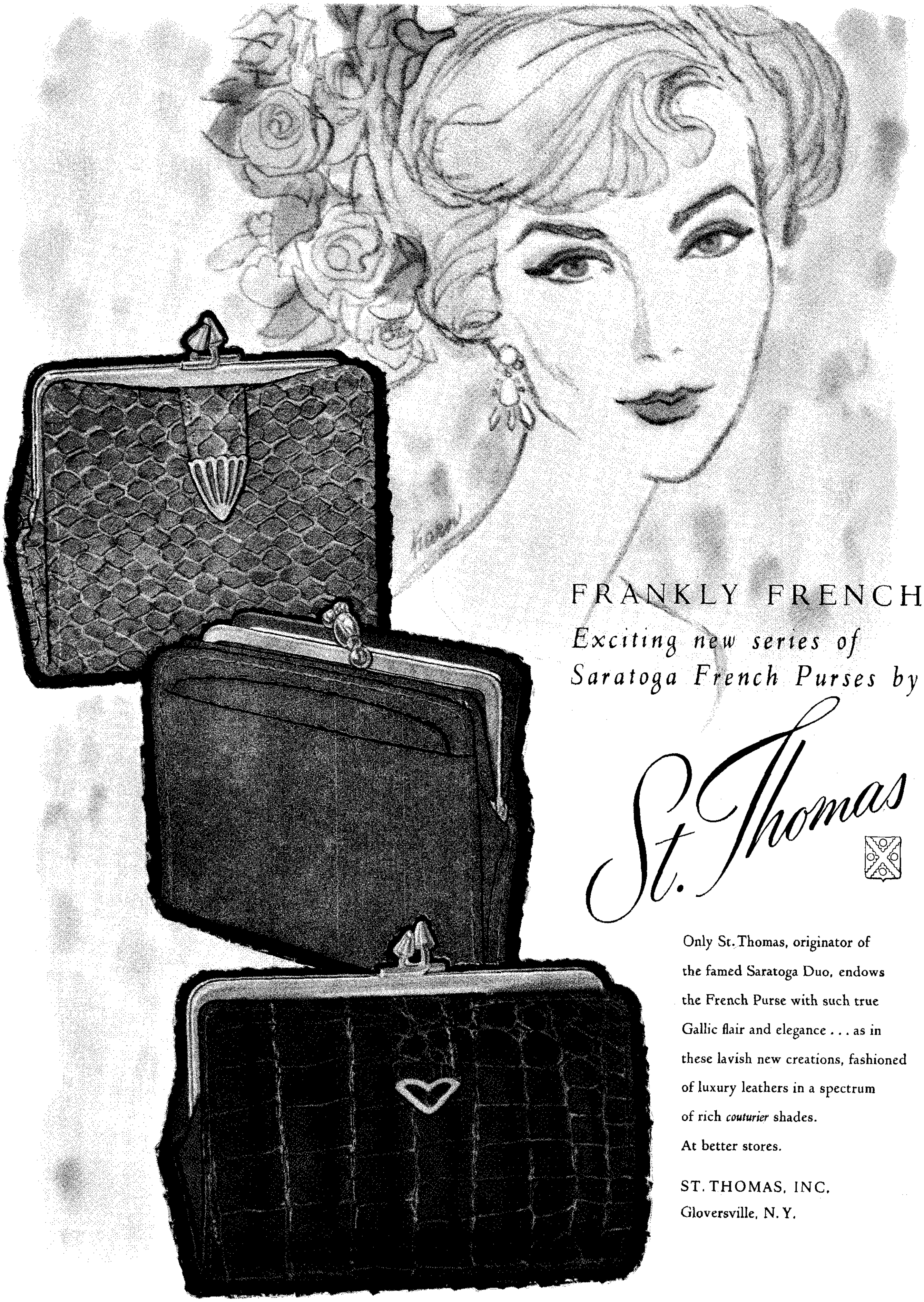

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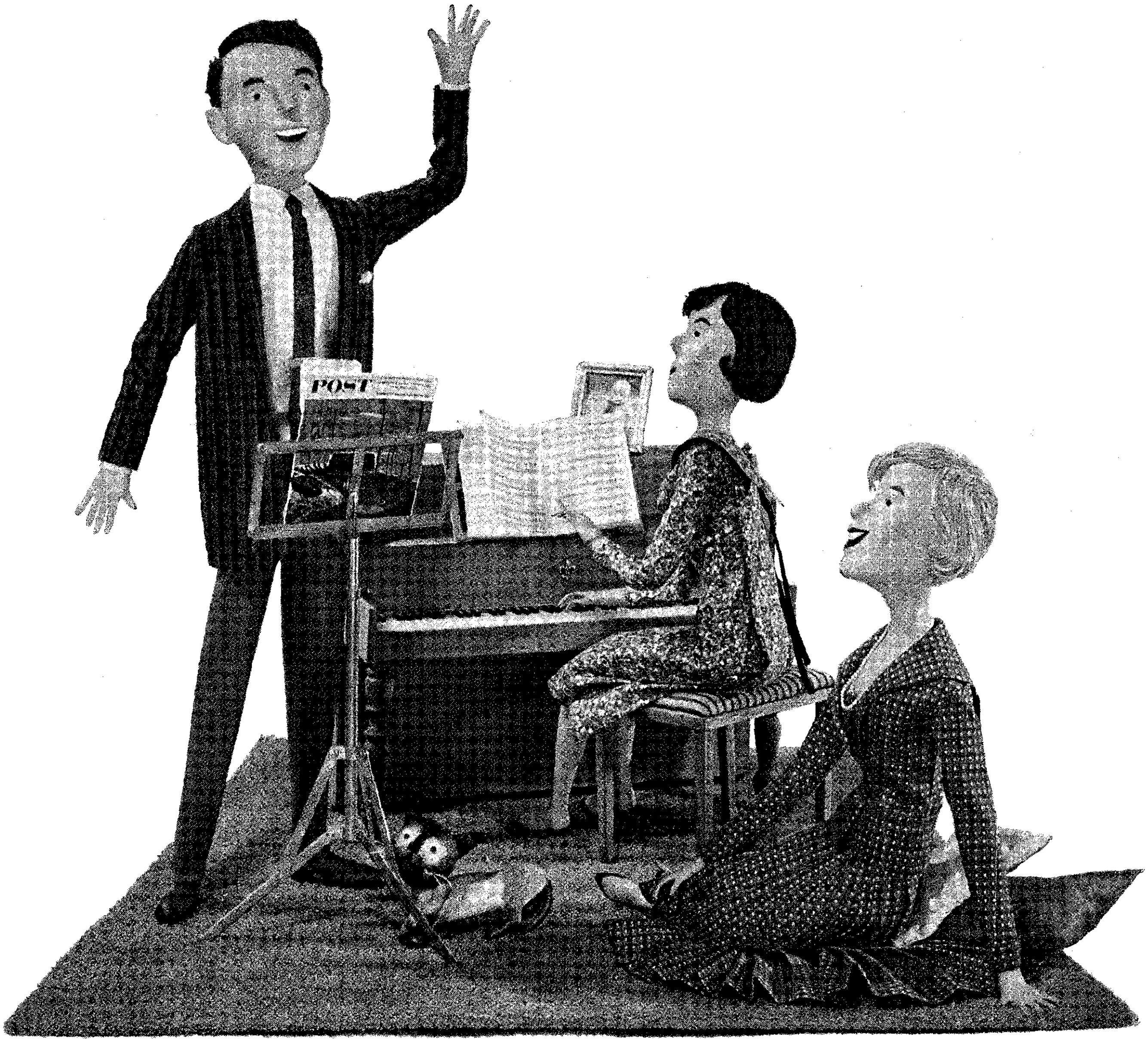

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◆

LIFE IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

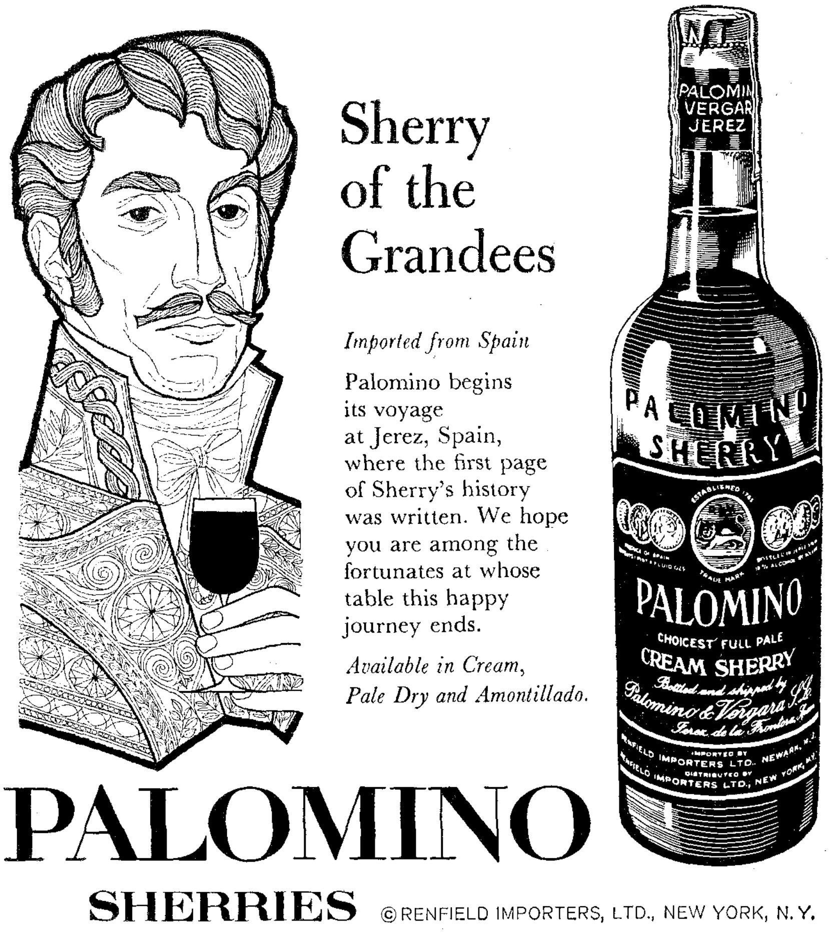
[*From the Nanchang Kiangsi Daily, an English-language Chinese Communist newspaper*]

One very dark night in the latter part of February, the chilly wind was howling. Three people were squatting in the pig pen and behind the door of the house of Kuan Liu in a village in Yunghsiu *hsien*, watching carefully the surrounding areas. They were the investigators of the public security organ and the people's police, waiting for the imminent visit of Hu Ch'ung-t'ing, counter-revolutionary at large.

Braving the rigor of the elements, the three comrades of the public security force had come all the way to the house to wait for the culprit. Comrade Min Lo-chuan particularly had to tolerate the offensive smell of the pig pen and lie on the manure-littered ground. But when Comrade Min thought of his duty as a member of the Communist Party and the wicked counter-revolutionary still at large, his attention was directed to the task on hand.

Cunning Hu Ch'ung-t'ing had probably sensed that something was not right as the villagers kept indoors that evening. The comrades waited until daybreak without seeing Hu sneak into the village.

The following evening, the comrades changed their posts. Min and Lo Shu-t'ang squatted beside the bamboo cot and the kitchen stove, using branches and straw as cover. Comrade Fu Ho-ch'iang and another people's policeman crouched in the next room. At about 8:30 p.m. when the villagers flocked to the theater to see a stage show, Hu sneaked into Kuan's house by the side door. He first sat on the bamboo cot beside the door and then flung his umbrella aside, hitting Comrade Min on the head. The latter remained motionless. When Hu laid down his knife and knelt down on the ground to pray for "longevity," Min and Lo leaped forward simultaneously, and seized Hu from behind. At first, Hu thought that Kuan Liu and her son were trying to pull him up and therefore he was not surprised. Not until he heard the curt words "Do not move!" did he realize that the public security personnel had come to arrest him. Thereupon, he started struggling desperately and turned around his hand seeking to seize Comrade Lo's revolver. At this moment, the two other comrades in the next room rushed to the scene and overpowered the culprit. Thus, this counter-revolutionary at large was finally captured alive by the public security personnel.



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BOOKS

The Beautiful and Doomed

IT would be easy to suppose at first and even second glance that Lady Diana Cooper's autobiography, "The Rainbow Comes and Goes" (Houghton Mifflin), was just another chatty *Tatler*-ish ramble through English life in high places and great houses. The title, taken from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," contrives to have a women's-magazine ring. The photographs are captioned "My mother before I knew her" (the Duchess of Rutland, a classically beautiful woman kneeling in a determinedly Grecian pose and an artistically unfashionable limp dress), "My father" (the Duke at his desk, where he spent some time writing letters to the *Times* and brooding over the iniquities of raising the income tax to elevenpence in the pound), "My wedding, 2 June 1919," "Letty's children were my pages," and so on, and the ground looks pretty familiar. A desultory dip can come up with a bit of gossipy trivia, studded with known and unknown names, such as "Dropped in at 24 for an hour and a half to dinner with Beaverbrook, Venetia, Diana Wyndham and Nellie; the last two did not once speak. V. was dressed like an elephant in 'howdahs' and sham Eastern spoils."

The book turns out to be a very different and much more interesting affair, however. Its author, when she was Lady Diana Manners, became a myth in the England of the First World War, and remained so afterward, as the loveliest woman of her age and the cause of much enjoyable headshaking among her elders as a leader of the "fast" young set, which was busy demolishing the last traces of the long, cast-iron reign of Victorian behavior. We can see the loveliness in the photographs, but the writer's self-portrait is even more attractive. The qualities that come out most strongly in Lady Diana's book are its generous warmth and the abundance of faithful love she poured out on her remarkable family, on her friends, and, in particular, on the man she married, Duff Cooper. It was characteristic that when he won the D.S.O. for gallantry on the Western Front in 1918, she thought immediately, in the middle of her delight, of "the others," who had not lived long enough to gather any glory for themselves—those young men of a particularly bright and gifted generation that was all but liquidated in the war. Of the gay party that met in Venice in the final unclouded summer of 1913 and shocked the Venetians (then more unused to foreign goings on, presumably, than they are now) by their frolics, which included "dancing and extravagance and lashings of wine," a girls' sparring match, and bets between the young men as to who would first swim the canal in evening clothes (Duff won), only she and Duff kept their vow to return. He had survived; the others had not. The horror of the days of meandering rivers of casualty lists crawling over the newspapers every morning after a new offensive had opened has never been better described.

Diana Manners' upbringing was liberal in the arts, if sketchy everywhere else. Her mother, the Duchess, was a talented artist, whose effigy for the tomb of her little son Haddon can be seen at the Tate Gallery, in London. She was also a strong-minded individualist, who wore the family tiara back to front for Court balls, hitched Nell Gwyn's historic pearl necklace to her shoulder instead of round her neck, and added the diamond motto of the Order of the Garter, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," "pinned where the fancy prompted her." Her educational notions were pinned on in some pretty haphazard places. There was a William Morris wallpaper in the Manners children's schoolroom, and reproductions of the Italian masters and death masks of Beethoven, Napoleon, and "L'Inconnue de la Seine" hung on the walls. In preparation for a world that was suddenly to turn nightmare, nothing ugly was allowed. Anything German, except for music, was "common," and even the adored Wagner only just scraped home; "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," the Duchess thought, were likewise just a bit common. She was a member of the group of intelligentsia who were called the Souls, and though her daughter Diana knew no mathematics and was taught by her mademoiselle to use only the familiar "*tu*" in conversation (so that in later years, when Duff Cooper became British Ambassador in Paris, his wife "talked to General de Gaulle and the Government and the Académie Française as though they

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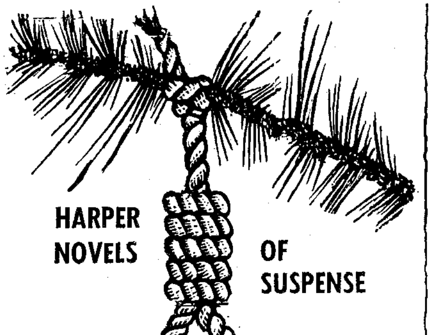

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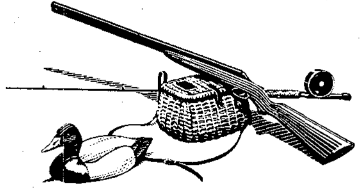
were intimates, children, or inferiors"), life with this unusual mother was a sort of education. Lady Diana, a child among the elderly Souls, was taken along on country houseparties where intellectual guessing games were played in the evenings (she once shouted to a revered Prime Minister, "Use your brain, Mr. Balfour, use your *brain!*"), and she was taken to see the old painter Watts and corresponded with George Meredith, after whose "Diana of the Crossways" the literary Duchess had named her. Life was divided between the Rutland house in London and their country seat, Belvoir Castle, the monstrous neo-Gothic pile that, when she first knew it, in her grandfather's day, was supported, as it were, on the shoulders of hordes of unseen, archaic djinn—the lamp-and-candle men, the watermen who lugged cans up and down the passages to fill the guests' jugs and hip baths, the coal men, black and sinister, who stoked the bedroom fires, the watchmen who walked the terraces and the battlements like the ghost of Hamlet's father. Her grandfather, the old Duke, who had appeared in Benjamin Disraeli's "Coningsby" as Henry Sidney, was still racily Regency enough in spirit to feel that a jingle about a cuckolded Roundhead finding a Cavalier hiding in his wife's bedroom was just the thing to chant to a six-year-old granddaughter. It was the end of an age, and she describes it well.

By 1914, the Souls were on the wane and the Coterie, of which Lady Diana was the moving spirit (its full, defiant title was the Corrupt Coterie), was in full swing, composed of Grenfells, Listers, Asquiths, Horners, Trees, Charterises, and Herberts—the golden and doomed young men. Duff Cooper had appeared and he wrote her love letters, sometimes three a day, and poems ("Here is a very hasty sonnet while waiting for dinner"). Since he gambled heavily at cards and liked cigars and champagne but had not the income to support these tastes, her mother viewed him without enthusiasm. War caught up with them all on August 4, 1914, as casually as though it had walked in while they, too, were waiting for dinner. Diana Manners heard the news when she was on a country visit, watching her brother John and his friends lying on their stomachs playing "the war game"—a battle of strategical wits, performed with armies of tin soldiers, that had been elaborated by Winston Churchill and was the fashionable craze of the moment.

The Coterie seems to have taken



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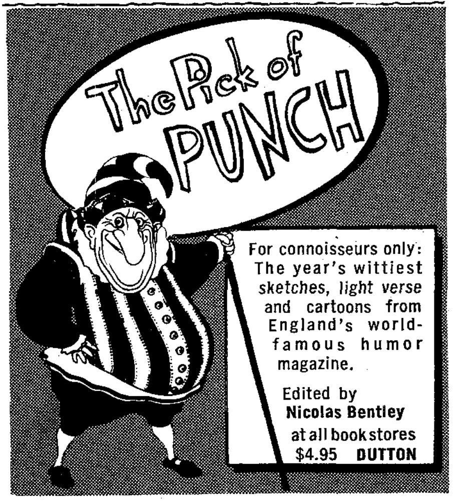

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some time to realize that this war was tougher. One of its members wrote gaily to Lady Diana saying that he had joined the London Volunteer Defense Force because he had calculated that "no member of it can possibly be killed before Goodwood 1917 at earliest," and it appears to have been the general tone. Their subsequent behavior, however, recalls the Oxford undergraduates who before the last war took the famous vote that they would under no circumstances fight for King and Country, and then hurled themselves into Spitfires and to their deaths at the earliest opportunity. By 1915, the gaps in the ranks were coming fast. Diana Manners had persuaded her mother to let her go and nurse civilians at Guy's Hospital, as an alternative to nursing in France, where the Duchess believed that wounded soldiers leaped like tigers upon every young woman in the ward. The product of that careful background where only the beautiful was permitted, she was pitchforked into "suffering, smells, and squalors"—the cancer operation to watch, the appalling dressings to assist at, the patience and the dirt of the poor, the eight or nine solid hours on the feet—and took to it with calm good sense, humor, and even a happy sense of release. Her letters to Duff Cooper from the hospital, and his to her from France, are probably the best things in the book. He describes a lovely sunny afternoon when he was crawling over no man's land on patrol practice and "found an arm sticking out of the earth. I don't know what impulse made me take off the glove. The arm had been there a long time and there was little left except bones. The hand was beautiful—thin and delicate like the hand of a woman, and the nails had grown long and even like a mandarin's nails. . . . It gave me no feeling of disgust or uneasiness but rather content to find that beauty can still hang about the bones, surviving the corruption of the flesh, and staying with the body until the bitter end of complete annihilation. . . . I wish I could have kept the glove."

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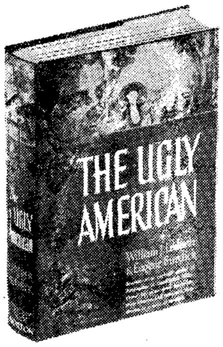

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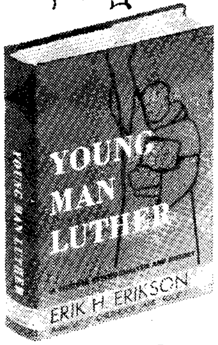

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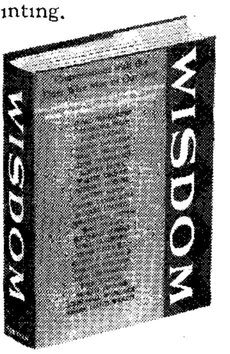

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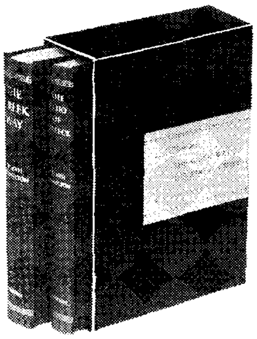

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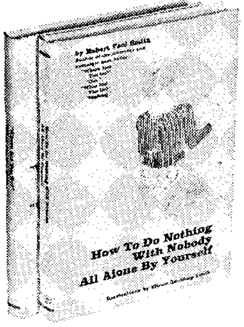

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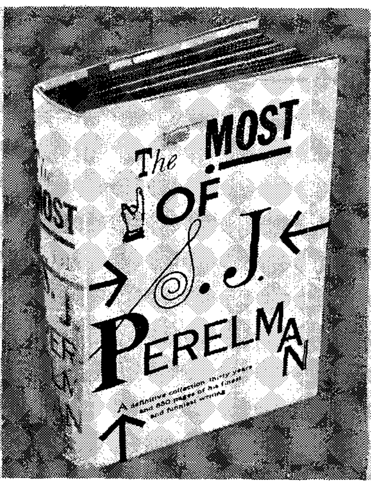
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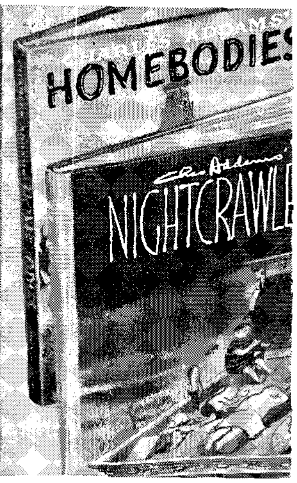
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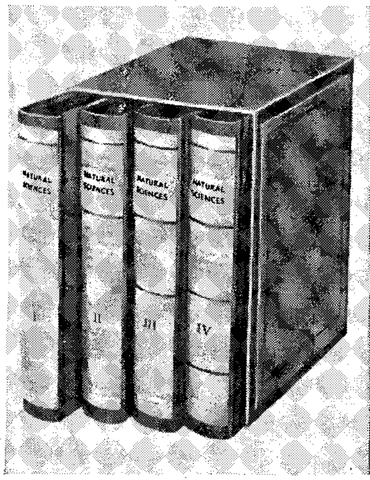
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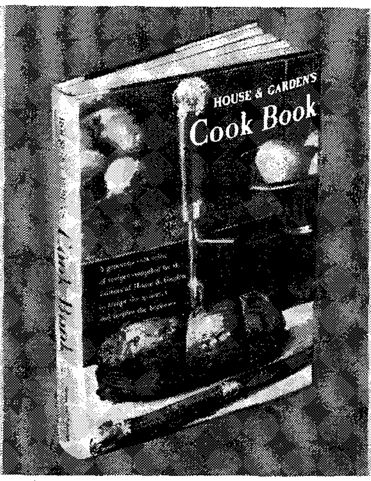
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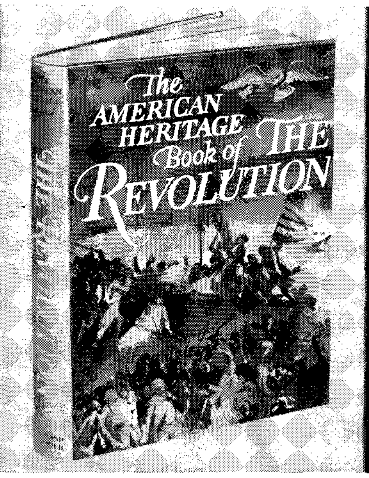
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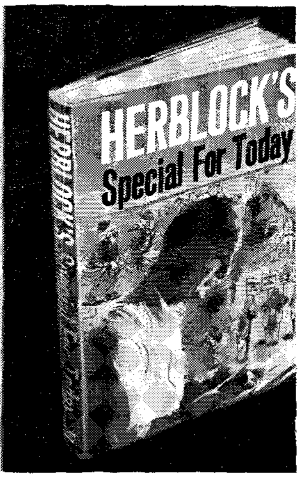
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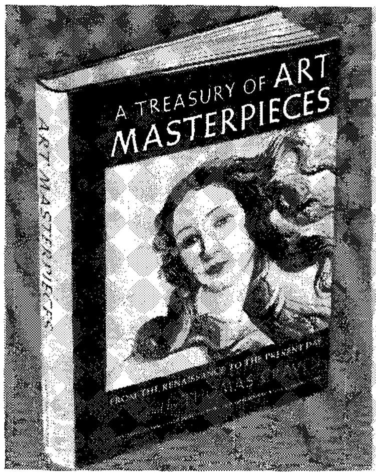
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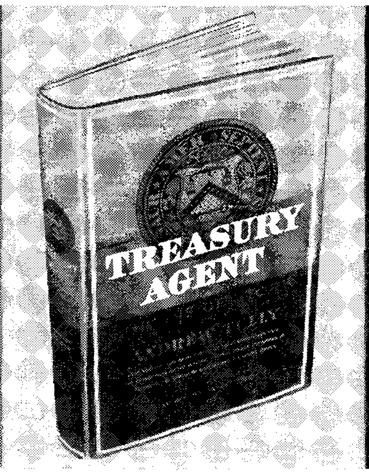
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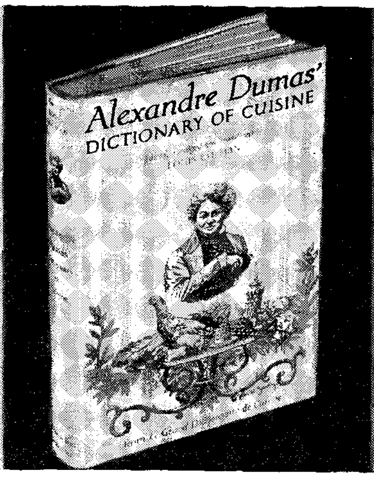
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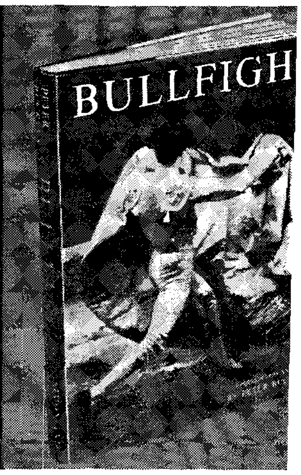

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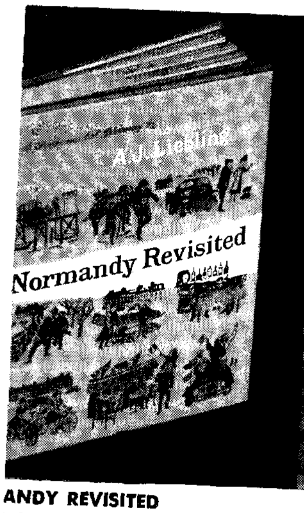
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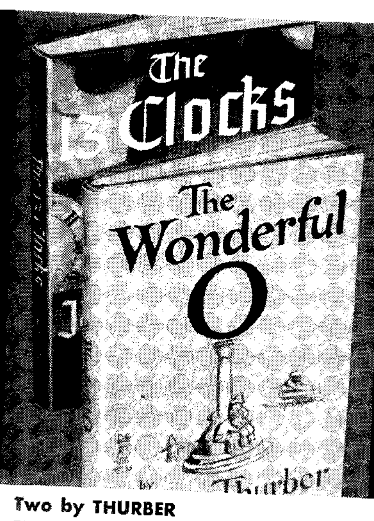
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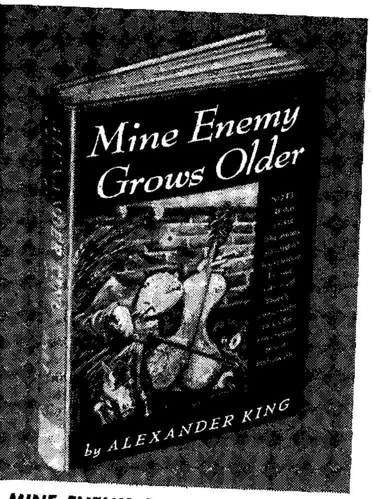
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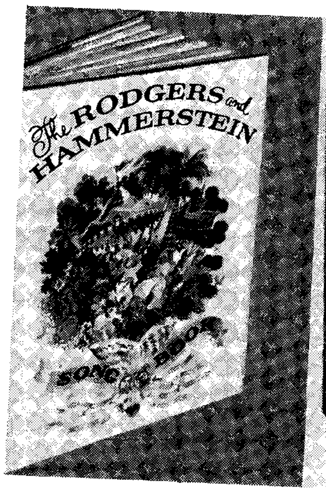
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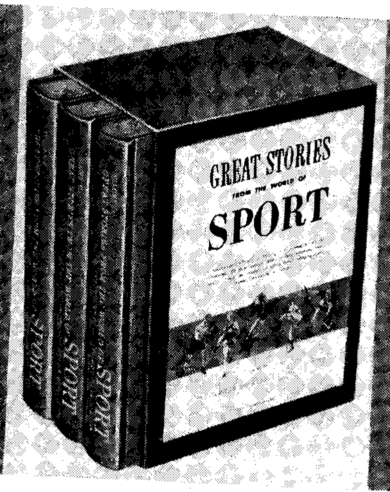
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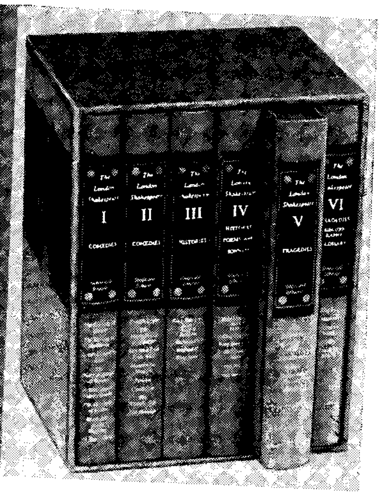
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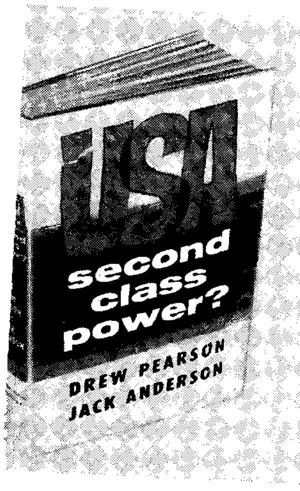
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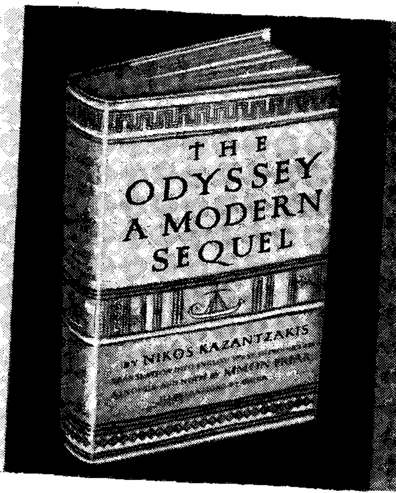
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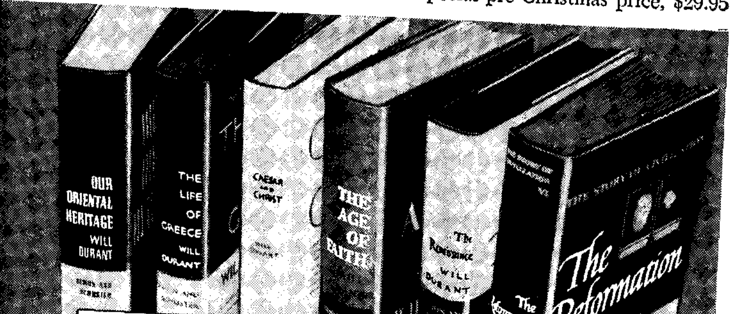
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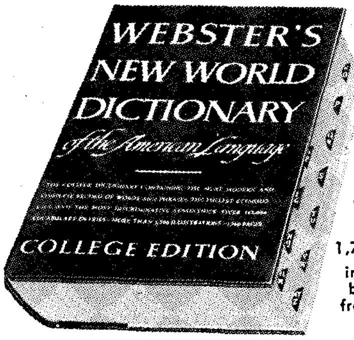

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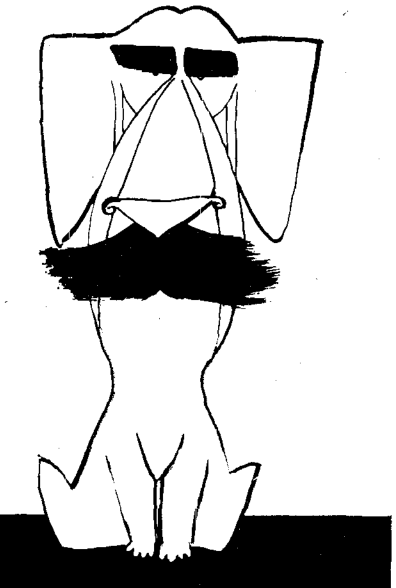
there was a hysterical round of pleasure in London, to which the young men returned for hectic leaves before going back to the front and the doubtful prospect of being alive for another (expectation of life for a Guards subaltern was the same as for a fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain). Some of the glimpses of the English upper classes at war are weird and wonderful—for one, the description of Lady Cunard and Lady Randolph Churchill (Winston's mother) turning up in the middle of a 1917 Zeppelin raid "both a little tipsy, dancing and talking wildly." Lady Cunard insisted on going out again to get to the opera, "because it being raid-night, the public required example. She really, I expect, wanted to die with Thomas Beecham if Covent Garden was to be hit. So we let her out at ten." And there is a fantastic account of a journey that a rich, powerful, and mysterious American called George Gordon Moore, who had much influence with Sir John French, the Commander-in-Chief, was able to arrange after Edward Horner, one of Diana Manners' most loved Coterie intimates, was desperately wounded in France. She and her mother, the young man's parents and sister, Sir Arbuthnot Lane (an eminent surgeon), and a special nurse were all spirited across the Channel to Boulogne and crowded around Edward's stretcher at the front-line hospital. "Oh darling, this is heaven," he said when he saw the extraordinary party. What the other stretcher cases thought we do not, unfortunately, know.

After the war, the Duke and Duchess at last gave in and consented to their daughter's marriage to Duff Cooper. Though he was obviously a first-class brain and a delightful companion, and though his war record had been brilliant, they seem to have still viewed him with suspicion and to have had no faith in the qualities that were, in fact, to make him First Lord of the Admiralty shortly before the last war, then Ambassador to France, and finally a peer of the realm. The ducal blessings on the couple were heavily loaded with warnings of debts, bailiff's men in the house, and all manner of disaster. From then on, the book is a falling off, as though the war had been so vast a climax that everything else seems dwarfed and flat. It stops abruptly (presumably a second volume is planned) as Lady Diana is on the point of leaving for America to appear as the Madonna in Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle," as part of the Plan whereby she and Duff were to make a fortune. "The Plan," she writes

"You're not paid to think, Lieutenant."



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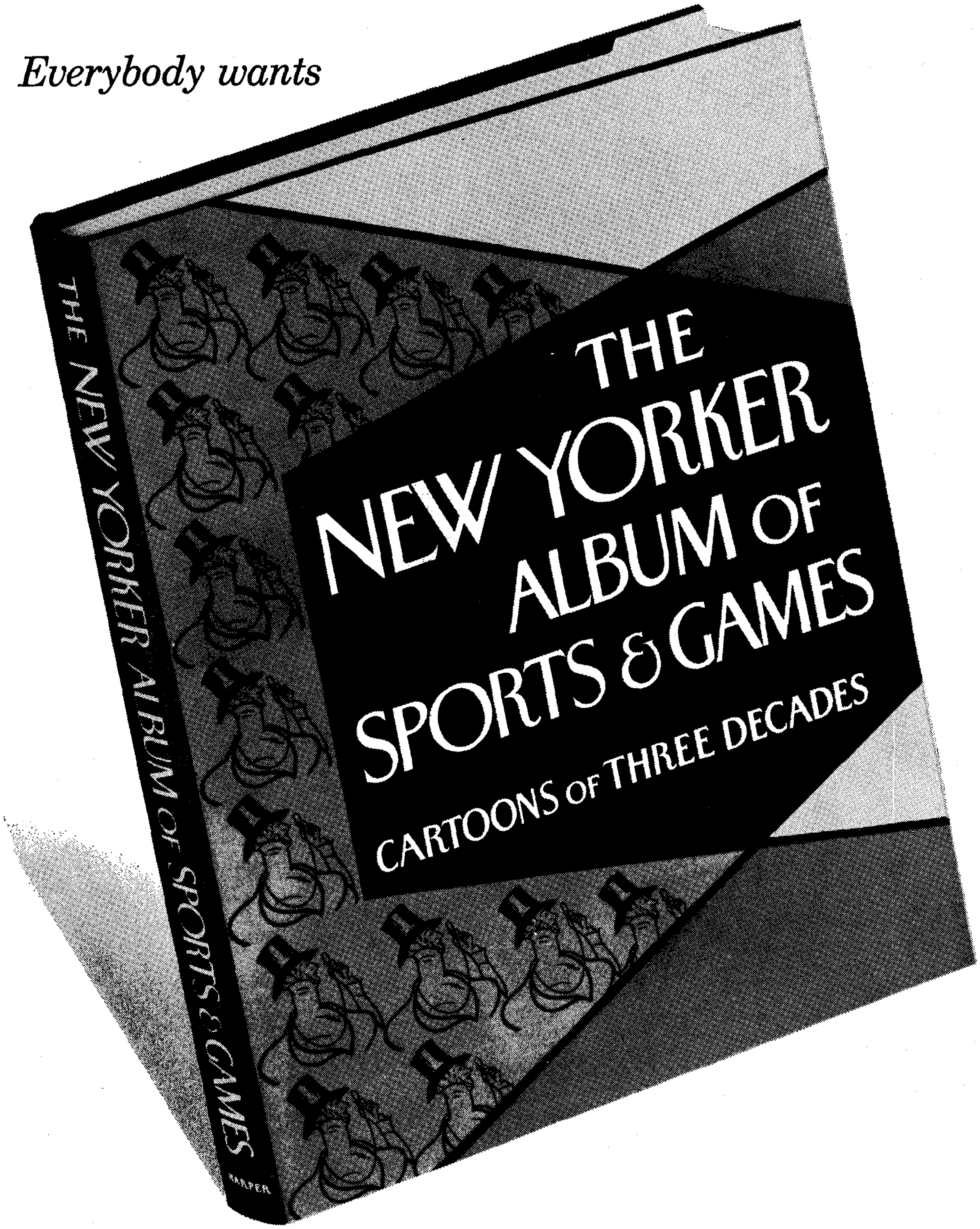
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in the last and, one should add, possibly the worst sentence in the book, "had taken the shape of a shining road leading upwards to the Vision Splendid"—or the Century Theatre, New York, as it happened. But as one turns back to her 1918 letters and Duff Cooper's, one suspects that the splendid vision was really over.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Post-Colonial

"ESMOND IN INDIA" (Norton) is Mrs. R. Prawer Jhabvala's third and best novel. There was something too bland and easy about the writing in her earlier books, which dealt, as does this one, with the social upheaval in modern urban upper-class India. Though reassuringly bare and quiet, this writing had a disturbingly round whiteness, like those huge hothouse capons that appear to have no bones. Concomitantly, these books had gentle, watery resolvings that seemed to wash away all that had gone before. But Mrs. Jhabvala has tightened up both her prose and her thinking. The result is a tough, deftly executed social comedy, in which the ironies she once softened stick up as straight as ramrods, and even, surprisingly, indicate a subtle but unmistakable bitterness.

When Mrs. Jhabvala allows herself the luxury of a metaphor or simile, it almost blinds, partly because of its novelty and partly because of its perfection:

> the hostess, staring at her with great naked blue eyes like hardboiled eggs.

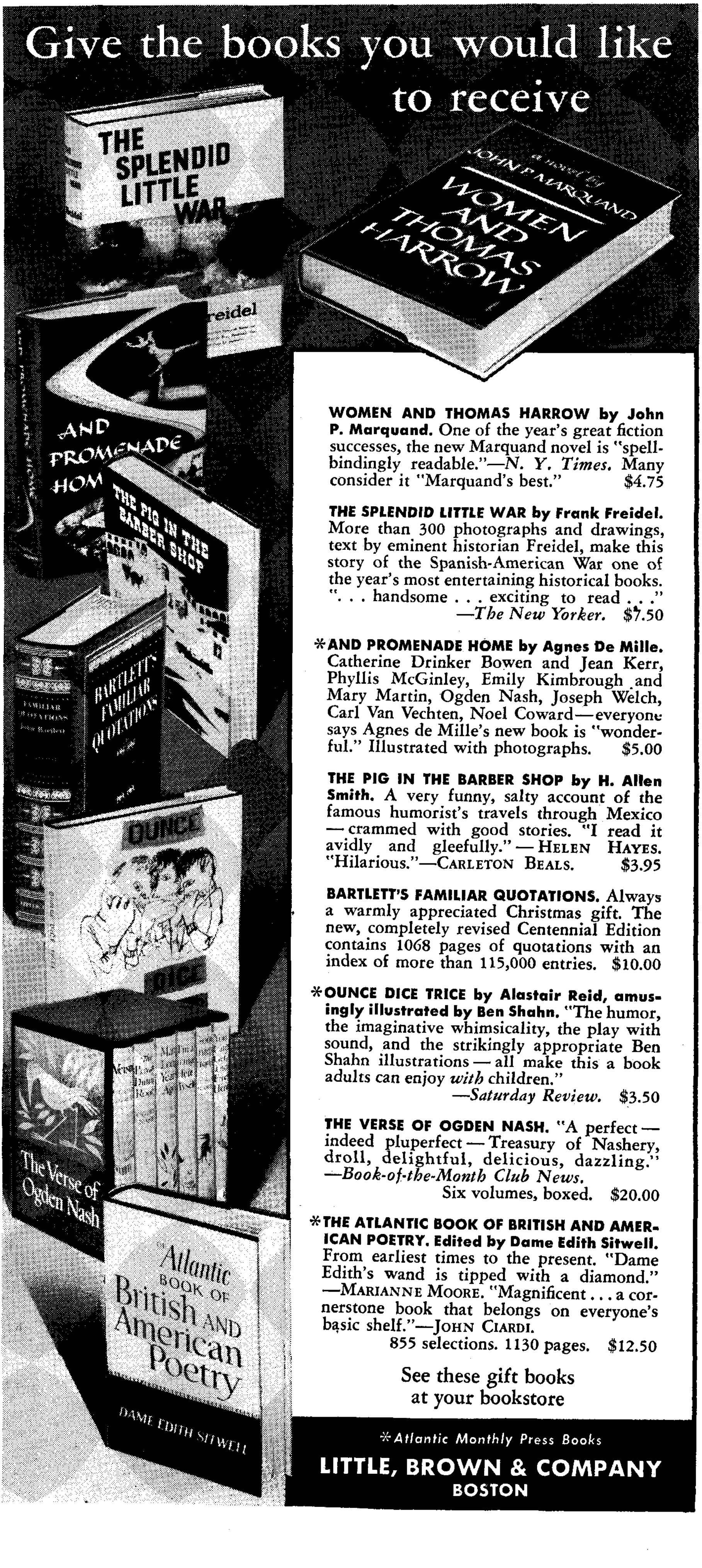
> the ceiling from which two fans hung suspended like dead spiders.

> the milkseller pouring his milk in a long stream as if it were to be measured by the yard.

> he had . . . seen eggshell dawns breaking over a landscape of dust and dry thorns.

But most of the time we skim along over not only level (if Mrs. Jhabvala now has a fault, it is that her prose is *too* level; sometimes it resembles a meticulously kept English park) but crystal and funny passages like this:

> A bride fit for the Lord Krishna, she told her husband as she adorned him with a fresh garland, and she has thrown herself away on that leprous one. Her husband, however, continued to stare impassively out of his frame; just as he had done five years ago when she came to him once, twice, three times every day to weep and complain how their daughter wanted to marry an Englishman. At that time she had taken almost a dislike to him; resenting the fact that he was only a photograph, and a very undistinguished one at that, looking like all other photographs of the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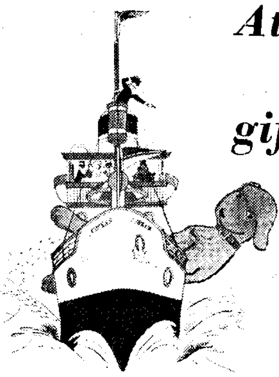
dead, dim and remote and blurring off into nothing at the edges—when she had such great need of him. It was strange that he, of all people, should fail her. In his lifetime he had never failed her.

For the first time, Mrs. Jhabvala indulges in symbolism—not the Thomas Mann look-at-me kind but the partially submerged take-it-or-leave-it Melville variety. The hero, Esmond Stillwood, a young English intellectual who earns his living in India by tutoring the children of well-to-do English and Indians, is a handsome and vicious bully. He turns to dust whatever he touches—a sour, anachronistic representative of the sins of British colonialism. This symbolism goes further. The story—or, better, investigation, for Mrs. Jhabvala is one of those novelists who appear to be continually investigating (with relish) rather than merely writing out their materials—revolves around two families, that of Har Dayal (old India), a wealthy, vaguely intelligent, and kindly New Delhi businessman, and that of Ram Nath (new India), a poor, disillusioned intellectual. Although they were once close friends, Har Dayal has done nothing to help Gandhi and the Congress Party, while Ram Nath has gone to jail and poured away his fortune for the cause. Now Har Dayal is influential and respected and Ram Nath is a forgotten revolutionist. Stillwood moves discomfitingly between the two families by making a miserable marriage with Ram Nath's niece, Gulab, a beautiful, voluptuous, slow-minded, inordinately lazy girl, who seems to loll all over the book (she is, indeed, a fictional masterpiece), and by having, when his marriage is in ruins, a short, intense, totally selfish affair with Shakuntala, Har Dayal's handsome, naïve nineteen-year-old daughter. But Esmond is only a part of the intimate social workings of the two families, which, like all families, grind along on the bearings of hypocrisy, envy, fear, misunderstanding, and love, and which, in scene after scene, Mrs. Jhabvala examines with an exquisitely proportioned sense of satire that mocks only enough to illuminate. Best of all, the book, like its predecessors, which shunned the convention of the novelistic climax, has the slightly inconclusive air of being just another installment of what has already become a first-rate comic saga.

TOBY HOOD, the hero of Nadine Gordimer's new novel, "A World of Strangers" (Simon & Schuster), is also a young English intellectual abroad. But the place is Johannesburg, where,



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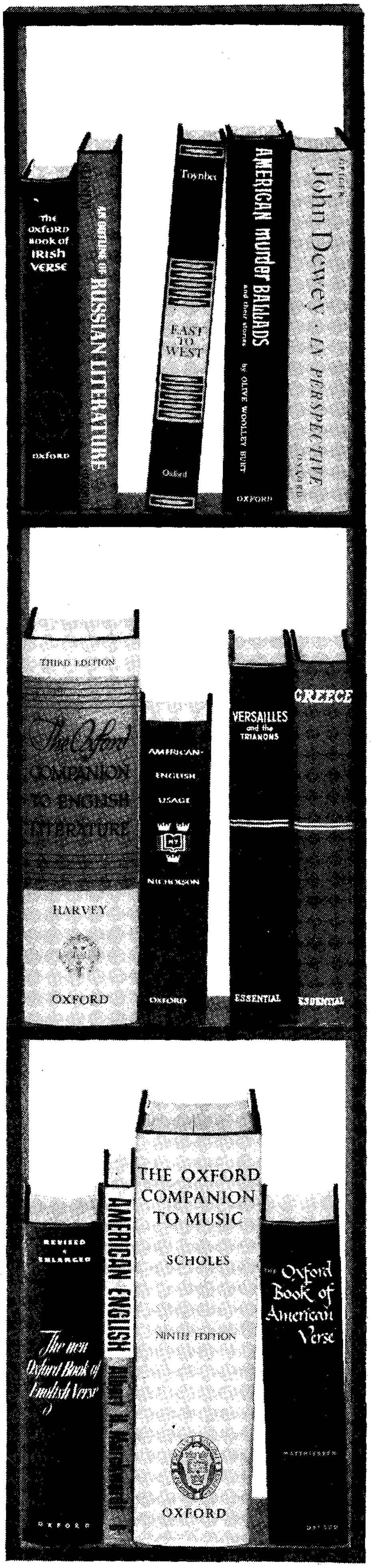
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finding himself between the opposing camps of wealthy whites and impoverished Negroes, Hood, a warm, sensitive, neutral observer, confusedly sways back and forth, until he finally crashes into the Negro camp. (Doing the reverse would have made, in this age of dull liberalism, a fascinating, if unfashionable, examination of what makes the racial bigot tick.) But Miss Gordimer's study of race prejudice and social revolt never seems as important as the way she unreels it. There is very little filigree in her short, carefully balanced sentences. In fact, there are nearly no breathing spaces at all between her abundant, almost cosseted adjectives, metaphors, and similes, which are held together by an unflagging poetic sense. The result is that one is always conscious of a pleased deliberation, as if her prose were continually hugging itself. In many of her descriptions, the content is almost smothered:

> There were no street lights, and in the night that seemed to well up like dark water around the low, close confusion of shacks and houses, while, higher up, where we were, the day lingered in a pink mist, cooking fires showed like the flame of a match cupped in the hand.

One doesn't know until the end whether Toby Hood, who is cleverly described at the outset as a man rebelling against his parents' conventional rebellion against Victorian narrowness and snobbery, will go over to the Negro side, and when he does, there is no real satisfaction. There is only that dismaying low center of gravity that one feels after an enormous, perfectly cooked Thanksgiving dinner.

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exception, these novels deal, in the manner of Mailer, with small groups involved in a single action or closely related ones. They are often sentimental and badly written. They are peopled with types—the tough sergeant, the cowardly officer, the clown from Brooklyn, the aloof intellectual. At the same time, they are uniformly excellent when describing, in the minutest, most outspoken way, the horrors of battle. In fact, taken together, they give one the ghostly feeling that the depravity of war continues to stubbornly echo its way around the world—for these novels have come from many countries—with enough strength to stir the meanest creative talent. Apparently designed primarily as adventure books, they have instead become a series of persistent, needling, almost religious tracts.

Colin McDougall, a Canadian, has now written a novel, "Execution" (St. Martin's Press), that is typical of all this. It concerns a small collection of Canadian infantrymen in the Italian campaign. The hero is a clean-shaven, idealistic machine, and there is a picturesque, bearish, heart-of-gold general, a weaselly private, a thick ex-farmhand who is the best Bren gunner in Italy, and so forth. There are, too, round-shouldered Whitman visions like this:

> Today [Lieutenant Adam] possessed a slow, sad certainty of knowledge. The mystery of man and his plight lay revealed before him. He knew man because he *was* man. Today he felt himself to exist at the central suffering core of all humanity. He was filled with a huge compassion and love and understanding for every man who had ever lived.

But again, what remain are such intense, almost physical vignettes as these: The brutal execution, in a Sicilian farmyard, of two harmless Italian deserters by the Canadians; two officers whiling away an afternoon in the bell tower of

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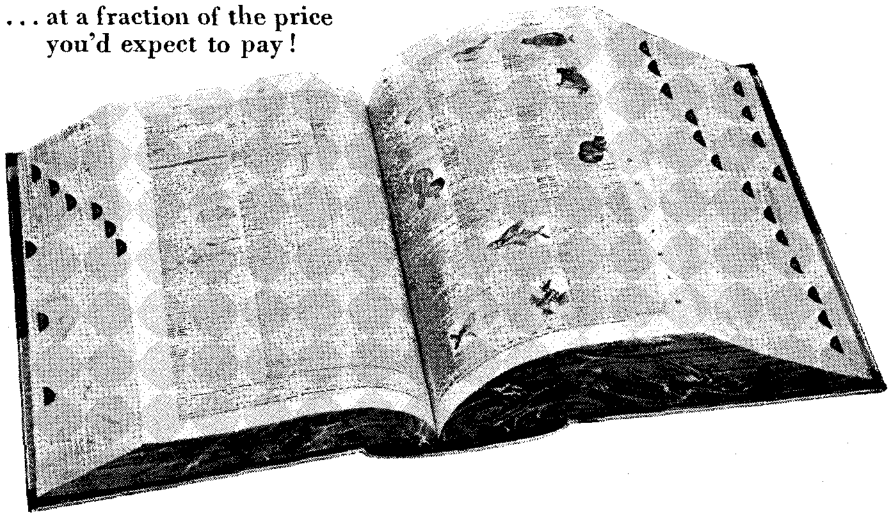

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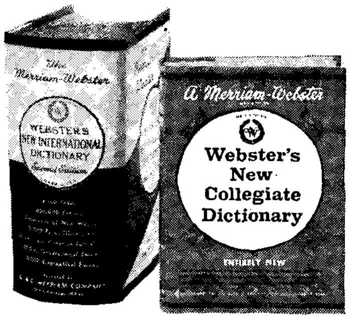

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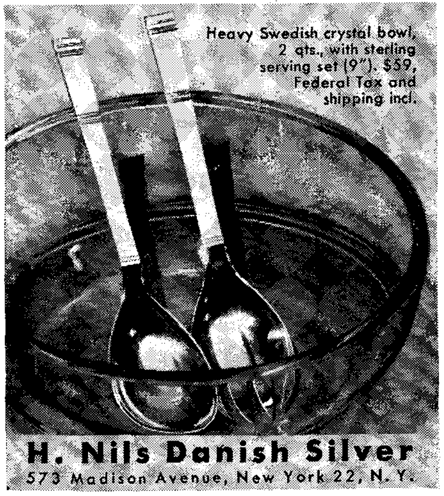

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a church by conjugating Latin verbs, drinking rum, and sniping; an Italian farmer seeing his son blown to bits by a shell; a blundering, bloody attempt to break through the Adolf Hitler Line below Rome with a frontal attack. Like the amoeba, folly never really changes.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ASK ME NO MORE, by Pamela Frankau (Harper). Alex Wharton, the central figure in Miss Frankau's long romantic novel, is in her late twenties when the story begins and in her late forties when it ends. The setting for the greater part of the time is London, and the most dramatic points of color in the background are provided by the London theatre world—its natural air of excitement and importance and intrigue, its restaurants, and its people. As the story begins, Alex is secretary to Geoffrey Bliss, a writer-producer-actor of unlimited success, whose good looks and brilliant talk and amiable disposition are as famous as his boundless charm for women. However, in spite of the satisfactions of owning a town house and a country house and expensive cars, and in spite of his servants and admirers and the general glamour of his position, Geoffrey hates himself, and it is perhaps for this reason that he keeps himself tied to Alex, who is not merely his capable and efficient and clear-eyed employee but also his chief mistress—the one who has lasted longest in his life, although she is obliged to share him with more transient loves. The secret of Alex's power over Geoffrey is a simple one—she judges him guilty, as he judges himself. The whole complicated structure of this story rests on the fact that Geoffrey, who is kind and likes to make things easy for himself and for others, tells lies. He tells soothing lies to women, gallant lies about women, and decorative, general lies about himself and his affairs. He is not what Alex would call strictly honest, and she is nothing but strict and, by her standards, honest. In all the woods and forests of life, Alex can recognize only the one tree that she has marked "Honesty," and from this tree she hangs every human being she meets. For each necessary little lie that Geoffrey tells, Alex tells an unnecessary little truth. She is one of those women who find it clever to catch the little boy in ev-

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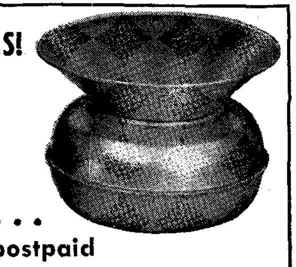

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill, by John Cheever (*Harper, $3*).

These eight stories, which, between covers, achieve almost the unity of a novel, are about the outrageous lives of some conventional upper-middle-class people in conventional upper-middle Westchester County. Mr. Cheever resists any temptation to meddle with this juicy paradox, and maintains a deadpan sang-froid.

Normandy Revisited, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

A revisit to the Norman towns and farms and beaches that the author first saw as a student back in the twenties and later covered as a correspondent when they became the battlefields of the Second World War. This blend of reporting and double reminiscence is also, as Mr. Liebling's readers need hardly be told, a testament to an appetite at table that is at once prodigious and choosy, and to the digestive tract that has stood so loyally behind it through three eras.

Oooh, What You Said!, by Arthur Kober (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

Nineteen comic monologues of woe, written in phonetic Bronxese, almost all of them about well-earned double-dealing, and told with indignant gusto by either the injured party or friend of same.

More in Sorrow, by Wolcott Gibbs (*Holt, $4*).

A choice, made by Wolcott Gibbs shortly before his death, of thirty-five of his Profiles, short stories, parodies, and critical and reminiscent essays. The basic element in all of them is satire or comedy, and the book, besides displaying its author's versatility and special clarity of style and vision, can be used as evidence that a humorist, if he is also a writer, is at home in every medium. Charles Addams' affectionate caricature of Mr. Gibbs on the dustjacket is another element that makes this book a striking memorial to a great humorist who *was* a writer.

The Puerto Ricans, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $3.75*).

An expanded version of Mr. Rand's examination (geographical and social, but never sociological) of our local Puerto Rican *barrio*, which has itself expanded from its original small-town limits in East Harlem. The author manages to combine sympathy and detachment as he discusses our impact (bustling and strange) on the lives of the Puerto Ricans, and their impact (disruptive and stimulating) on ours.

The Incurable Wound, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

Mr. Roueché continues to investigate some of the drugs and symptoms within handy reach of all of us, and some of the doctors and health officials who investigate the symptoms to prescribe the drugs. Of the six reports collected here, five deal with medical cases. The sixth is the story of an amnesia victim who, frantically anonymous, rushed around New York for a week and then suddenly, in the psychiatric ward at Bellevue, remembered who he was.

The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures, by John Updike (*Harper, $2.75*).

In these poems, Mr. Updike, mercifully reviving the neglected art of light verse, turns verbal cartwheels around a variety of subjects concerning both the inner and the outer man.

First Love and Other Sorrows, by Harold Brodkey (*Dial, $3.50*).

Nine stories that describe with precision those waves of indefinable sorrow that afflict the young.

Listening to Music, by Winthrop Sargeant (*Dodd, Mead, $4*).

A volume of critical reports that sets forth one man's opinions—some enthusiastic, some peppery—of musical events in this city and of a few music festivals in Europe. Mr. Sargeant gives enthusiastic encouragement to the composers (dead or alive) and the performers who seem to treat music as an art, and uses his pepper lavishly on the ones who are apparently determined to switch it over into the abstract sciences. Drawings by Laszlo.

Nabokov's Dozen, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

Thirteen stories, written with a total disregard for the principles of perspective. Mr. Nabokov describes the trees, and a whole new wood emerges.

A New England Girlhood, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $3.75*).

Unsentimental reminiscences of a girlhood that was neither poor-little-rich-girl nor poor-little-match-girl but one of civilized parents, well-polished silver, and plenty of beaux.

Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures, by Philip Hamburger (*Rinehart, $3.75*).

In Mr. Hamburger's municipal landscape with figures, Mayor Wagner and former Mayor O'Dwyer are portrayed in detail, while some of their predecessors at Gracie Mansion, their colleagues at City Hall, and the hangers-on whose ambition it is to join them on the city payroll are sketched in lightly. A train ride with Toscanini and a springtime walk along Spring Street are just a couple of the Other Pleasures at hand.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $2.50*).

A chapbook of poems in favor of Christmas, plus an essay against restrictive New Year's clauses, that should help sustain the Christmas spirit at least until the bills come in. Embellished with water-color decorations by Ilonka Karasz.

The Seven Fat Years, by John Brooks (*Harper, $4*).

Reports on a number of men in Wall Street who, with painstaking craftsmanship, devote their lives to making money—not necessarily entirely for themselves. Mr. Brooks details their skirmishes (the proxy fight for control of the New York Central) and their triumphs (the sale, in 1956, of some ten million shares of Ford common stock), and clears up the mysterious, complex work they've been doing over the past seven years for the benefit of those of us in the lower brackets.

The Most of S. J. Perelman, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

Since 1930, Mr. Perelman has been pulling the rug out from under both his subjects and his readers, and this exactly titled book is an instructive demonstration of his varied and erudite humorous techniques.

The New Yorker Album of Sports and Games (*Harper, $5*).

A volume of around four hundred cartoons depicting contests of skill or chance, or the reactions of people watching them. They were chosen by the magazine's editors (a sedentary bunch, by and large) from among the thousands that have appeared in these pages.

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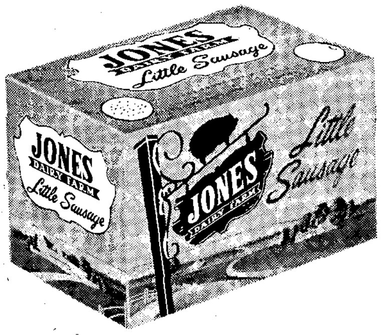

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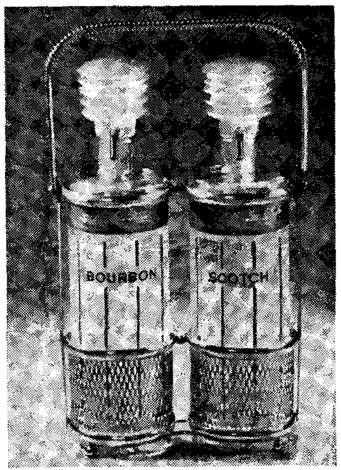

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ery man—but to catch him out, hear him confess his sin, and love him in his penitence. While Alex is a bore, she is a most complicated bore, combining the completest possible sexual complacency with the cold compassion of the youngest, brightest, holiest member of the Inquisition. She would deny being holy (wryly smiling), but she is. Although any reader can see from the beginning that this pair is poorly matched, the attraction between them—between the self-satisfied, because dull, and the guilty, because brilliant—is undeniable, and Miss Frankau has made a rousing good novel out of it.

GATE TO THE SEA, by Bryher (Pantheon). The time is the fourth century B.C., and the place is Paestum, a small, marvellously beautiful Greek settlement south of Naples. Paestum has recently been conquered by barbarians, who have enslaved all the surviving citizens, including Harmonia, a priestess and the guardian of the settlement's treasured relics. The story turns on Harmonia's heroic and desperate action in leading her fellow-countrymen and fellow-slaves into exile, so that they may be free again. Bryher writes with her customary almost unearthly intimacy with and sympathy for these courageous human beings of long ago.

THE MOUNTAIN IS YOUNG, by Han Suyin (Putnam). Poor Anne Ford—"a beautiful English girl, a wayward writer in search of herself," to quote Dr. Han—is cold and unawakened. Lovemaking with her husband John, a retired colonial civil servant, is a chore. She has a hunch that she may find herself in Nepal, so she gets herself a teaching job at a girls' school there. Her hunch is right. Up near the snow line, whom should she meet but Unni Menon, an engineer who is nothing less than "a modern incarnation of the Lord Krishna." He is a whiz at awakening cold Anglo-Saxon ladies, and he soon has Anne set to rights; apparently the trouble all along was that old Western materialism. The writing wobbles between rich, bosomy best-sellerese and bathos: "April was come to the valley, with risen sap and oratories of leaves. . . . 'Why, these hills are friable,' cried Anne." Somehow Dr. Han's picture of Nepal as a sexual Klondike surrounded by friable hills isn't altogether convincing.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN, by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Van-

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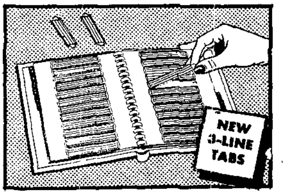

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guard). This is a neat, shallow, eminently filmable story of ideological conflict among European plantation owners, a female American idealist, and Communist partisans in Malaya. The American woman manages to woo a girl partisan away from Communism but not to win her over to her own liberal faith in human decency. The girl repays this kindness by arranging for the partisans to kidnap the woman and by running off with her husband—becoming, as a cynical European police official puts it, "one of us" by committing this act of scheming treachery. Mr. Alec Guinness correctly described Mr. Boulle's last offering, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," as being about a dotty lieutenant colonel; this one is about a half-witted Girl Scout. The author may know his Southeast Asia, but he seems to have met an unusually high proportion of lame-brained people there.

WAYS OF SUNLIGHT, by Samuel Selvon (St. Martin's). Although many of these nineteen short stories are only brief, ironic sketches, mood pieces, or even extended jokes, the best of them—which are set in London and written flawlessly in the English dialect of the British West Indian Negro—have, because of their humor and unobtrusive poetic motion, perfect pitch.

GENERAL

STALINGRAD, by Heinz Schröter, translated from the German by Constantine Fitzgibbon (Dutton). This account of the great Russian victory of the winter of 1942-43 is the work of a very competent military journalist who became part of the Nazi propaganda machine after lengthy experience with the German Army's public-relations service. He is still very much the Army's man and an apologist for the generals in their conflicts with Hitler and the political soldiers (such as Keitel and Jodl), whom he holds entirely responsible for the strategic and tactical blunders that led to the liquidation of General Friedrich Paulus's German Sixth Army. Although Herr Schröter gives an unusually clear picture of the command problems of the generals who were operating in the field under the handicap of Hitler's remote control, he keeps a nice balance between the headquarters view of events and that of the front-line troops. He has special qualifications for describing the latter, since he was

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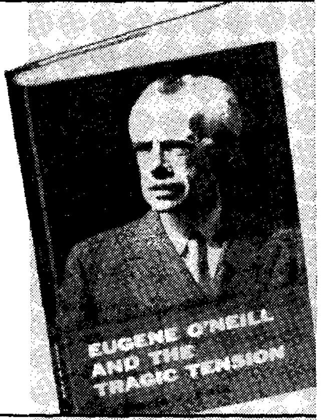

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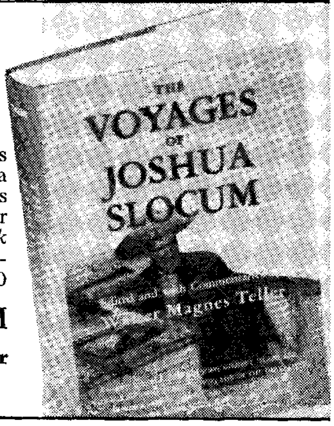

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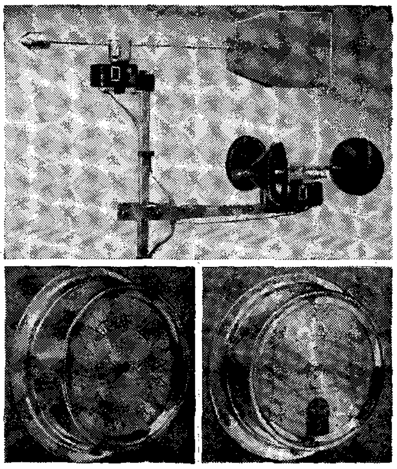

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assigned to the task of writing an official report on Stalingrad in February, 1943, and was given all the documents available, including the last batch of mail flown out of the pocket in which the Russians had the Sixth Army surrounded. It says a good deal for Herr Schröter's outlook that he thinks it quite right and proper that he—and not the relatives of the fighting soldiers to whom they were addressed—should have got these letters. Like Generals Guderian and von Manstein, and all the other apologists for the German Army, Herr Schröter sounds as though he would have been perfectly content if Hitler had stuck to his grisly pastimes at home instead of meddling with military matters. He has no regrets that a German army went to Stalingrad—only that it was destroyed there. When Herr Schröter says that the reader of his book "may curse those whose deeds . . . seem to him heavy with guilt," he means that his reader may feel strongly against the men who made command errors during the battle; the question of guilt in the matter of provoking an unnecessary and catastrophic war isn't in his mind. The maps, like all German war maps, are models of clarity; the account of the fighting is exceptionally easy to follow; and the portrait of Paulus, one of history's unluckiest generals, brings out something of his Hamlet-like side and something of the eerie fascination of his terrible position. Photographs.

THE SOUL OF CHINA, by Amaury de Riencourt (Coward-McCann). A historical study of China, illuminated by brilliant and creative scholarship. The author, a French writer and lecturer on world politics, has set out to explain, with the entire perspective of China's political and cultural history in full view, why that vast theatre of civilization has suddenly become viciously totalitarian. What he says, in effect—and with ill-disguised impatience over Occidental obtuseness—is that China is not a country emerging from the Dark Ages; China, he maintains, has already gone through her great historical cycle and is suffering not from "*arrested* growth but from *terminated* growth." For about half the book, M. de Riencourt develops this theme, showing how the cultural and historical evolution of China has conformed to a consistent pattern, and suggesting that the same pattern is

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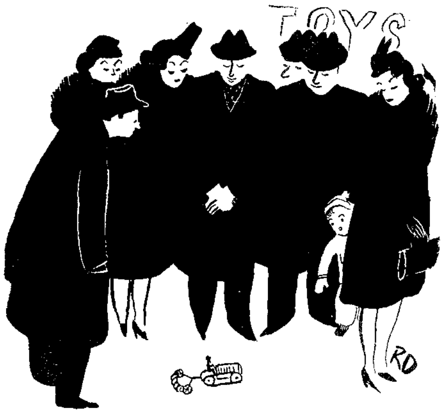
being followed, with a time lag of something like two thousand years, by Western civilization. In the latter half of his book, he discusses the collisions between the two civilizations that took place in the past hundred years and that had, in his view, an inevitable outcome—China's violent rejection of the West and all its values, and her embracing of a new religion (Marxism) as a substitute for the ancient Confucian one. M. de Riencourt has a tendency to be doctrinaire at times, and it is not likely that everyone will go the whole way with him in his rather didactic interpretation of historical causality. Nevertheless, he has written one of the most stimulating books to come out in years.

ROCK OF EXILE, by D. M. Booy (Devin-Adair). A tantalizing account of fourteen months during the Second World War that the author spent as a member of a small unit of British naval telegraphers on Tristan da Cunha, a desolate, British-owned extinct volcano, thirty square miles in size, that rises nearly seven thousand feet out of the South Atlantic and is the most remote populated island in the world. (The nearest human beings are on St. Helena, twelve hundred miles to the north.) The place was settled in 1817 by a Scottish soldier, William Glass, who had been a member of the garrison sent to the island to keep an eye on Napoleon on St. Helena, and by 1942, the population, swelled by Americans, Danes, Italians, Germans, and Dutch, had reached two hundred. The residents, occupying a cluster of stone-and-thatch houses strung along the only habitable area on the island—a nine-by-one-mile shelf along its northern edge—and speaking a strange English that sounds, from the few quotations given, like a stew of Hardy, T. F. Powys, and Eliza Doolittle, subsisted largely on fish and potatoes; allowed



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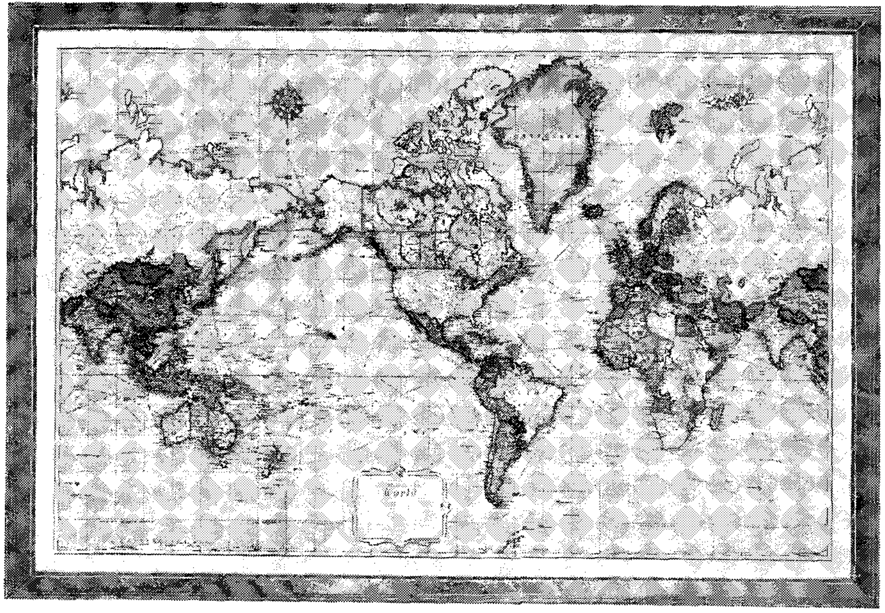

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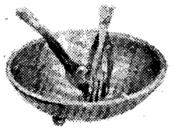

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their cattle and donkeys to fend for themselves in all weathers; had driven away the birds and seals by heedless hunting; and went to church and school only when a missionary happened along. Nonetheless, there was no drinking, no crime, and little immorality, and the islanders' health—particularly their teeth—was excellent. Mr. Booy outlines just enough of all this to make us want to know *why* this primitive miniature republic, governed only by a popularly chosen "headman" and the law of public opinion, has flourished so long in a place almost totally inhospitable to human life. Illustrated with chapter-head drawings, photographs, and a map.

TIMES OF TRIAL, edited by Allan Nevins (Knopf). A lively collection of twelve *American Heritage* articles, by twelve eminent historians, which discuss various failures of American statesmen—from Benjamin Franklin's unsuccessful efforts to persuade his fellow-colonists to adopt his Albany Plan of Union, in 1754, down to Franklin Roosevelt's attempt to enlarge the membership of the Supreme Court, in 1937. The theme is provocative—if, to be sure, a bit depressing—but there is comfort in the fact that sometimes when our country's leaders failed to get what they wanted it was lucky for us all.

AN ORDINARY CAMP, by Micheline Maurel, translated from the French by Margaret S. Summers (Simon & Schuster). In the summer of 1943, Mlle. Maurel, a French Resistance worker, fell into the hands of the Gestapo and was transported to the infamous forced-labor camp for women at Ravensbrück. Although she was afflicted almost from the beginning with chronic diarrhea, brought on by an unvarying diet of cabbage soup, and, through some permanent whim of the matron in charge, received far more than her daily share of kicks, slaps, and chair-leg clubbings, she was one of the few women in her barracks to see the end of the war and manage to return to France. But, as this calm, deadly reconstruction of those bestial years makes clear, it was, in a sense, only her body that survived. "There is someone who walks in Geneva [where she now lives], who goes by my name," she writes. "It is a phantom, a dream of the other me, the real me, who remains seated back there because she can no longer walk, holding out her empty bowl . . . for

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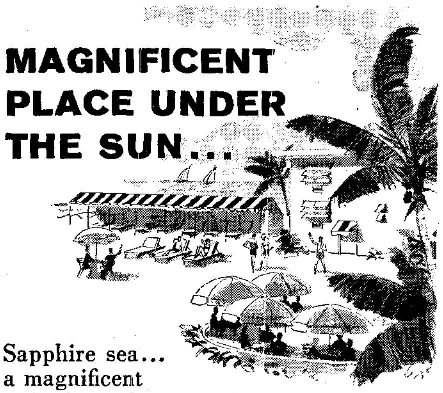

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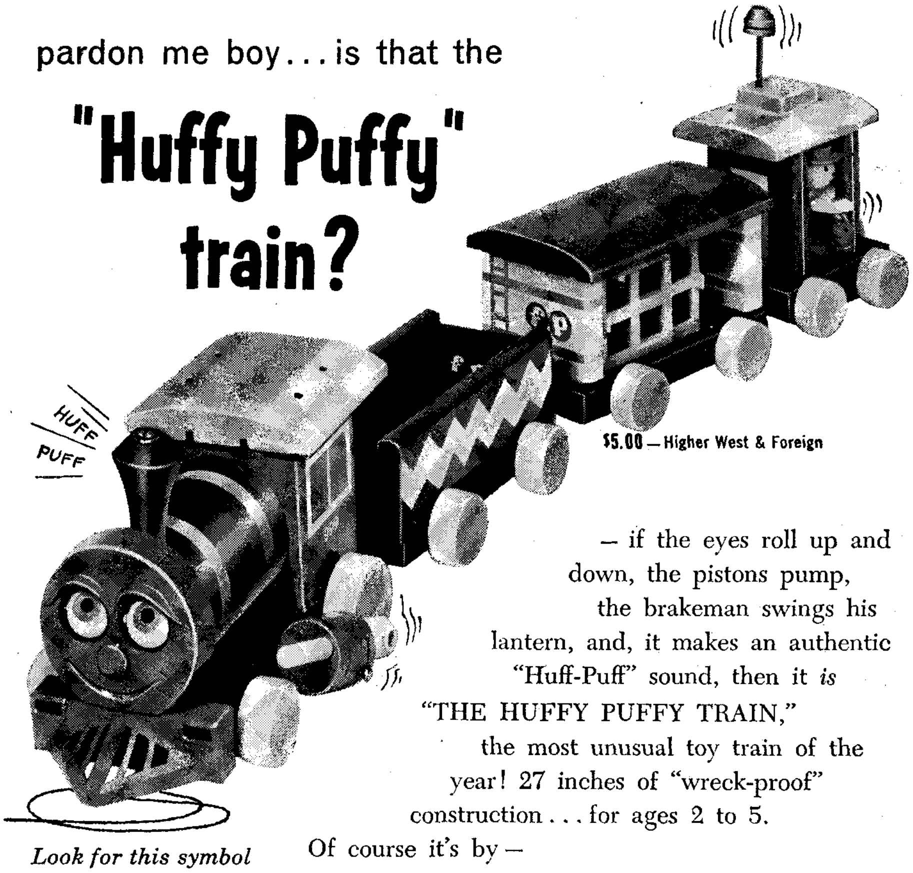
[the camp] has not been destroyed, and nothing has made up for a single day of suffering." François Mauriac contributes an understanding introduction.

THE MARCHES OF EL DORADO, by Michael Swan (Beacon). An exceptionally fine account of travel into the interior of British Guiana. Mr. Swan has the courage to admit that walking through the jungle is not so much dangerous as infuriating and exhausting, although his accounts of piranha fish, electric eels, and rabid vampire bats suggest that it is not yet like hiking in Palisades Park. The author acquired an impressive knowledge of the Indian tribes of the region and their widely varying cultures, and he is a mine of random information—how the howler monkey howls, why Queen Victoria is worshipped as the Goddess Kwin in the Indian Hallelujah religion, how to sharpen a phonograph needle in the bush, and even what secret ingredients from British Guiana formerly went into Coca-Cola and Flit. Drawings and photographs. Highly recommended.

MEMOIRS OF A TATTOOIST, by George Burchett and Peter Leighton (Crown). Chatty reminiscences of a famous Cockney tattooist who died in 1953, including an informal history of his art through the ages. Mr. Burchett had his share of loony commissions—a can-can girl on a clergyman, the murder of Marat in his bath on an imaginative Frenchman, hinges on all the joints of a Chicago eccentric, a "Cut Along Dotted Line" on an Irish neck, and innumerable portraits of the Kaiser (and, later, Hitler) on patriotic British rumps. A good deal of his work, however, was in the less dramatic line of cosmetic tattooing—reddening the cheeks and lips of pale showgirls, faking German duelling scars, and concealing real scars. Photographs.

BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). Twelve short essays, most of them first published in the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, which hold up to our horrified gaze a convincing preview of the teeming, hungry, savorless, brainwashed world that ignorance, apathy, and greed are swiftly building for us as a permanent habitation.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF PARIS AND THE PARISIANS (Doubleday). One of the season's most magnificent books—a breathtaking panorama of



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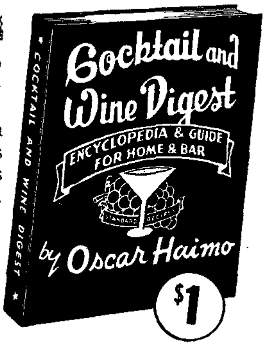

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nine hundred and two photographs, maps, prints, and paintings that go as far back in time as Paris herself and come as far forward as now. All this splendor was assembled in France by a staff of ten, and the text has been translated by Isabel Quigly and Barbara Bray, who have faithfully reproduced a kind of flummery French middlebrow style for which, luckily, there is no native American equivalent. (The nearest thing to it is the sort of commentary that often befuddled the sound tracks of documentary films of the nineteen-thirties with grandiose, irrelevant words like "birth" and "death.") Still, the pictures are so wonderful that the literary accompaniment scarcely matters. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

THE LAST WORKS OF HENRI MATISSE, with texts by Pierre Reverdy and Georges Duthuit (Harcourt, Brace). In his last years, when he had given up painting and turned to collage, Matisse—piqued perhaps by the occasional comments that were made about "the old man playing with paper and scissors"—refused to have any of his works in this medium published until they could be brought out, complete, after his death. His wish has now been fulfilled, and the present volume is the first presentation of all his *papiers collés*, as he called them, done between 1950 and his death in 1954. It is thus, obviously, an important publication. It is also a handsome one, for, as the full-page, full-color plates reveal, Matisse managed to bring a truly remarkable tonal brilliance and knifelike sharpness of design to his new style. The two essays—Reverdy's critically penetrating, Duthuit's more interpretive—complement each other quite well, and the book is rounded out by a dozen or so black-and-white drawings from the early as well as the later period. Thirty-two dollars and fifty cents.

THE BELLES HEURES OF JEAN, DUKE OF BERRY, PRINCE OF FRANCE, with an introduction by James J. Rorimer (The Metropolitan Museum of Art). The original of this book, produced by the Limbourg brothers in the early fifteenth century, and one of the masterpieces of medieval illumination, was acquired some four years ago for the Cloisters, and work was begun almost immediately on preparing selections from it for popular reproduction. The result,

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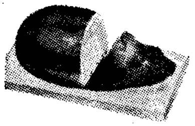

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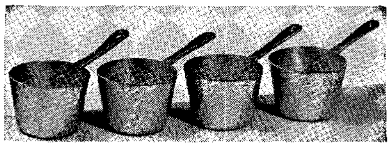

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now published at last, is extraordinary for its painstaking fidelity and its beauty of execution. There are thirty-two color plates in all, including a series from the story of Christ and another on incidents in the lives of the saints, and, in addition to Mr. Rorimer's compact account of the history of the original volume, there is a section, by Margaret B. Freeman, interpreting the separate plates. An unusually good-looking production.

CARPACCIO, by Terisio Pignatti, and CLAUDE MONET, by Léon Degand and Denis Rouart, both translated by James Emmons (Skira). Two new issues in the Skira Taste of Our Time series. Not much is known about the life of Carpaccio beyond the fact that he lived and worked in Venice, and the greater part of the text of his volume is focussed on a discussion of his paintings. This is discerningly done, particularly in reference to his curious fluctuations of style. (Beginning as a naturalistic painter, he later tried, ineffectually, to adopt the rising classic manner of Bellini and Giorgione.) The one flaw of the book is that its small format is ill adapted to the large scale on which the artist's best pictures were constructed. Monet fits the format better, and the illustrations here (fifty-two, in color) have been well selected to show his development, from his early Courbet days to the end, when his work was practically dissolved in light. The whole volume is neatly put together and briskly readable.

MODIGLIANI, by Claude Roy, translated from the French by James Emmons and Stuart Gilbert (Skira). This is another volume in the Skira Taste of Our Time series, and, like the others, it displays an admirable ability to summarize the important facts of an artist's career. Its one fault is that the text is at times a bit too rhapsodic; otherwise, the story of Modigliani's brief, tempestuous life is told with sympathy and authority, and with enough contemporary anecdotal background material to give it considerable spontaneity as well. There are fifty-seven plates, all in color.

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS IN THE LOUVRE, by Germain Bazin (Abrams). M. Bazin, Curator in Chief of the Louvre, has written a compact but exceptionally scholarly and well-researched book about the history of the Impressionists and their paintings, which were scorned so long before they achieved their just

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place in the hierarchy of French art; in a sense, the book is a kind of semi-official *mea culpa*. The translation, unfortunately, leaves much to be desired, but the coverage of the book is attested to by the number of illustrations—a hundred and one in full color and two hundred and sixty in monochrome.

THE PRAEGER PICTURE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART (Praeger). Since it is manifestly impossible to compress the history of art in all eras and all cultures into one volume, any effort to do so must involve a number of compromises, but the present work—the product of a whole battery of experts, German and English—is among the most successful yet attempted. This is mainly due to its remarkably careful organization. The book is divided into eight well-integrated sections, beginning with a discussion of the nature of art and of its various forms and their development, followed by six others on the historic stages of Western art from antiquity to the present; a final chapter deals with the arts of the East and with the ancient cultures of Central and South America. Each chapter—and this is what gives the book its comprehensiveness—is supplemented by a glossary of the technical terms, names, places, and techniques, and just about everything else relating to the period concerned. This method, admittedly, is a trifle pedantic, and the text is at times succinct to the point of dryness. But its very thoroughness makes up for that, and the book is also commendable for its up-to-dateness. There are no fewer than six hundred and eight illustrations, a hundred and ninety-two in full color, and all are admirably tied in with the text. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

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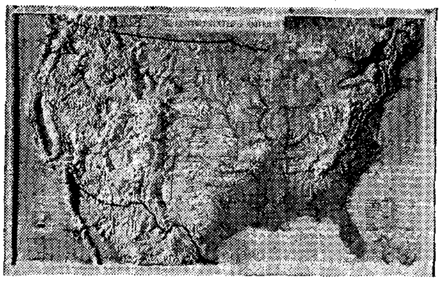

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Crowning achievement by one of Scotland's oldest distillers — graced with a gentle, airy lightness and delicacy that softly whispers homage to its noble Scottish heritage. In limited availability.

P&T
IMPORT

Imported by
Park & Tilford, New